

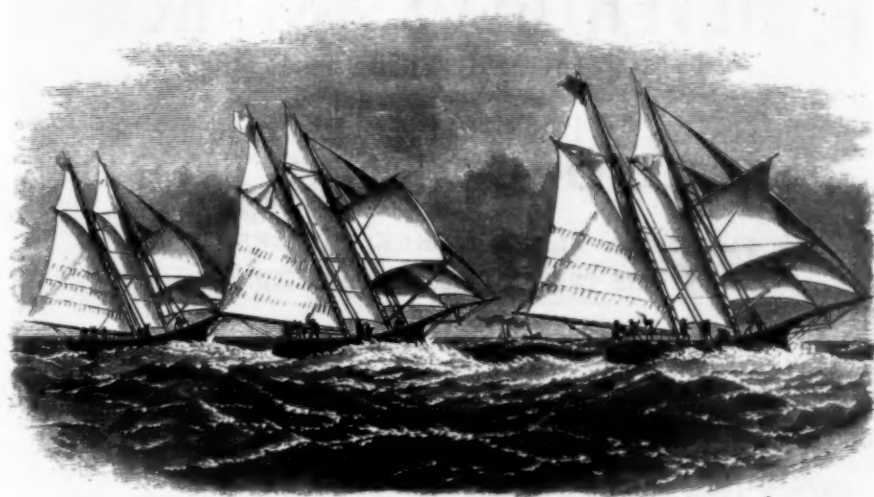
SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY.

VOL. IV.

AUGUST, 1872.

No. 4.

YACHTS AND YACHTING.

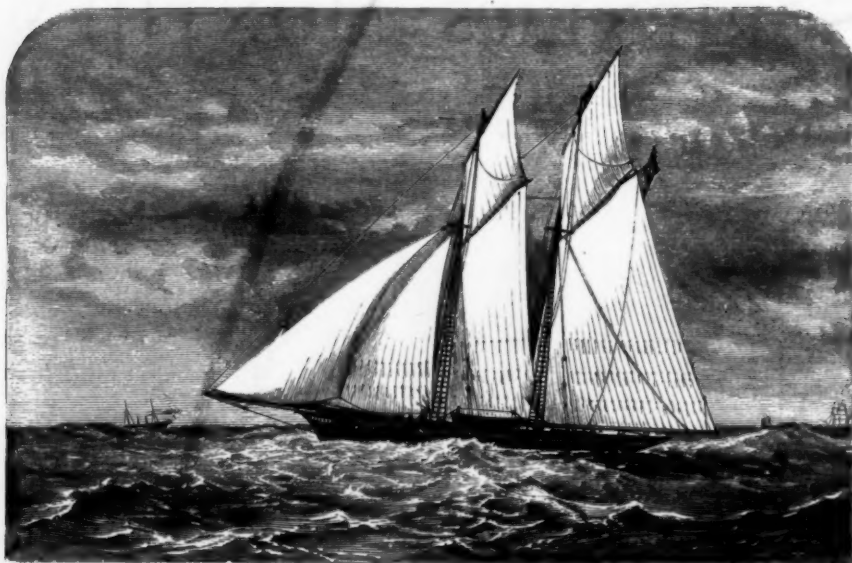


OCEAN RACE BETWEEN THE HENRIETTA, FLEETWING, AND VESTA.—THE START.

This chapter is for "land-lubbers" and country folks. It cannot have much interest for yachtsmen, who are recommended to steer entirely clear of it, for it contains little about their favorite sport which they do not know. However, there are comparatively few persons, even of those living on the sea-coast, who have any correct notion of the number or cost of the "Pleasure Navies of the World," and it is for such that these facts are collected.

Yachting, whether in cruise or regatta, is an amusement which perhaps no two persons enjoy in precisely the same way or in the same degree. There are few sports in which men take such lively interest, and in which they are at the same time so content to be mere spectators, leaving to others the action and the labor. With many, sailing is the embodiment of all that is enjoyable in fresh air, vigorous exercise, and rapid motion; to a great many others it suggests only general discomfort and innumerable annoyances. Some take to it voluntarily, as a

delightful not less than an invigorating exercise; others with wry faces, as so much necessary but nevertheless nauseating medicine. While some look upon the yacht afloat as the perfection of freedom, a great many more agree with Lord Chesterfield's Respectable Hottentot (who was never out of sight of land in his life, notwithstanding his boasts at his London club that he had been on the Atlantic in an open boat) in thinking that "no man will go in a ship who has ingenuity enough to break into jail." The same gentle craft has often borne on the same trip the most delighted and the most dejected of creatures. Even professional yachtsmen enjoy the sport differently. Yachting, and more especially yacht-racing, is not merely exciting but dangerous. It demands not merely nerve and courage, which come by nature, but that patience and coolness which only experience and long training attain. It calls forth in the highest degree the qualities of courage, resolution,



THE CAMBRIA.

decision, and perseverance; the powers of endurance, quickness of eye and delicacy of touch, not less than strength in handling the tiller. To many yachtsmen the excitement of the race is essential. They are sportsmen in precisely the same sense that trainers of fast horses, who seldom enjoy riding, are—not in that truer and finer sense which gentlemen who train animals for the pure love of driving feel with the reins in their hands. The healthful exercise, the bracing air, the intense yet soothing pleasure of the swift gliding motion are in large measure lost to the “sporting yachtsman,”—impaired by a morbid desire to own the fastest boat or to win the greatest number of cups. They sail too often less for their own satisfaction than to destroy by defeat the pleasure of their rivals. There are other yachtsmen whose quieter tastes lead them to long summer cruises—genuine lovers of sailing, who occasionally enlist in regattas, as country gentlemen exhibit their best breeds at agricultural fairs, less for personal gratification and the sake of rivalry than to maintain the ancient reputation and glory of their associations. Both these classes of yachtsmen have their uses. It is the last-named who have built and who maintain our pleasure-fleets, but the former class has done all that has been accomplished toward popularizing

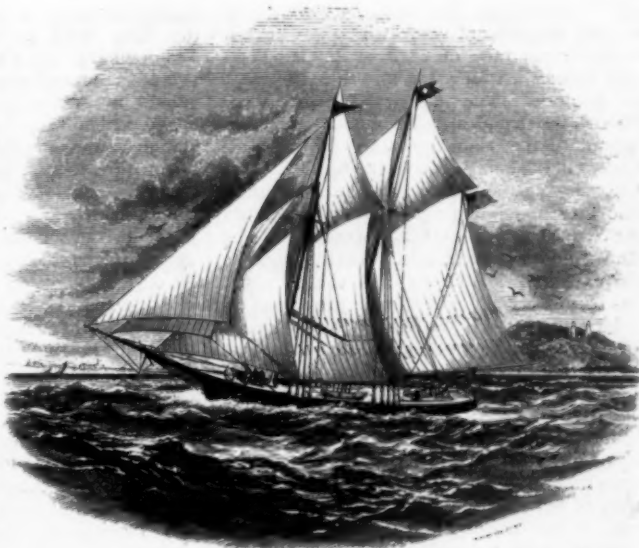
yachting, until it has become, as far as a costly pleasure can become, a national sport of America as it is of England.

It is due also to the “sporting yachtsmen” that so many American yacht-owners are practical yachtsmen, capable of sailing their own vessels in any sea, a qualification in which every real aquatic sportsman ought to feel proud to excel. Unfortunately, the amateur yachtsman seldom sails his own craft any more than he drives his own carriage; and a skipper is as necessary to his enjoyment afloat as the coachman is to his pleasures ashore. The first class made yachting a luxury; it is owing to the latter that yachting has come to be regarded here as in England—“the manliest and most useful of all sports.” While, therefore, the luxury of proprietorship remains to the few, the sport is enjoyed by the many, and regattas command the attention of thousands where dozens were concerned in yachting ten years ago. The “sporting yachtsman” in America is found almost exclusively in New York bay; the pleasure-seeker hails from Massachusetts bay. Annually both classes meet in cruise at Newport, which is the great rendezvous for American yachts, as Cowes is the anchoring-ground of the English fleets; and to Newport in the summer and fall one must resort if he wishes to see the beauty and

perfection of American yacht models.

And to see also the most costly yachts in the world. It is something to be a little ashamed of that we build the most costly pleasure-vessels of any country. Many of the American yachts cost each more than some first-class city residences, and are valued at more than the average farms in the Middle and Western States—land, stock, lumber, and crops included. They are maintained at a yearly cost greater than the expenses of thousands of large households, and are often fitted up in a style of luxuriance unknown on shore. Many of them contain under the quarter-deck spacious saloons in which the tallest seaman can stand erect. They are almost invariably paneled in ebony, maple, or like costly woods, and upholstered and carpeted in velvet. Large mirrors, ample sofas, enticing lounges, and inviting easy-chairs form the furniture. State-rooms, several in number, furnished in equal elegance, accommodate ten or twelve guests. Pantries, store-rooms, closets, patented cooking ranges designed especially for yachts by a firm which makes yacht-furnishing a specialty, electric bells communicating between the cabin and fore-castle, and latterly even gas (produced by passing a current of air through a small box containing chemicals), are among the modern improvements of the model yachts of the day. And, to complete all, the larders and wine-closets are usually filled with food fit for princes.

It is estimated by yachtsmen of prominence and experience that the pleasure-yachts of the New York Club alone must have cost nearly \$2,000,000, while the fleets of the whole country cost about \$5,000,000. The yachts of the Brooklyn Club cost \$350,000; Atlantic, \$400,000, and all others in New York bay about \$300,000. The Eastern Club of Boston Harbor is very wealthy, owning yachts valued at \$400,000. The best class of these vessels cannot be built and equip-



THE SAFFORD.

ped for less than \$150 a ton, or about \$5,000 for a sloop of 35 tons, the smallest craft which can be constructed with due regard to comfort and convenience in a cruise. Yacht-builders declare that a roomy cabin, large enough to accommodate the average grown person, cannot be attained in vessels of smaller tonnage. A crew of five men is necessary to man such a yacht, and these cost, during the summer cruise of four months, at least \$150 a month. It is necessary to employ one of the crew as steward during the whole year, in order that the yacht may be taken care of. The expenses for food are to be added to all this, so that the amusement is dearly bought. But as the yacht at the same original outlay will accommodate say from seven to ten guests, the cost does not compare unfavorably with expenses at a crowded hotel at the Springs or sea-side, and the accommodations of the yacht are immeasurably superior to those of the hotel in the season.

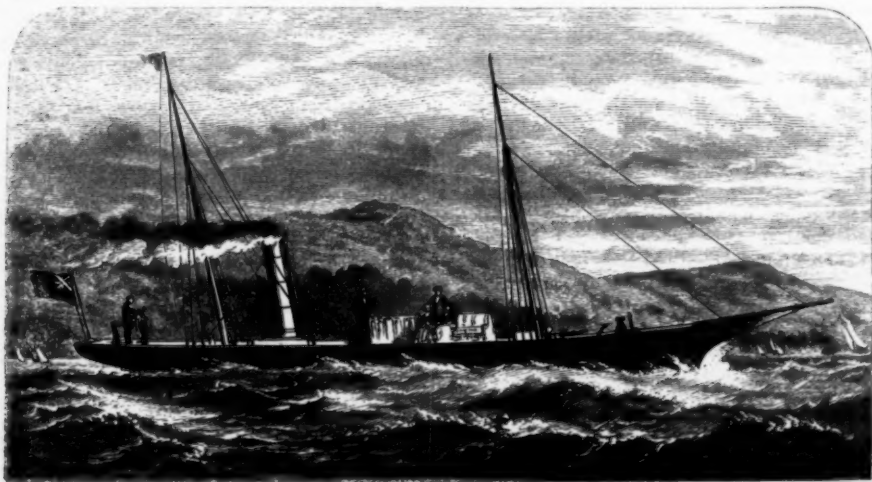
These figures give only an indistinct idea of the cost of larger yachts. The famous *Henrietta* was sold, after her triumph in 1866, when quite an old vessel, having seen rough service in the civil war, for \$15,000. Her former owner, James Gordon Bennett, Jr., immediately bought the *Fleetwing*, one of the vessels which he had beaten in the famous dead-of-winter ocean race, for \$65,000,

and rechristened her the *Dauntless*. It was this magnificent vessel which was beaten in the ocean race of 1870 by the English-built *Cambria*, which was sold the same year for \$30,000. The *Resolute* of Mr. A. S. Hatch, the smallest and one of the most elegant of the schooner-yachts of the New York Club, being 110 tons burden, cost \$30,000—but she was built in war-times. The largest schooner-yacht in the country, the *Sappho* of Mr. Douglass, cost much less than this, proportionately. Yachts built in the excellent stanch style of these endure for many years. They may grow out of fashion, or may be excelled by new models, for the art of yacht-building improves with each year, but they never rot if cared for. The English yacht *Pearl*, built in 1818 by the Marquis of Anglesea, has outlived her famous master and all his family except one son, Lord Alfred Paget. This young nobleman, inheriting the taste of his father (who, in spite of his great qualities as a cavalryman, was, to use his own expression, “the most thorough-bred yachtsman in England”), has lately abandoned his old love for a new steam-yacht, and the *Pearl* lies rotting in ordinary. There are several very old yachts in the American fleet, the *America* itself having now attained a generation of years without losing any part of the vigor of youth.

The extravagance of American yacht-owners has led of late years to a degeneracy in yacht-building, and it is a reproach that many of our swiftest and most beautiful yachts are really unseaworthy. During the

out-to-sea races in October, 1871, between the New York yachts and the *Livonia* of Mr. Ashbury, the *Columbia* and *Dauntless*, two of the finest and most elegantly-equipped yachts in America, were disabled in the heavy winds they encountered, while their stancher-built English rival came in without a spar broken or a sheet tattered.

There are, of course, smaller yachts in practical use than any named, and persons living in the sea-coast cities with a taste for the sport can engage them for short cruises. At several points on the South Side Railroad of Long Island, and indeed in every bay on its coast and that of New Jersey, there are fleets of these, ranging from ten to twenty tons, owned by fishermen, who let their yachts and themselves much as a coachman lets his hackney-coach for an excursion. And the yacht is the cheaper vehicle of the two. Yachts of twenty tons, as long as the double-parlors of a fashionable residence and twice the width of its halls, not extravagantly decorated, yet not lacking in comfortable cushions and sheltering cabins, can be hired at from seven to ten dollars a day by sailing parties of from two to ten in number. For the real enjoyment of sailing, these small yachts are preferable in short cruises to the larger ones, and just as safe if well handled. Long cruises are frequently undertaken by English and American yachts of the very smallest tonnage. During the Crimean war an English yacht named the *Pet*, of only 8 tons, described by her owner as “about as long as a moderate-sized drawing-room and scarcely so wide as a

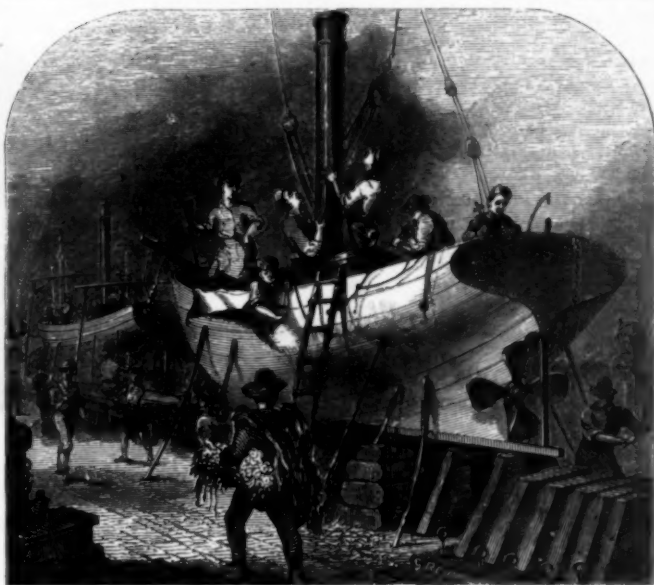


STEAM-YACHT FAIRV QUEEN.

four-post bed," made the cruise of the Baltic Sea safely, meeting with no mishaps other than those resulting from the state of siege then prevailing, and the suspicion under which she labored of being a sort of amphibious spy.

It must not be supposed that no good comes from the heavy expenditure for pleasure-ships which has been noticed. To man them many thousands of seamen are employed at unusually high wages. In England over 6,000, and in this country about 2,500 men are employed during the four yachting months at an expenditure of about \$1,250,000.

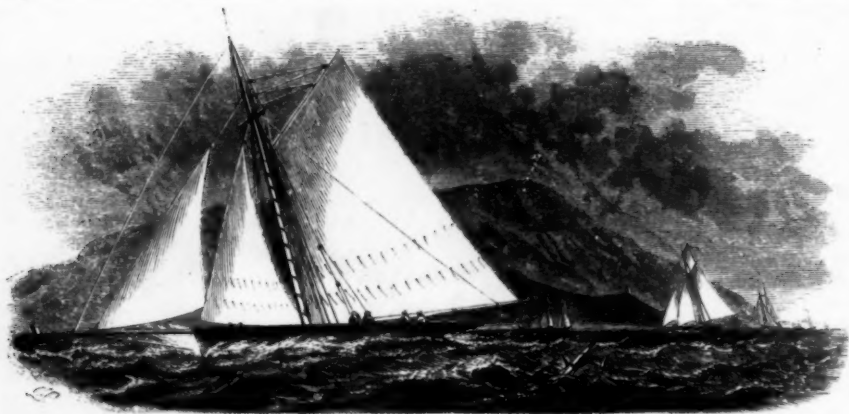
The crews of yachts are generally composed of men engaged for the greater part of the year in fishing and piloting, and usually very familiar with the principal bays and harbors in which they are to cruise. The construction of yacht-models has become, under the encouragement of extravagant yachtsmen, a special branch of ship-building, and has led to changes in naval architecture of greatest importance and benefit. "What does the water like?" is a question which ship-builders will doubtless be forever asking themselves, but it may be safely said that Americans have come nearer answering it by their yacht-models than any other nation by any other designs. Model-makers have devoted more time, ingenuity, skill, and enthusiastic study to the construction of fast yachts than to any other class of vessels. In Great Britain the yacht-clubs have practically proven naval schools, from which, indirectly, the British service has been in times past recruited. Twenty years ago the yacht squadrons of England were called "a nursery for bringing up our national naval spirit to a respectable and well-grown maturity." The English clubs have authority to grant admiralty warrants to yachtsmen. It should not be forgotten, in enumerating the advantages of this sport, that, in the late war our own volunteer naval service was largely recruited from the



BUILDING STEAM YACHTS AT THE NAVY YARD.

masters and crews of merchantmen, fishing fleets, and not a little from among those of the yacht squadron. In one or two instances the services of master, crew, and yacht were freely tendered to the government. The *Maria*, *America*, and *Henrietta*, the three most famous of American yachts, saw service during the war, and one, the *America*, fell captive to the enemy and was sunk in Cape Fear river to obstruct its passage, but was subsequently raised. The most natural effect of the declaration of war between this country and any other naval power would be to send half our yachtsmen to sea in command of privateers or men-of-war. Is not this a practical argument for the organization, better discipline, the increase, and recognition and encouragement (not support) by government of yacht clubs and yachtsmen?

Yachting has ever been and must always remain, for the most part, an aristocratic sport. The cost of building and maintaining even the smallest sloop-yachts, places the regular enjoyment of the sea beyond the financial resources of the great multitude. From time immemorial the yacht has been the exclusive toy of the wealthy. The rich merchants of Tyre, of whom the Prophet Ezekiel wrote, maintained their private galleys, with "benches of ivory" and masts of "cedar from Lebanon;" and spread forth



CUTTER TITTAWAKE.

for sails "fine linen with brodered work from Egypt." The yachts of the Roman Emperors were built of costly cedar inlaid, their sterns studded with rare jewels. They were furnished with baths, porticos, and even hot-houses and gardens, from which it is safe to conclude that they never engaged in ocean regattas or made remarkable speed against head winds. But royal yachts, ever since the days of the Roman Empire, have been built with more regard to comfort than speed. It has been common to speak of the royal yachts of England, France, Holland, and Russia as "the perfection of their class," but the compliment was evidently the upholsterer's rather than the naval architect's. Queen Victoria has three steam-yachts, the Prince of Wales two; and Prince Alfred owns one which has as fine sailing qualities as rich appointments. Napoleon III. kept three magnificent steam-yachts which accompanied the French fleet to the German seas and subsequently became the property of the Republic. For thirty years or more the Russian Emperor has maintained at public expense an Imperial Yacht Club at St. Petersburg, to encourage the nautical spirit among the young nobility from which the Russian navy makes its admirals.

Yacht-racing itself has quite a respectable antiquity. The English naval dockyards built royal yachts as far back as 1600, when one Phineas Pett was at the head of naval architecture, although he rejoiced only in the modest title of "Master Shipwright." The English princes were yachtsmen certainly as early as 1671, when dissolute Charles II. owned the *Mary* of 163 tons and the *Queensbrough* of 27 tons, both built by another of

the house of Pett, come, after the Restoration, to the dignity of knighthood. Pepys mentions a race or trial of speed in May 1661, at which Charles was present, between the Merry Monarch's Dutch yacht (an old one which seems to have descended to him from his father, in spite of Cromwell and the Commonwealth) and a new one built by Pett. According to the gossipy old chronicler, in this regatta, the first of record on the Thames, "Commissioner Pett's do prove better than the Dutch one and that his brother built." The history of the progress of the sport is less clear than its origin. The nobility soon imitated royalty in the employment of yachts for purposes of pleasure, and these found sincere flatterers to imitate them in the rich merchants of London and the coast cities. Then, naturally enough, yacht clubs came into existence, the first ever organized being the "Cork Water Club," founded in 1720. Of necessity regattas followed. The first of which we have any account occurred in 1812 in the harbor of Cork. Regattas on the plan now generally adopted were first established in 1828 by the "Royal Cork Yacht Club," the original Water Club with its name altered to satisfy the loyal humor and yachting dignity of the members.

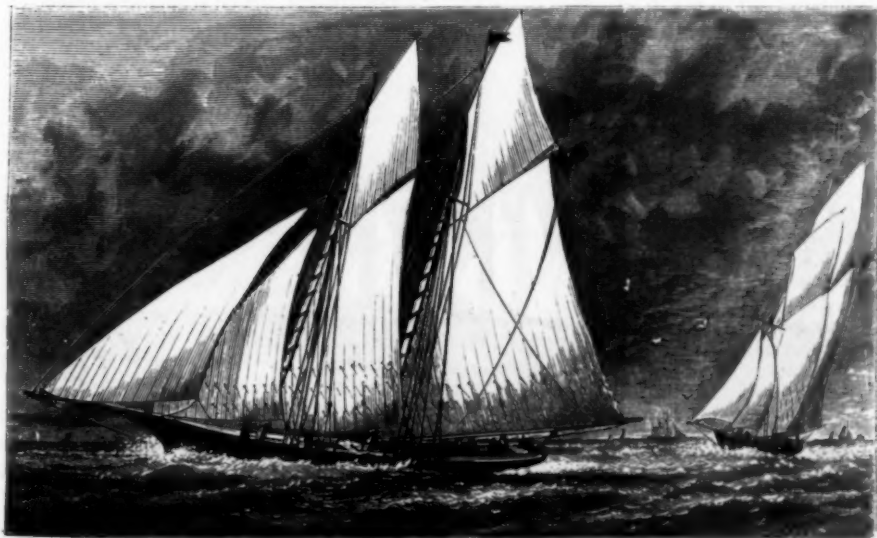
It is to England that yachting really owes its origin and encouragement. In fact the sport has never flourished out of England and America. It is no exaggeration to say that "the manliest and most useful of sports" is exclusively an Anglo-Saxon pastime, and that the Anglo-Saxon is the only race which seeks health and pleasure *on* instead of *in* the water. The Frenchman bathes, but seldom goes yachting; he ex-

plores the deep, but seldom sails it; and he devotes his galleys to his cut-throats for prisons. The French have no genuine yacht-clubs. The wealth of France is in the interior, not on the coast, and French tastes lead Frenchmen to Paris rather than to Cherbourg. The "Paris Sailing Club" and the "Yacht Club de France" of Boulogne, the only really notable aquatic societies of France (always excepting that noble one, "La Société Centrale de Sauvetage des Naufrages," which devotes itself to the saving of human life), own only a few yachts of small tonnage and doubtful speed. The French are entitled to the dubious credit of having introduced steam-yachts, numbers of which, hardly bigger than a ship's gig or a life-boat, are to be seen in English and American waters. They are looked upon by the true yachtsman with something of contempt, as the servants of the fleet, rather than boon companions of their white-winged yachts. Many of them, however, like the *Fairy Queen*, are magnificent and graceful vessels, with elegant and beautiful outlines and usually richly furnished. There are four steam-yachts in the New York Club, and three ply in Massachusetts Bay, but they are all of small tonnage, and, with the exception of the private yacht of William M. Tweed, are not gorgeously furnished. Within four or five years past large numbers of these tiny steam-vessels have been built in the various navy-

yards of this country. They are fit only for smooth waters, and to do service in the place of the small-boats of a man-of-war.

The same general remarks as to the non-success of yachting in France apply to the other countries of Europe with equal force. The Royal Netherlands Yacht Club at Rotterdam is the only club in all Holland, and it has only twelve boats. The Imperial Club of St. Petersburg, already mentioned, is the only one in Russia, in spite of the fact that the Emperor is a patron of yachtsmen, and the Grand Duke Alexis a sailor by nature. There is a club of thirty-seven vessels at Gothenburg, Sweden, but it owes its prosperity to the fact that it is under the patronage of his Royal Highness Prince Oscar, who is an ardent sailor. There are two clubs in anglicized Australia, but they are neither large nor thriving, and the yachting fever there is only intermittent.

Yachting flourishes in England more widely than in any other country, for the two good reasons that the English possess great wealth concentrated in the hands of a few persons, and a coast studded with good harbors. There are three great yachting harbors or rendezvous: Erith, Gravesend, and Cowes—the latter, in the Isle of Wight, being at once the best yachting station and most popular watering-place in Europe. The great clubhouse of the Royal Yacht Club is located at Cowes, and nearly opposite, on the other



THE LIVONIA.

side of the Medina river, is Osborne House, the marine summer residence of the Queen. Cowes is the great resort, but summer finds the British pleasure-seekers with their small and graceful cutters in every harbor, and those who really enjoy the sport most intensely avoid the great center, and from remote and neglected but safe and quiet harbors launch out in quest of fine breezes and pleasant cruises along the coast. The parent club of Great Britain (the "Cork Water Club") established the rule that every yachtsman flying a flag of any club anchoring in the Cove of Cork should be entitled to the freedom of the club-house, and this practice, now adopted by all English clubs, encourages long summer cruises among English yachtsmen. In the winter, in every harbor of Great Britain and Ireland, yachts are to be seen laid up for the season, the masts coated with white lead and tallow, and their hulls and decks carefully protected from rain and frost. In this country the majority of yachts lay up for the season (at a cost of about \$100 a month) at Mystic, New London, Newport, Port Chester, and Nyack, but nothing like the same care is given them as in England.

There are nearly if not quite fifty yacht-clubs in England, many of them large in the numbers of members, wealthy in vessels, and active in the pursuit of the pleasure to be had in cruise and regatta. The principal clubs are named as follows:—

Royal Yacht Squadron
Royal Victoria Club

Royal Ulster Club
Royal St. George "

Royal Albert Club	Royal Thames Club
Prince of Wales "	Royal London "
Prince Alfred "	Royal Harwich "
Royal Mersey "	Royal Cork "
Royal Irish "	Clyde "
Royal Welsh "	Cheshire "
Royal Northern "	Ranelagh "
Royal Western "	Temple "
Royal Southern "	Torbay "
Royal Dart "	Lyme Regis "
Royal Yorkshire "	Southampton "
Royal Dee "	Barrow "
Norfolk and Suffolk Club	New Thames "
Thames, Junior, Club,	

There are other clubs of lesser importance which it is unnecessary to enumerate. Some of those named have only a few yachts, but all are prosperous. The Royal Albert, which is an average club in numbers and wealth, though not in age, cruised last year with 134 vessels. The Royal Harwich, one of the largest clubs, was represented in this country last year by the beautiful yacht *Livonia*, commanded by Commodore Ashbury. The Temple Club is the most unique and perhaps the most popular in England. It is devoted wholly to the training of amateur sailors. No hired seaman is permitted on board the yachts during any match. The pilots whom the laws and insurance companies force on board are never allowed to touch the tiller. The Temple was the first club organized on this basis for the education of yachtsmen, but numerous imitators have sprung up in England, and ought to follow in this country. Such regulations and organizations would bring yachting within the



NEW YORK YACHT CLUB REGATTA.—THE START.



ROUNDING SANDY HOOK LIGHT-SHIP.

reach of many who have leisure and taste for the sport.

Each of the English clubs has a flag of its own, which only its members who are yacht-owners have a right to display. The Royal Yacht Squadron of Cowes, the largest in the Isles, besides its distinctive squadron flag, has the exclusive right to carry the white ensign of the British Navy. Hunt's Universal Yacht List—the Lloyd's Register, or, to use a simile possibly more familiar to readers not nautical, the Blue Book of the English Yachtsman—gives the number of British yachts in 1867 at 1,048. When the *America* visited England in 1850, the fleet numbered 800 yachts of all sizes from 400 tons down to 3 tons. (At this time—it was only in this same year that the New York Yacht Club was registered in Hunt's List—there were only 14 yachts in all America.) This increase from 800 yachts in 1850 to 1,048 in 1867 does not represent a regular ratio of increase, for in 1860 the number of yachts in the United Squadron (as all the clubs are called when cruising in company) was 1,195. But the tonnage of the larger number of yachts was less than that of the smaller fleet (59,376 tons, an average of only 56 tons to the vessel), thus showing a tendency which cannot but be regretted to increase the size and cost of the vessels, lessen the number of owners, and, as a consequence, restrict the general enjoyment of the exercise. There are no such tiny craft now as three-ton yachts, as there were in 1850. Those of the last

Hunt's List range in size from sloops of thirty-six tons to schooners of four hundred and twenty-four tons, the *Dagmar* of the Prince of Wales being the smallest and the *Northumbria* of Mr. Stephenson the largest.

The original cost of the present yacht fleet of Great Britain has been estimated at \$10,000,000, and the annual cost of maintaining it is not far from \$2,000,000, though the basis for this last calculation, since yachtsmen's expense accounts are not open to public inspection, is not as trustworthy as the former.

The American yacht-clubs are fewer in number than the British, but it is admitted that their members have more of the spirit of enterprise, display more daring, and build swifter and costlier vessels than either their French or English cousins. The following is a full list of the clubs of this country:—

- I. New York Yacht Club, J. G. Bennett, Commodore, 55 vessels.
- II. Eastern Yacht Club, Jno. Heard, Commodore, 38 vessels.
- III. Brooklyn Yacht Club, Jacob Voorhis, Commodore, 38 vessels.
- IV. Atlantic Yacht Club, Wm. Peet, Commodore, 26 vessels.
- V. Boston Yacht Club, Benjamin Dean, Commodore.
- VI. South Boston Yacht Club, F. S. Wright, Commodore, 22 vessels.
- VII. Bayonne Yacht Club, W. W. Duryen, Commodore, 8 vessels.
- VIII. Harlem Yacht Club.
- IX. Manhattan Yacht Club, New York.
- X. Pensacola Yacht Club, C. L. Le Baron, Commodore, 4 vessels.
- XI. Crescent City Yacht Club, New Orleans.
- XII. Lynn Yacht Club, E. C. Neal, Commodore, 35 vessels.
- XIII. Hoboken Yacht Club.
- XIV. Dorchester Yacht Club, Coolidge Barnard, Commodore, 48 vessels.
- XV. Newark Yacht Club.

- XVI. Oceanic Yacht Club, Geo. E. Shearman, Commodore, Jersey City.
- XVII. Jersey City Yacht Club, S. P. Hill, Commodore.
- XVIII. Cooper's Point Yacht Club, Philadelphia.
- XIX. Madison Yacht Club, Madison, Wisconsin.
- XX. Bunker Hill Yacht Club, W. F. Bibrien, Commodore, Boston.
- XXI. Oshkosh Yacht Club, Oshkosh, Wisconsin.
- XXII. Stapleton Yacht Club, Staten Island, 10 vessels.
- XXIII. Columbia Yacht Club, — Noble, Commodore, New York.
- XXIV. Flushing Yacht Club, Long Island.
- XXV. Franklin Yacht Club, Philadelphia.
- XXVI. Portland Yacht Club, J. M. Churchill, Commodore, 15 vessels.
- XXVII. Shrewsbury Yacht Club, New Jersey.
- XXVIII. San Francisco Yacht Club.
- XXIX. Kensington Yacht Club, Philadelphia.
- XXX. Ione Yacht Club, New York.
- XXXI. Quebec Yacht Club, Canada.
- XXXII. Royal Halifax Yacht Club, Nova Scotia.
- XXXIII. Sevanhaka Yacht Club, W. L. Swan, Commodore, 12 vessels.
- XXXIV. Tom's River Yacht Club, 8 vessels.
- XXXV. Beverly Yacht Club, Edward Burgen, Commodore, 10 vessels, Boston.

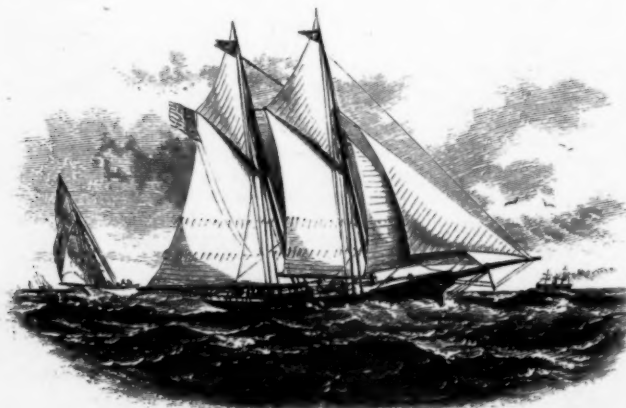
Twelve of these clubs, the New York, Brooklyn, Atlantic, Bayonne, Harlem, Manhattan, Hoboken, Oceanic, Jersey City, Columbia, Stapleton, and Ione, cruise in New York Bay; and seven, the Eastern, Boston, South Boston, Lynn, Dorchester, Beverly, and Bunker Hill, haunt Massachusetts Bay. These are the principal clubs of the country, and have the largest tonnage of both sloop and schooner yachts. The New York Club of 55 vessels has 36 schooners, total tonnage 4,553-47; 15 sloops, total tonnage 414.45; and 4 steam-yachts. This club has increased since 1850 from 14 to 55 vessels, though the growth has chiefly been in the tonnage of vessels—a growth, as before hinted, in the wrong direction, from its tendency to lessen the number of yachts by increasing their size and cost. The principal club of Boston, the Eastern, has advanced in the same direction. Its schooners outnumber its sloops, though, to

be sure, none of them are very large, the total tonnage of its 25 schooners being only about 1,000 tons and of its 11 sloops only 150 tons. Philadelphia has three clubs whose united fleet contains not more than 25 or 30 vessels of small tonnage. The other clubs named are small, and seldom indulge in regattas. There are besides in almost every port numerous associations of young men who maintain a few small yachts, as the common property of all, simply for short pleasure-trips. These only need to organize on the plan of the Temple Club of London to become in time strong organizations and good amateur sailors. There are also boat clubs on many of the interior rivers (ice-boat clubs on the Hudson and the Lakes) and at Staten Island and there has lately been organized a model yacht-club for sailing small models of yachts, and a canoe-club for rowing and sailing. The various clubs in New York Bay number very nearly if not quite 700 members, those of Boston about 200, and there are in the whole country about 1,000 yachtsmen, not all of whom, however, are owners.

Yachting in America may really be said to date from the victory of the *America* in 1850, though there had been a club in New York Bay for 10 or 12 years previously, and a larger one indeed than existed at the date named, for the sport meantime had depreciated and the enthusiasm of yachtsmen required something to reawaken it. This original club of 17 boats, all small, was not an enterprising club. Its cruises seldom extended beyond the Narrows, and never beyond the Bar; and it was ridiculed by the boatmen of the harbor, who denominated the yachtsmen

"white-kid watermen."

Prominent among those whose early exploits in the bay excited the scorn of hardy boatmen like Cornelius Vanderbilt were Robert L. Stevens and his son John C. Stevens, of the first of whom it is recorded in yachting annals that he was "very fond of small-boats," and in history that "he constructed at the age of twenty a steamboat with concave water-lines, the first application of the wave-line to ship-building." It is also worthy of note that one of these salt-



THE MARIA.

water men, Stevens, was the inventor of the "T-rail" for railways, and that the other, Vanderbilt, has been prominent in the development of railways. How the compulsory education of the one "in small-boats" and the taste of the other for yachts qualified them for organizing formidable railway combinations and suggesting important improvements in the construction of railroads it is difficult to conceive, but it is not the only instance on record where the serious pursuits and the natural inclinations of inventors were in strange contrast.

It helped somewhat to make the original Yacht Club of New York Harbor ridiculous that it was misnamed. Commodore Stevens, son of Robert L. Stevens alluded to above, Robert Fish, the yacht-builder, Elias Pitcher, who was an authority on boats in those days, Commodore Rollins, Henry and Charles Meigs, and others since prominent in public life (at that time about 1840), owned their sail and row boats, the largest not more than twenty feet in length, and, in imitation of certain clubs then existing in London and Paris, formed an organization which they called the "Hoboken Model Yacht Club." Commodore Stevens's boat-house at Hoboken, still standing, something the worse for wear, was made the rendezvous. It was not discovered or at least not exposed until some years later that model-yachts (on the "European plan") were simply miniature vessels two or three feet long, and that the adventurous yachtsmen who sailed them on the London and Paris ponds or lakes did not sail in them. These clubs were common in Paris within the last ten or twelve years, and lately one has been organized on Staten Island. The members of the Hoboken Model Yacht Club were accustomed, however, to sail in their boats, and when they discovered how ridiculous their name was they dropped it and assumed in 1844 the more pretentious title of the "New York Yacht Club." At this time the club owned 17 vessels and numbered 171 members. Many of the boats were odd specimens enough, Elias Pitcher, for instance, having one without ribs. Many of the larger yachts did duty, between regattas, as pilot-boats—the first famous yacht of America, the schooner *Maria*, built in 1848 by Commodore Stevens, being originally in that service. She was considered the fleetest craft afloat at the time, and repeatedly beat the *America* before the latter's triumph in England in 1850. She was finally devoted to the West India fruit-trade, and was lost in October, 1870—at least she has never since



"PETERS'."

been heard from, and undoubtedly went down in the gales of that date. At that time New York pilot-boats—the *America* herself was built by George Steers on a model invented by one Daniels for pilot-boats—were "matchless for speed and sea-going properties."

The Brooklyn Club, organized in 1857, was also misnamed a "Model Yacht Club," but the members soon discovered their error and discarded it. The club built in 1859 a boat-house known as "Peters'" at the foot of Court street, facing Gowanus Bay. It was a neat two-story house of wood, with a balcony around, and "very slightly in its appearance," as an old chronicler of the sport assures me. But it is now shut in on all sides by land, the march of improvement having surrounded it with piers and warehouses, and even built a bridge beyond it, and so it stands that curious anomaly, a boat-house without a water-front.

The New York Club purchased in 1868 a beautiful club-house on Staten Island, picturesquely situated on a high point overlooking the Narrows, with Fort Diamond near by, and Forts Hamilton and Lafayette frowning in the distance on the opposite shore. This property, which is very valuable, and magnificently furnished, has since been sold, the club finding that it was too far from the city to induce members to rendezvous there except on regatta days, and the club now occupies a handsome residence at the corner of 27th Street and Madison Avenue.

The starting-point in all New York regattas, however, is at the Staten Island Club-

House, or rather the Stake-boat which is always anchored in the Narrows opposite the old Club-House. It is from this boat that all yachts in regatta in New York Bay start and to it they return. The course lies from this point across Sandy Hook bar out to ocean around the Light-ship and return to the Stake-boat. On regatta-days both Light-ship and Stake-boat are gayly decorated with flags of all nations and all sorts, and no more picturesque and enlivening scene can be imagined than the myriad small craft and excursion steamers, when gathered to see the "start" or the "rounding."

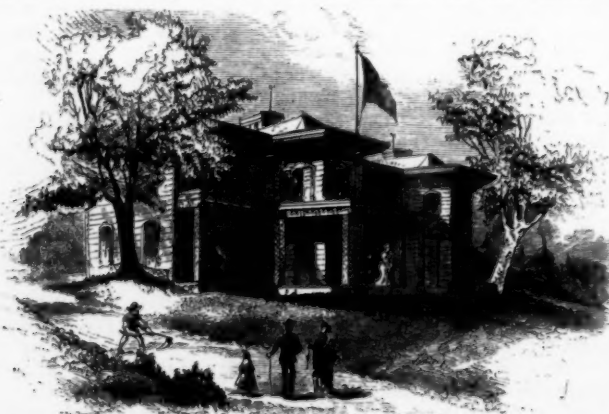
While it is certainly due to Englishmen to say that they originated and developed yachting, it is just as clear that the great impulse given the sport of late years has come almost exclusively from America. Americans built the first of fast yachts, and were the earliest to engage in mid-winter ocean regattas. The victory of the *America* in 1850, and that of the *Henrietta* in 1866, did more to dignify and encourage yachting, not only here and in England but throughout the world, than any other similar events in the history of regattas.

It can be as justly said that the greatest impetus given to the sport by individuals has come from the first Commodore of the New York Yacht Club, John C. Stevens, who won the victory of the *America*, and the last Commodore of the same club, James Gordon Bennett, who sailed the *Henrietta* to her great triumph. One victory was a triumph of skill in building and sailing an American model which awoke world-wide admiration; the other was a dangerous undertaking which astonished by its very daring, and aroused en-

thusiasm by the hardihood which thus tested the sea-going qualities of what had been long looked on as toy-vessels. It is therefore to these men and these vessels that much of the present prosperity of yachting is due.

The story of the *America* is a familiar one. She was built on the model of New York pilot-boats, at that time famous. She had no special reputation at home for speed, for the *Maria*, another pilot-boat model, had repeatedly beaten her; and when she came to anchor off Cowes before the eyes of the thousands of yachtsmen gathered there, not twenty had heard of her, and not fifty knew of the existence of the club she represented. She modestly challenged the entire English squadron of 800 vessels—"there was a whole Armada of vessels present"—to sail for £10,000 or a piece of plate over a course "notoriously one of the most unfair to strangers that can be selected;" but it was not until the "open regatta" for the "Royal Yacht Squadron Cup of £100 value" was announced that she found competitors. There were more than 100 English yachts at anchor in the road that day (Aug. 22, 1850), yet only fourteen rivals started with the stranger. Although she was one of the smallest of the schooners, no allowance for tonnage was made. At the start the *America* was the only laggard, and went away with only part of her canvas set, while the Englishmen unfurled every foot which the club regulations permitted. But in a quarter of an hour the Yankee had left the whole fleet behind; "she walked along past cutter and schooner, hand-over-hand;" hauled down her jib instead of putting on more canvas for the return race, and "flew like the

wind, leaping over, not against the water"—"She seemed," says an old chronicler, "as if she had put a screw into her stern;" lowered her colors in salutation as she passed the Queen's steam-yacht, *Albert and Victoria*; and ran to the stake-boat without a rival in sight. The record of the race was sententiously told the same night by the judges at the Club-House at Cowes, in answer to the question, "Is the *America* first?"—"Yes," was the response. "And what is



NEW YORK YACHT CLUB HOUSE, CLIFTON, S. I.

second?" was the next query.
"Nothing."

The story of the *Henrietta* is briefer, but even more familiar. It illustrates daring rather than skill in yachting. In December of 1866, accompanied by the *Vesta* and *Fleetwing*, the *Henrietta* started from Sandy Hook for a voyage at full speed across the Atlantic to Cowes. The season had been one of unusual severity, and fruitful of many and disastrous wrecks of greater and stouter ships. Stiff gales all the way, and at times even hurricanes, were encountered; and often all these yachts were compelled to sail along under bare poles. From the deck of the *Fleetwing* several sailors were washed into the ocean and lost. After the first day out the tiny vessels saw nothing more of each other until they had reached haven. After sailing fourteen days the three reached Cowes on the same day, the *Henrietta* casting anchor two hours only before the *Fleetwing* came in.

This achievement made young Bennett the Commodore of the Club, a selection peculiarly fortunate for yachting interests. Institutions with high and practical purposes have vitality infused into them by the natural impulse of their founders or members to accomplish some useful work; but clubs are invariably sustained by the enthusiasm of leading members who find the chief enjoyment of pleasure in the pursuit of it. A yacht-club cannot prosper with a mere figure-head for its president (or commodore, to maintain the simile of the sea), but must be led and in large measure sustained by men whose mania is yachting. The New York Yacht Club is as fortunate in this respect in its present leader as it was in its founder. In both Stevens and Bennett it possessed commodores of large wealth and boundless enthusiasm for the sport. The pursuits of ship-building and journalism, however absorbing as occupations, were subordinate passions to that for yachting. They engaged in the sport with an ardor that was irresistible and infectious, and an enthusiasm which was inspiring; and thus each in his turn became the one great personal power which kept the organization they headed at its fullest prosperity. Not only the New York but all the



THE AMERICA.

American clubs have felt the influence of these two men, and to-day Bennett is at the head of American yachtsmen, as Stevens was in his time, not merely by reason of position as commodore of the largest club, but by virtue of recognized devotion to the sport and ardor in the pursuit and enthusiasm in the development of yachting. Bennett is still a young man of thirty-two, but an old yachtsman, for he began that career, in fact, as a member of a model yacht-club in Paris when, a boy of ten years of age, he sailed models on the Paris park lakes. A favorite scheme with him has been to render the annual regatta of the club at the head of which he now stands a sort of marine Derby, and in his enthusiastic way he has urged upon his club the inauguration of Union Regattas to attract the yachts of all clubs and nations. On the occasion of the race for the Queen's Cup, in 1870, business in the New York Exchanges was in a great measure suspended, and tens of thousands of people went to see this "open race," as it was called, who had never been before and have not been since. It is a theory with the young Commodore that open or union regattas of the same kind will prove an equal attraction to the same class of people every year, and draw to American waters English yachts to compete for the prizes and to seek to recover the "Queen's



JAMES GORDON BENNETT, COMMODORE NEW YORK YACHT CLUB.

Cup"—which, by the way, never was the Queen's, but the Royal Squadron's Cup.

Long cruises to other seas and ports have frequently been suggested to American yachtsmen, and the West Indian waters are a common rendezvous for American yachts, though not cruising in squadron. The American clubs have this fashion, unknown to English yachtsmen, of cruising in company, but heretofore it has not been to distant ports. The whole fleet of a club rendezvous at a particular point, and under the direction of the Commodore, as if it were a regular naval squadron, set sail for a month's recreation in distant, not foreign waters. The usual summer cruise, in July or August, is through Long Island Sound, touching at New London, Newport, New Bedford, Holmes's Hole, Martha's Vineyard, and, sometimes, points beyond.

The Eastern clubs usually meet the New York squadron at Newport, where an annual ball is given, and regattas at various places relieve the little monotony there may be in the splendid sport and healthful recreation. Generally the ladies of the families of the owners accompany them in these cruises, and add to the variety and the delight of the life.

THE GRAPHIC ART.

ENGRAVINGS form the literature of the unlettered—a literature almost as old as human society. Memory, becoming wearied by the incessant toil of preserving, for generation after generation, the chronicles of nations and the laws of society in pre-historic times, sought aid and relief in pictorial mnemonics, which might reach the understanding through the medium of the eye. Then the solid rocks in the desert became books of record to which a hundred generations or more of various nations have referred. These books of record express facts in a universal language which needs no translation, though sometimes requiring interpretation because of the difference in the condition of different peoples. The savage of the steppes of Tartary equally with the savage of our own vast plains may read intelligently such rude records of a battle made in outline sketches of men fighting with implements of war, whether cut upon the sandstones of Thibet or of Nevada. In both hemispheres, and upon the islands of the sea, are found these pictorial records, all bearing the same general character as works of art, and forming the ruder portion of that literature of the unlettered which is now so universal and efficient.

And so it was, in the later ages, that the artist wits of Rome—the Nasts of the imperial epoch—satirized in caricature on the dead walls of the city, or in books, the follies of society and the wickedness of political “rings,” which often swayed and endangered the Empire. Whether the *Acta Diurna*—the daily newspaper of Rome, cherished alike by Julius Caesar and Domitian—contained such caricatures, neither Dion Cassius nor Suetonius mentions; but it is fairly inferable that they did, for the exhumed walls of Pompeii bore evidences of the practice of satire with the pencil as keen as was that of the pen of Juvenal.

The Egyptian priesthood reduced picture-writing to a system so perfect that with the phonetic key much of its treasures have been unlocked for modern use. From their hieroglyphic literature the Phœnician, Hebrew, Greek, and Roman alphabets derived their forms, every letter of which originally represented some object expressed in the language of the people. And the Chinese writing and printing to-day shows, in a degenerated type, a complicated series of pictures and pictorial combinations which look like alphabetic characters.

In the course of time book-making became an art and book-selling a trade, especially in imperial Rome, where slaves were trained to the business of reproducing books by the pen in amazing quantities, and almost as rapidly and cheaply as by the modern printing press. Martial tells us that the first book of his "Epigrams," by no means a very small volume, sold in the book-stores of the Vicus Sandalarum for six sestertii, or about twenty cents of our money. When the Roman Empire fell and with it the institution of slavery, the transcription of books by far higher paid hands became an expensive luxury, and a cheaper and more facile way was desired. But that desire was long unsatisfied. Neither the seals of Emperors, Princes, and Popes, which, during the earlier centuries of our Era, they impressed upon documents in place of a sign manual after having spread them over with color; nor the patterns printed from engraved blocks of wood upon linen, woolen and silk stuffs; nor yet the printing of rude figures of saints by the process employed in impressing seals upon parchment or paper, appear to have suggested the printing of writing and pictures in books for a long period of time. At length, at near the close of the thirteenth century, Marco Polo and his kinsmen penetrated the confines of long-sealed China and discovered that the mysterious people not only printed from wood-blocks beautiful patterns upon their stuffs, but also their writings with illustrative pictures upon paper—in a word that printed illustrated books were in common use among the Chinese and had been for centuries. It is asserted and believed that such books, each page being engraved on a whole block like the German block-books of the fifteenth century, were printed in China several hundred years before the Christian Era. It is an established fact that block-books, highly decorated with outline illustrations, were in common use there so early as the ninth century of our Era; and it is as clear a fact that for a thousand years the Chinese have made no progress in the art. They so tenaciously

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A CHINESE ENGRAVING.

stick to old ways, that they still make block-books after the manner of their ancestors of the ninth century, as seen in the specimen here given of a page of a finely illustrated Chinese book printed about twenty years ago. And it is a fact worthy of remark here, that some of the Saxon MSS. of the ninth and tenth centuries, illustrated by the best artists of the time, so nearly resemble the block-books of their oriental contemporaries that one might fancy they had seen the Chinese illustrations.

That the books brought by the Polo family from China had an influence upon the art of book-making in Italy, and finally led to the employment of engravings for that purpose in Europe, there can be no reasonable doubt, but it was full a century after their time before engravings on either wood or metal appear to have been used to any great extent in the illustration of books. Designs



VIRGIN AND CHILD, MANTEGNA.

were printed on playing cards (which the Crusaders brought from the East) early in the fourteenth century, but it was near the close of the fifteenth century, and after the German and Holland engravers had brought the art to considerable perfection, before it attained much eminence in Italy. The works of Carpi, Domenico Beccafumi, and Baldassare Peruzzi, the earliest names of note among Italian engravers on wood, do not appear until in the beginning of the sixteenth century, after Albert Dürer's visit to Venice.

There seems, however, to have been a wood engraver (his name is now lost) of rare skill at Florence several years before, whose excellent translations of the Florentine pictures of the fifteenth century illustrated the powerful sermons of Savonarola, the Italian reformer, which were published the day after they were delivered. These engravings were so expertly done that they were republished almost twenty years later in *L'Art de Bien Mourir*, printed at Florence in the year 1513. Meanwhile the artists of Germany and the Netherlands had been, for almost three-fourths of a century, bringing engraving on wood to great perfection, and by it had given to the world the wonderful art of printing.

I propose to confine this outline sketch of the Graphic Art to the department of Engraving as it is now understood, and will first no-

tice the reputed origin of engraving on metal. This, it is alleged, was an accidental discovery, in this wise:—The goldsmiths of the Italian cities were much employed early in the fifteenth century in engraving designs upon their wares, and many of them were really expert artists in this way. They tested their work in its progress, by taking an impression on very fine clay, upon which they sprinkled sulphur, and then, by filling in the engraved parts with lampblack, they were able to obtain a notion of their work. When completed, they poured into the sunk lines in the plate an indestructible enamel, usually called *niello*. Among the most skillful artists of this kind, in Florence, was Maso Finiguerra, who, as one account says, put the last touches upon a plate made for use in the feasts of Agnus Dei in the church of St. John, upon which was represented the Coronation

of the Virgin, and filled the lines engraved on the silver with oil and lampblack, in order to test the work. By chance a pile of damp linen was placed upon the plate so prepared, and the black liquid that filled the sunken lines was transferred to the cloth in a perfect reproduction of the beautiful design. After that Finiguerra took what are called "*niello*" impressions on paper in the same way; and these are said to be the first product of the art of engraving on metal from which impressions were made.

One of these impressions, printed from Finiguerra's picture of the *Coronation of the Virgin*, is now in the British Museum. It was done in the year 1452. Until its discovery among some prints in Paris by the Abbé Zani, at near the close of the eighteenth century, Martin Schön or Schöngauer was regarded by German writers as the true inventor of copper-plate or metal engraving, whose first picture it is believed was executed about the year 1460. But recent investigations, or rather discoveries, have brought to light a metal engraving of the Virgin bearing the date of 1451; and Renonvier has revealed the existence of a series of prints of *The Passion*, executed on metal in 1446.

The niellists left few specimens of their art. They took only so many impressions as suited their purpose in testing the work, for they seem not to have dreamed of the vast importance of the newly-discovered art

in its future relations to civilization. The consequence is, such impressions are very rare, and the names of but few of the artists are known. Finiguerra imparted his discovery to two or three of his contemporaries; and next to his in importance we find among the names of niellists those of Francesco Francia and Marc-Antonio Raimondi.

The niello was the art of engraving in its infancy. It soon became important as it ripened into engraving proper, and in Italy divided itself into different schools, each having an ideal of its own. Florence took the lead in improving and encouraging the art. There the first engravings proper executed in Italy were seen in the *Monte Santo de Dio*, printed in 1477, and in an edition of Dante's *Inferno*, published in 1481. These, according to Vasari, were designed and partly engraved by Alessandro Botticelli, an eminent painter, assisted by Baccio Baldini, an engraver. Vasari says the twelve "sibyls" were designed and engraved by Botticelli, and were so much sought after when they appeared that the plates were worn out and required retouching in a very short time. They were copied by German artists at about the beginning of the sixteenth century, because they were fine examples of accurate drawing, and showed a great appreciation of beauty in the figures and their accessories.

Antonio Pollajuolo was an expert engraver of Florence. He was also a skillful painter and sculptor, and was the first artist in Italy who dissected the human body in order to learn the true disposition of the muscles and tendons, for use in drawing the figures. His engravings, which show great anatomical knowledge, are very rare. Robetta, a contemporary of Albert Dürer, was another eminent engraver, and may be considered the last of the old Florentine school.

The most distinguished of the early engravers in Northern Italy was Andrea Mantegna. His drawings upon flat stones, while attending his father's flocks and herds near Padua, attracted the attention of an eminent painter, who took him to be his pupil. He soon rivaled his master. The Duke of Mantua became his patron, and the Pope employed him to decorate the chapel of the Belvedere in the Vatican. Wishing to multiply his designs, he seized upon the new art of engraving, and became a master in it; and he may be considered the father of the art in Italy as distinct from the goldsmith's business.

He founded a school of engraving which definitely naturalized the art in Northern

Italy. One of his best productions, which shows more feeling in composition than taste in the execution, is his "Virgin and Child." His most faithful disciple was Giulio Campagnola, who flourished at about the year



THE MOUNTBANK: ETCHED BY REMBRANDT.

1500, and who first employed the dotted style known as "stippling," which Bartolozzi introduced into England, about a hundred years ago, as a newly-discovered method.

Other schools sprang up in Italy. That of Venice soon rivaled Mantegna's. Its chief master was the painter Bellini, assisted by his afterward eminent pupils Giorgione and Titian, whose works were translated into skillfully-wrought outlines by such engravers as Girolamo Mocetto, working under the inspiration of Mantegna's productions. Mocetto's prints are extremely rare, and are highly valued as specimens of the older Italian school of engraving.

Titian and his pupils of the Venetian school in the sixteenth century had no expert translators of their works by engraving, for during that century the art had culminated and declined in Italy. In the seventeenth century, Valentin Lefèvre, a Flemish artist, passed the greater portion of his life in Venice, and engraved in outline the best works of Titian and Paul Veronese. These gave faithful sketches of the compositions of those artists, but missed the powerful effects of the originals.

In the later Venetian school, Canaletto, who flourished in the eighteenth century, stood alone as an engraver of his own charming paintings. He etched them in a manner that was unsurpassed, and some of his contemporaries were disposed to attribute a magic power to his needle. That style of

engraving was invented, it is supposed, by Albert Dürer, as among his productions it is first seen. The process now is as follows: A plate of copper or steel, prepared for being engraved upon, is heated and then covered with a very thin coating of varnish colored with lampblack. The artist next draws his design upon this varnish with various-sized needles, by which an incision reaching through to the plate is made in the coating wherever marks are to appear in the print. A border of wax is then raised around the edge of the plate, when diluted nitric acid is poured over it. This eats into the metal, producing sunken lines, the same as if done with the graver, wherever the needle has made an incision through the varnish, while the varnish, where it is untouched, protects

the rest of the plate. Then the plate is cleaned, and retouched if necessary, when the design is ready for printing. A small specimen of this style of engraving is here given, which is a copy of Rembrandt's etching of "The Mountebank."

Leonardi da Vinci, the great master of the Milanese school of painting, has been suspected of making an expert use of the burin. It is not safe to assert positively that he did so, as some of the rarest productions of the Milan engravers are anonymous. That Leonardo's genius directed the hands of some of these engravers there can be no doubt, for in their works the peculiar traits of his style are plainly seen. These engravers also produced excellent wood-cuts. The most curious specimens of the latter may be found

in a rare book entitled *Hypnerotomachia Poliphili*, printed at Venice by the brothers Aldus in 1499; and the best specimens may be seen in a work giving an account of St. Veronica, printed in Milan in 1518.

The school of Parma was eminent. There the great Correggio unfolded his new revelations in art in the production of perfect illusions by foreshortening and inimitable chiaroscuro. The Italian engravers stood appalled before his works, as they could not hope to worthily translate them. But they took courage when they saw the pictures of Mazzuoli (called Il Parmigiano) who was for some time Correggio's loving disciple, and finally his rival: for, while they were exquisite creations of genius, they were better adapted to the engraver's art. Parmigiano himself became one of the best of engravers, and was one of the earliest who used the etching needle skillfully in Italy. By his side long worked Meldolla, his faithful shadow, who attempted to reproduce his master's works *en camaieu*, that is to say, by successive printings, to make imitations of washed drawings. This was the initial step toward the production of the modern "chromos." Others succeeded better than did Meldolla. Parmigiano founded a school of engraving, but left no worthy successors.

The Carracci—Luigo, Agostino



LUCRETIA STANDING HERSELF: ENGRAVED BY MARC-ANTONIO RAIBONDI.

and Annibale—established a school of engraving at Bologna, of which Annibale's "Dead Christ supported by the Holy Women" is one of the most remarkable specimens, if we except the portrait of Titian by Agostino, dated 1587, and upon which he appears to have worked under the inspiration of the great painter himself. But this school, powerful as it was, soon became subservient to that of Rome founded by Marc Antonio Raimondi, who was born at Bologna in about the year 1497, and is ranked among the most extraordinary engravers. He was at first an accomplished niellist in Bologna, and a faithful imitator of the works of Mantegna and Dürer. In Venice he found a set of Dürer's grand wood-cuts illustrating the "Life of Christ" and "Life of the Virgin," which had just appeared. These he reproduced on copper in such exact imitation of Dürer's style—and with Dürer's monogram upon them—that the prints were readily sold as originals. Dürer, when he heard of this deception, went to Venice to obtain justice, though there was no international copyright law by which he might seek it. He complained to the Venetian Senate, who only issued an order forbidding Marc Antonio to use Dürer's monogram in future. Mr. William C. Prime, of New York city, has in his possession a complete set of the original impressions from the wood-blocks of Dürer and the copper-plates of Marc Antonio.

When Raimondi, attracted by the fame of Raphael, went to Rome and fell under the influence of that great master, he ceased imitations and boldly adopted a style of his own. He was employed in the translation of Raphael's works from color to outline, for he wrought only from drawings made by the master himself, and not from his paintings. The rare dexterity of the engraver—his consummate knowledge of drawing and skillful manipulation of needle and burin—soon bore ample fruit. He became the founder of a school of almost unbounded influence. Pupils hastened from all countries with eagerness to receive lessons from his hand and counsels from his lips. He pro-



THE CONDEMNED I AN ETCHING BY FRANCISCO GOYA.

duced many admirable originals, of which his "Lucretia Stabbing Herself" (here copied) is a fine example; but he spent the greater portion of his life (which ended about ten years after the death of Dürer) in multiplying translations of Raphael's works.

Marc Antonio had many followers and imitators, among whom Giorgio Ghisi was the most illustrious. After his death, the school in which he flourished declined, and others, of less genuine taste and feeling, followed it. At the end of the eighteenth century, when it seemed almost extinct in the rest of Italy, engraving flourished in Rome, but soon declined there also, as did everything else under the Papal rule. Such men as Piranesi Longhi and Raphael Morghen were eminent at a later period, but were exceptions. The lat-



A LANDSCAPE: AN ETCHING BY REMBRANDT VAN RIJN.

ter, owing partly to the subjects of his works, but more particularly to their excellence, has held a place in popular esteem which has been denied to his contemporaries. His "Aurora" of Guido and his "Last Supper" of Leonardi da Vinci are pre-eminent as works of Graphic Art; so also his portrait of the last-named artist. Morghen's monument is honored with a place in Santa Croce, in Florence, where only the illustrious dead are so commemorated.

But little is known of the engraver's art in Spain. Some anonymous prints are attributed to Velasquez and Murillo, but there is no evidence that either of them ever used the graver. The only celebrated painter of Spanish birth known to have done so was José Ribera, who flourished at the beginning of the seventeenth century. He etched, in excellent style, about twenty subjects. But the only Spanish engraver of real eminence lived in this century. He was Francesco Goya, who died at Bordeaux in 1828. He was a painter, engraver, and lithographer. One of his best etchings is seen in his subject entitled "The Condemned." He was the first who produced pictures by the etching and aquatinta processes combined. The latter method was discovered by J. B. Leprince, about the year 1787. The operation is simple. The artist traces the outlines of his design on a bare plate, upon which he sprinkles finely pulverized resin, or very fine sand, through a sieve. Over this aqua-fortis is then poured, which eats into the plate at the almost imperceptible spaces between the grains of sand or resin, producing a series of dots which make the print look as soft as a washed drawing. With the acid and the

etching-needle combined Goya obtained some remarkable pictures.

To the Netherlands and Germany we must look for the greatest triumphs in the earlier periods of the history of the Graphic Art, if not for the origin of engraving. I will not attempt to settle the moot question whether the first engraving on wood (the earliest method of the art employed in those countries) was made and printed in Germany or the Low Countries, for it is a singular fact, that every newly-discovered document bearing upon the subject deepens the obscurity in which the matter is involved. Assuming, which appears to be the fact, that to the Netherlands must be awarded the palm of priority, I will briefly note a few items in connection with engraving in that region.

The new school of painting directed by the Flemish artists, the Van Eycks, at the beginning of the fifteenth century, doubtless gave a new impulse to engraving in the Low Countries, if it did not actually lead to the invention of it. We find the *Speculum Humanæ Salvationis* and the *Biblia Pauperum*, printed at Harlem (the latter between the years 1410 and 1420), having wood-cut illustrations superior to any former works of the kind found in Germany or elsewhere, and bearing evidence of the impress of the genius of the Van Eycks. The wood-cuts are attributed, with much show of internal evidence, to Laurens Koster of Harlem, supposed to be the earliest producer of one of these "block-books," as they were called, because the pictures and letter-press were both engraved on wood. It is a noteworthy fact that these block-books were numerous in Amsterdam and Antwerp when they were

scarcely known in Germany; but, with the exception of that of Koster, the names of the artists are not on record. Engravers on metal also flourished at quite an early period in the Low Countries, but there seems to have been no one of much merit.

Later, Lucas of Leyden appeared, and his name is very conspicuous in art early in the sixteenth century, both as a painter and engraver. He made plates from his own designs in the ninth year of his age, and in 1508, when only fifteen years old, he produced an engraving which presaged future renown. He was acquainted with Albert Dürer, and, like Dürer, he made pictures full of anachronisms. In these, Scripture scenes were laid in Dutch or Flemish towns; and he adorned the Queen of Sheba and Delilah in the costumes of the wives of the rich burghers of Holland. He was much inferior, as an artist, to Dürer, yet he left some works of rare merit, especially those which illustrated low life in the Netherlands. There was so much of servile imitation among the engravers of the Dutch and Flemish schools that progress in the art was slow; and we find no names of eminence in the Graphic Art, in the Low Countries, after Lucas of Leyden until we come to Rembrandt Van Rhyn, who was born about the year 1607, probably in Leyden. Rembrandt's is one of the great names in the history of art. Amsterdam was his place of abode, and he seldom left it, working there faithfully and steadily. He was the founder of the Dutch school proper, which his own works fully represented. He was a thorough master in whatever he undertook,—portraiture, historical painting, or landscape. In the latter walk few ever excelled him, and he produced excellent etchings of his works of every kind. One of these is here reproduced after the manner of the artist, whose free and skillful hand in light and shadow is finely exhibited.

Ostade, Dusart, Berghem, Van der Velde, Wouwerman, and Ruysdael were all grand disciples of Rembrandt. The first-named was his contemporary and friend, and the last-named was the greatest landscape-painter Holland has ever produced. They all practiced etching after the manner of the famous master, while others, working side

by side with them, produced many excellent pictures with the graver alone. This school of Dutch line-engravers, which appeared in the seventeenth century, attained an eminence which might well make those of other countries jealous. Finally, at the end of that century, Dutch art declined and almost disappeared. Late in the eighteenth century, with the death of Jacob Houbraken, the distinguished portrait engraver, the history of that branch of the Graphic Art in Holland must end.

We now turn to Flanders, where we find Peter Paul Rubens, early in the seventeenth century, founding the Flemish school of engraving. He was also the founder of the celebrated Flemish school of painting. The very few engravings from his hand were executed with the same masterly skill which gave such excellence to his paintings, and afford one a very clear idea of his style. His figures are always full of action. But he directed the hands of engravers much more frequently than he used the burin himself, and thereby established the school that produced



PORTRAIT OF RHYNEUS: AN ETCHING BY ANT. VAN DYCK.

some of the most expert practitioners of that branch of the Graphic Art. Of these the most eminent were Schelte of Bolswert, Paul Pontius, Lucas Vosterman, and Peter de Jode.

The great Flemish painter, Anthony Vanduyck, who was a contemporary of Rubens, ranked, also, as an engraver of excellence. As a portrait-painter he was unrivaled, and he etched his own paintings with wonderful spirit. Before he left Antwerp for the Hague, he painted one hundred portraits of the most eminent artists and others in panels upon a wall; and he etched several of these. Among the most spirited of these etchings was that of the portrait of his friend and fellow-artist, Francis Snyders, the eminent animal-painter, of which a fac-simile is here given. This example was followed, and other Flemish contemporary painters translated their own works by the needle and graver. But second-rate artists employed the same methods of reproduction, when the Flemish school of engravers declined and died out.



THE VIRGIN AND THE INFANT JESUS: ENGRAVED BY ALBERT DÜRER.

German writers claim for their countrymen the honor of precedence in the practice of the Graphic Art, especially of wood-engraving. They point to the "St. Christopher" of 1423; and they even assert that German artists deserve the credit of making the first block-book edition of the ancient *Biblia Pauperum*. There certainly appears to have been no German engraver of any eminence before the year 1460. The earliest wood-engraver mentioned is Pfister, who learned the art of printing and engraving of Gutenberg and set up for himself in 1458. But he was an indifferent engraver. Of Michael Wolgemuth very little more may be said positively, for it seems, from all accounts, that his is a luster chiefly borrowed from the fact that he was the tutor of Albert Dürer. Hans Burgmair, his contemporary, bears no uncertain honors. He was a good painter and engraver, and for that reason he was employed by the Emperor Maximilian, at the beginning of the sixteenth century, in the production of four works projected by that sovereign, which were intended to immortalize his life and reign. These works gave a new impulse to wood-engraving. Burgmair was engaged to make most of the designs, and he engraved many of them with a skill before unknown. A little later, Hans Holbein, an eminent Swiss painter, acquired a great reputation as a designer and wood-engraver, but recent investigations and discoveries show that he was somewhat of a plagiarist in his designs, and that the engravings so long attributed to him, such as those of "The Dance of Death," were made by Hans Lutzelburgher, a fellow-townsmen of Holbein, who was born at Basle.

While the art of engraving on metal was acquiring great importance in Italy about the middle of the fifteenth century, it appeared on the other side of the Alps in somewhat rougher style but quite as decided in character, which leads us to believe that a method of taking impressions upon paper from an engraved plate was discovered simultaneously in Italy and Germany. In the "Master of 1466," whose name is unknown, Germany produced an artist of excellence almost equal to Fineguerra. Immediately after him came Martin Schön, or Schöngauer, already mentioned, who may be considered the father of the early German school of engravers. Others of inferior merit followed, and then appeared one whose influence upon art in all its relations was wonderful and salutary. He arose in Nuremberg, where he was born in the year 1471.

Albert Dürer was the third of eighteen children. He learned his father's trade of a goldsmith, and worked at it until he found an opportunity to enter the studio of Michael Wolgemuth as a student. At the close of his apprenticeship he stood high as an artist in promise and in fact. He visited the Low Countries and the north of Italy, where he shed new light on the pathway of struggling art. On his return to his home he was married to Agnes Frey, a gentle, loving girl, about whom Dürer's friend, the vulgar, rich Perkeheimer, circulated slanderous reports after her husband's death.

In 1502 Dürer went to Venice, where he was cordially welcomed, and was profitably employed as an artist. At home he was honored as the great painter of Germany; and the Emperor Maximilian, who appointed him court painter, used to spend hours in the artist's studio, watching him with delight at his work. But we must not follow him biographically—we may only briefly notice his art career, after observing the fact that his funeral, in April, 1528, was a magnificent one, and all Europe profoundly lamented his loss.

Albert Dürer's reputation is very high as a painter, but his engravings are better known and admired than his works in color, for the latter were in the Gothic style, so much disliked for almost two hundred years, and have been nearly all lost. His engravings transmit to us the spirit of his genius, in which is ever displayed more care for truth than beauty. Indeed he seems not to have had a true idea of beauty, as witness his engraving of "The Virgin and Child," of which a fac-simile is here given. He knew nothing of antiquity, and interpreted the past by the present in such a way as to fill his productions with anachronisms. He represented the Virgin as a good mother rather than as a beautiful Jewess; and the head of her Son in manhood he portrayed more after the model of his own than of that of an Eastern type. As a draughtsman and engraver Dürer was unrivaled in truthfulness, harmony, and delicacy of execution; and his works, as they spread over Europe, produced a profound sensation and wide-spread influence in the realms of art and letters. His disciples and imitators were legion. His



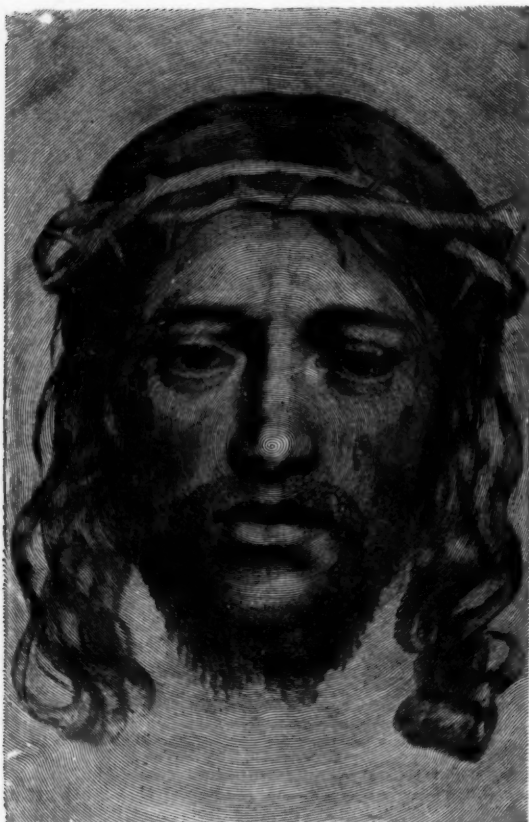
PORTRAIT OF R. BAYFIELD: ENGRAVED BY WILLIAM FAITHORNE.

school became almost universal; and the best artists employed etching, which he had introduced, in multiplying translations of their pictures.

But the school of Dürer, like all others, declined, and at the end of the sixteenth century German engravers were, as all engravers are now, monopolized by publishers, who were (and are, as a rule) more anxious that they should work much than well.

England, always slow to imitate others, was not an exception in the history of the Graphic Art. Her first printer, William Caxton, appeared early, his first book (*The Game and Playe of Chess*) having been issued in the year 1471. But engraving, as a distinct art, found no worthy practitioners there until early in the seventeenth century, or about two hundred years after the first "block-books" came out in Germany.

The first engraver of any note in England was John Payne, who died in 1648. He learned the art from a Flemish engraver in London. His best works are in portraiture. A contemporary or immediate successor, Wil-



HEAD OF CHRIST: ENGRAVED IN A CONTINUOUS LINE BY CLAUDE MELLAN.

liam Faithorne, took up the burin with such skill that he soon raised engraving in England to a high standard of excellence. His portraits, made after paintings by Vandyck, are admirable translations of that great master's works. Among the best of these is his portrait of R. Bayfield, painted when the subject was twenty-five years of age. Many engravers who endeavored to follow Faithorne fell so far short of him in skill that they do not deserve a place in history. Foreign artists were sent for to execute any valuable works to be engraved. And so it was that Nicolai Dorigny was brought from France to cut the famous cartoons of Raphael at Hampton Court. It was not until the eighteenth century that an English engraver appeared of sufficient skill to reproduce on copper the best works of art in that country.

One of the most famous of the line-engravers of England was Robert Strange, who flourished about the middle of the last century. He studied the art in Paris under Philip Lebas. He spent five years in France in translating upon copper the works of Raphael, Titian, and others, and soon outstripped all rivals in the use of his tools.

But more eminent than Strange, as a line-engraver, was William Sharp, who lived from 1749 till 1824. He began his artistic career as an embellisher of pewter pots, and soon arose to the highest excellence in his profession, especially as an engraver of portraits. That of King Lear, after West, is to-day held up as a model of line engraving. He gave his plates all the expression, fire, and energy of the originals, and was particularly noted for his power in producing imitations of the textures of his draperies.

William Woollett followed Strange and Sharp, and in the beautiful gradations of tint and in taste in the proportions of his plates he was unrivaled. Indeed he attained results with the graver which no predecessor had ever achieved, especially in his translations of the landscapes of Claude Lorraine. Ryland, Vertue, and Raimbach held a conspicuous place among English engravers in the eighteenth century.

New processes were introduced into England: the mezzotint by Prince Rupert, and the stipple or dotted style by Bartolozzi. The former had many expert practitioners, and it was more successful in England than elsewhere. There arose also, about the middle of the last century, a humorous school of art, at the head of which stood William Hogarth. His pictures were nearly finished by the etching process, and then were touched up very skillfully with the graver. His well-known series of moral epics, such as "Marriage à la Mode," etc., need neither description nor illustration here.

James Gilray followed Hogarth as an imitable caricaturist, and for thirty years or more kept London, and indeed all England, laughing. Every conspicuous person and current event became the subject of his pencil, and he produced about 1,200 caricatures.

Gilray and Rowlandson (the latter of a coarser mould of thought) established caricature as a distinct art in England, which George Cruikshank and others have carried forward and pursued. Cruikshank, who commenced the practice of the art so early as the year 1812, still stands at the head of the caricaturists of England.

Meanwhile Thomas Bewick had almost instantly revived, or, as it were, re-invented the art of wood-engraving, which for full two hundred years had scarcely deserved the name of an art anywhere. Some of Bewick's engravings on wood of objects in Natural History have never been surpassed, if equaled. He flourished during the latter quarter of the eighteenth and first quarter of the nineteenth century, and is called the father of modern wood-engraving.

France has, apparently, no valid claim to the invention of engraving, but the art was carried to a high degree of perfection in that country at an early period in its history. The first engravings produced there were on wood, and the earliest book in which these appeared, in a style deserving the name of engraving, was printed by Jean Dupré, in 1491. They are crude in execution, but possess many of the finer elements of the art in its infancy. "The Dance of Death," printed three years earlier, contains some really good wood-cuts as compared with the work of contemporary engravers of other nations.

History and Romance first employed the new art in France. Religion followed, and gave a new impulse to engraving. The *Book of Hours*, according to the Church of Rome, was first printed in Paris from rude wood-cuts in 1488. Other editions with finer illustrations followed. I have a copy of an edition printed in Paris in 1536, which contains excellent wood-engravings, and exhibits a style of printing that would be creditable even now. The engravings were, I judge from certain ear-marks, the work of Petit Bernard, the first French engraver of eminence whose name has been preserved.

Engraving on metal was first made conspicuous in France, by Jean Duvet, who flourished early in the sixteenth century, and



PORTRAIT OF CLAUDE DESHAYES: AN ETCHING BY JACQUES CALLOT.

who was in a great degree a disciple of Mantegna. A host of good engravers followed during the sixteenth and far into the seventeenth century; among these Claude Mellan held, for a time, the first rank, his name appearing among the "Illustrious Men" of France in the beautiful volume of Perrault, who describes as follows a work by this artist, of which we here give a fac-simile:

"It is a Christ's head, designed and shaded with his crown of thorns, and the blood that gushes forth from all parts by one single stroke, which, beginning at the tip of the nose, and so still circling on, forms most exactly everything that is represented in this plate, only by the different thickness of the stroke, which, according as it is more or less swelling, makes the eyes, nose, mouth, cheeks, hair, blood and thorns; the whole



ARABESQUE: DESIGNED AND ENGRAVED BY JEAN LEPAUTHÉ.

so well represented, and with such expressions of pain and affliction, that nothing is more dolorous of touching." Claude Mellan (born in the sixteenth century) lived full ninety years.

With the reign of Louis the Thirteenth the art of engraving entered upon a new era. Already the school of Fontainebleau had become famous; and Nanteuil, Masson, Drevet, Edelinck, Boyvin, de Léo, Picard, Callot, and others gave luster to the engraver's vocation. The latter brought the art of etching, which Albert Dürer had discovered, to greater perfection, by the use of a coating of varnish so as to obtain a uniform thickness of covering, a method unknown before his time. He entirely abandoned line engraving, and used only the etching needle thereafter. His works by this process are numerous and excellent. A fac-simile, on a reduced scale, of one of his best etchings is here given. It is a portrait of his friend Claude Deruet, the painter.

Robert Nanteuil, the son-in-law of Edelinck, stands prominent among the portrait engravers of his time (1630—1678), and possibly of any period. His likeness of the great Pomponne de Bellièvre is considered his masterpiece. He flourished in the time of Louis the Fourteenth, from whom he obtained a decree making engraving a Fine Art, and the establishment of an academy for its cultivation. By this means it was separated from the mechanical arts, amongst which it

had hitherto been ranked, and engravers then shared the privileges of other artists.

With Nanteuil the art passed its zenith in France. Claude Gallée, better known as Claude Lorraine, produced some etchings which bear the characteristics of his paintings. Claude stands alone in French art. He did not found a school either of painting or engraving, as a taste for true art was then declining in France. The meretricious style of Simon Vouet, a figure painter, attracted the attention of the public, and in him the engravers found a more congenial master for translation. He founded the French school of painting, and his productions gave a tone to engraving that was decided but not always healthful.

French engravers of considerable skill appeared in and out of Paris; and to Rome many of them, together with all painters, flocked to study the masterpieces of antiquity there.

Among the latter was Nicholas Poussin, whose works have formed the subjects of some of the most skillful engravers. Jean Pesney, Claudine Stella, and Gérard Audran were the best translators upon copper of the works of Poussin. The latter engraved the most of them. Among them is Poussin's magnificent picture of "Time Disclosing Truth," in which Audran, using the needle and the burin alternately, as a painter would use different tints with different brushes, made it a masterpiece of the Graphic Art.

But Claudine Stella was, after all, Poussin's most faithful interpreter, for she seemed to understand the master's character better than any man.

Audran was the great master of engraving of his time. He was employed by Le Brun in the rendition of his pictures of the "Battles of Alexander;" and he appears to have sustained the reputation of the French school of engraving until his death, in 1703, notwithstanding the vulgar tastes of Louis the Fourteenth, whose ostentation continually tended to degrade art and make it theatrical. That monarch promoted extravagant ornamentation in architecture, furniture, and dress, and created the sensational school of art which succeeded. His love for ornament was grandly displayed in the palace at Versailles, of whose arabesque decorations, designed and engraved by Jean Lepautre, a specimen is here given. And yet it must be admitted that at no time did France possess so many good engravers as during the long reign of seventy years allotted to Louis the Fourteenth. Some of the best painters of his time employed the needle and burin in the translation of their own works; and it was during his reign that mezzotint engraving was brought to great perfection by Walbrant Vaillant under the guidance of Prince Rupert, the friend and confidant of Louis Liegen, the inventor.

During the first half of the eighteenth century the translations of the works of Antoine Watteau, the eminent painter of festive scenes, employed the French engravers, and some of the best of the French painters translated their own works by the use of the needle and burin combined, after the manner of the great master, Audran. Among a host of good engravers in Paris and the provinces I will mention only two, neither of them of French blood, who were attracted to Paris from abroad and became the greatest engravers of the time, about the middle of the eighteenth century. These were George F. Schmidt, son of a poor weaver in Berlin, and George Wille, from Königsberg. As an etcher of portraits Schmidt had no rival, excepting in Rembrandt. Wille became the father of the modern school of engravers.



A POET: ENGRAVED BY GIUSEPPE RIBBA.

The French artists, for a hundred years, wrought more in accordance with the tastes of the "Grand Monarch" than of the grand masters, but, late in the eighteenth century, Jacques Louis David, who had studied the antique in Rome most profoundly, produced, by slow degrees, a radical reform in art, in which engraving recovered its former splendor, for the burin worked in sympathy and harmony with the pencil. Among the brilliant names of that period of those who worked in concert with David is that of young Boucher Desnoyers, who really belongs to the nineteenth century, and whose portraits are unrivaled. Meanwhile that branch of art was suddenly affected, commercially, by the invention of an instrument by an engraver named Quennedy, which mechanically produced profiles on copper from the human

face very cheaply. It was used extensively in this country by St. Memin in taking the likenesses of our public men and of many private citizens. But the pictures were so spiritless that the method soon fell into disuse.

The Graphic Art in our country is only an imitator. It makes no pretensions to an American school. Its history covers only about a hundred years. Its first practitioner, so far as I can learn, was Nathaniel Hurd of Boston, who engraved on copper (and published) a caricature in 1762, and a portrait of Rev. Dr. Sewall in 1764. He is spoken of by a contemporary writer as a humorous artist of "Hogarthian talent." Next follows Paul Revere of Boston, who engraved a portrait of Dr. Mahew in 1766; a caricature in 1768; a view of the "Boston massacre" in 1770; and the plates for the bills issued by the Continental Congress. Amos Doolittle engraved in 1775 from views of scenes connected with the skirmishes at Lexington and Concord, and I find the names of a few others, obscurely mentioned, immediately after the close of the old War for Independence.

The earliest illustrations of a higher order were engraved on copper for an edition of Josephus's *History and Antiquities of the Jews*, published by William Durell in New York in 1791. The names of the engravers are C. Tiebout (the first American engraver who ever went to England for instruction), Tisdale, Rollinson, Allen, Doolittle, Tanner, and Anderson. The latter was the late Dr. Alexander Anderson, who died in January, 1870, at the age of almost ninety-five years. He was the first who engraved on wood in America. His first elaborate engraving on wood was done in 1794, after having learned that Bewick used that material. From that time until a few months before his death Dr. Anderson pursued the art of wood-engraving in the style of Bewick,—the legitimate style of the art. The last block that he engraved, finished just before his ninety-fourth birthday (and which is in my possession), was drawn and engraved by him in that style.

Our engravers of every kind are equal in skill to their foreign contemporaries. I may, without danger of making an invidious distinction, speak of one who stood at the head of the profession when he left the burin for the brush, many years ago. I refer to Asher B. Durand, the now venerable landscape painter. His line engraving of Vanderlyn's "Ariadne" is equal in execution, in many respects, to anything done by Sharp in England or Desnoyers in France.

Engraving on wood is now in such vogue in this country, as well as in Europe, that no illustration of it is needed. The capacity of the art is even greater than its development, wonderful as that is; and the facilities for its use are so great that it must rank the highest—because it is the most useful—of all the arts brought into play in the production of the literature of the unlettered. The illustrations which accompany this paper, in which fac-similes of etching and line engraving are given, afford excellent examples of its capacity.

In this outline sketch of the history of the Graphic Art, I have omitted lithography proper, which is simply drawing upon stone and printing therefrom. The art was invented or discovered at the close of the eighteenth century, by Aloys Senefelder, who was born in the city of Prague, in 1771. In 1796 he succeeded in printing a piece of music from a drawing upon stone, and from that time he was assiduous in perfecting the art and introducing it into the various countries of Europe, obtaining patents in different German States. It soon became a favorite, and is now very extensively used in the arts of illustration. Its most beautiful processes are seen in chromo-lithographic work, or printing in colors, by which washed drawings and oil paintings are imitated. The process in monochrome is very simple. The usual practice is to make a drawing upon a peculiar kind of stone with a pencil, or with ink composed of some greasy substances. In order to print, water is applied to the stone, which wets the clean portion, so that the lithographic ink adheres only to the drawing; paper is then laid upon it, and the whole pressed beneath a roller. Ten or twelve thousand impressions may be taken from the stone without deterioration.

The processes of producing pictures on wood and metals are opposite to each other. The former, in its results, resembles etching. The drawing is made upon the surface of a piece of box-wood cut from the log transversely, so as to use the end of the grain. Each line that is to appear in the print is left, and by a graver and other tools all the parts to appear blank are cut away, the design remaining in cameo or relief. This is printed from in the same way as from type. The lines on metal are incised, and the whole design is in intaglio, or sunken. In printing, the plate is first covered with ink, which is rubbed off the surface, leaving the lines filled with it. Then paper is laid on, and the whole submitted to the pressure of rollers, when

the ink in the lines is transferred to the paper. Copper plates, which were formerly used altogether for metal engravings, have been superseded largely by steel plates.

The processes of etching and aquatint have already been mentioned. Mezzotint has been alluded to. The latter process is simple, but needs skill in the manipulation. The surface of the plate is roughened by a semicircular rocking tool of hardened steel, by which numerous dents are made in the plate. A scraper is then used to produce the lights and all the tints, and so the picture is wrought out. When perfect lights are required, the dents made by the rocking tool are entirely scraped out. The plate is then printed from in the same way as in other kinds of metal engraving. There are two or three more processes of engraving on metal, but they are not much used. That which was invented by Quennedy and used by St. Memin in this country, already mentioned, was called *Physionotrace*. In that the outline alone was drawn, by the mechanical operations of the instrument, in an unbroken line, and the artist shaded and worked out the other lineaments.

Within a few years past efforts have been made to discover or perfect processes which might supersede wood-engraving, because cheaper, and allowing the plates to be printed typographically. Among the earliest of these processes was one discovered by the late Sidney E. Morse, called "*Cereography*," but it was never carried much beyond the production of maps and outlines, in which it has been extensively used. The secret of it remains with his family. "*Glyphography*" was another process tried without much success in England about twenty years ago. More recently the Photograph has been employed for the same purpose; and what is called "*Actinic-Engraving*," or *Photo-Engraving* by the "*Moss Process*," has apparently more nearly approached the desired goal than any other similar method. It reproduces upon metal plates an exact representation of all kinds of pictorial work, done in lines or dots. The following is a general description of the process:

A thick plate of glass is first coated with ox-gall, then with a very thin coating of gelatine, and, as soon as the gelatine has become thoroughly dry, a thin coating of asphaltum dissolved in benzole is applied. This will dry in a few minutes, when it is ready to be exposed to the light through a photographic negative. About fifteen minutes of sunshine or diffused light will render

those parts of the asphaltum exposed to the light insoluble in turpentine, benzole, etc., while those parts protected from the light are still soluble in these. Now, while the coating of asphaltum is still attached to the glass, another coating of gum-arabic, gelatine, and certain salts of iron and chromium is applied in the form of a thick paste. This is dried by gentle heat in the dark, and when so dried has photographic properties directly the reverse of the asphaltum—that is, it is insoluble until exposed to a strong light, and then it becomes readily soluble in warm water to which a little oxalic acid has been added. We have now a plate of glass containing four coatings—first ox-gall, next plain gelatine, then asphaltum, and last a very thick compound coating of gum, gelatine, etc. The first two were applied solely for the purpose of enabling the other two to be separated from the glass, which can readily be done by cutting the edges loose with a sharp knife. With a little warm water the coating of gelatine is quickly washed away, leaving the asphaltum bare, which must now be exposed for a few minutes to the fumes of turpentine, and then submitted to the solvent action of benzole, etc., which quickly dissolves all the portions of asphaltum not acted upon by light, leaving the parts exposed to the light attached to the thick plate of gum, gelatine, etc. The black lines of asphaltum are now left standing in relief, forming a picture of the most exquisite beauty. The lines of asphaltum alone do not stand in sufficient relief to answer the letter-press printer's purpose, but they are impervious to light, and are not soluble in warm water. If we now expose the face of this plate to the direct rays of the sun (or any direct light), those portions of gum, gelatine, etc., which are not protected by the asphaltum will become soluble in warm water and may be washed away. But as the light does not penetrate to a very great depth, it will require several exposures and washings to produce the desired result. From this chemically-engraved plate either an electrotype or stereotype may be made by the usual method.

A process somewhat similar in action, results, and use is being perfected in the hands of Mr. Osgood, of Boston, who has already produced some really fine copies of drawings and engravings, and printed them typographically. Other processes, in which photography is used, have been invented, but not for producing pictures for typographic printing—as in the case of wood-cuts. The chief of these are the "*Albert-type Process*," used by the

Photo-plate Printing Company of New York, and the "Osborn Process," used by the Photo-lithographic Company of the same city. The former is the invention of Joseph Albert, of Munich, Bavaria, and it was brought before the public in 1868. Thick plate-glass is used, upon which is poured a solution of French gelatine and bichromate of potass, and this is dried by a gentle heat. The plate is then exposed to the light under a common photographic negative. The action of the light

hardens the gelatine in the transparent portions of the negative and makes it insoluble. When sufficiently acted upon by light, it is put into cold water to remove its sensitive properties (bichromate of potass), and then the plate is dried and ready for printing, which is done on a common lithographic press, in the same manner as simple lithography is done. In this manner all kinds of pictures may be faithfully copied.

SHOULD THE STUDY OF THE MODERN PRECEDE THAT OF THE ANCIENT LANGUAGES?

IN the discussion concerning the position which the study of language should occupy in a general system of education, two main views have divided, in nearly equal proportion, the educators and the patrons of education in England and America.

The advocates of one view would retain essentially the traditional classical curriculum, introducing into it, however, such changes as are demanded by the present advancement in philological science, and increasing the amount that must be read as a condition for entrance to college and for graduation. They hold that all who intend entering upon a professional life, or who aspire to a liberal education, should go through this modified and improved classical curriculum, as a necessary preliminary course of training.

The advocates of the other view, including in their ranks the great body of business men,—of those who arrogate to themselves the title of "practical men,"—hold that the ancient languages should be abolished entirely from our general system of education, and should be replaced by the modern languages and the natural sciences; or that, if studied at all, the ancient languages should be left to that small class of useless, impractical men which infest every community, who prefer to alienate themselves from the living present and to live among the musty remains of past ages.

In many of our colleges a practical solution of the question is sought by avoiding the issue, and admitting two parallel courses of study embodying these conflicting views, to which are given the conventional names of "classical" and "scientific" courses. The "scientific" course is generally made but three years in length, and the requirements for admission to it are much inferior to those to

the "classical" course. In a few of the best colleges another solution of the problem is sought, in retaining the old classical course and adding recitation in one or more of the modern languages during a portion of the college curriculum.

We shall endeavor to show, as well as the limits of this paper will permit, that all of the above views and methods are fundamentally wrong, and that the true solution of the question as to the position which the study of language should occupy in our educational system is to be found in a method which is radically different from any of those at present in vogue.

By the system which we shall propose, many advantages will be gained which are unattainable under either of the present methods. A unity will be maintained in the entire academic and collegiate courses, making them the most profitable for the several classes of students: for those who, after finishing the academic course, shall enter upon the duties of active life; for those who shall continue through the college course before entering upon their careers in business or professional life; for those who shall complete the college course, as preparatory to special study in any of the learned professions; and, finally, for those who intend to become professional linguists. Thus the so-called "practical" men and the scholastic party will be reconciled and will work in harmony, instead of injuring our educational system, as they are now doing, by their distracted counsels and conflicting efforts.

To illustrate this reorganization of the linguistic part of our educational system, we will imagine one of our great cities or States having a complete system of graded schools, the whole being crowned with a post-collegiate university. The great need of such uni-

versities in America is now becoming so extensively felt that it is only a question of time as to how soon they shall be established. In all probability the next ten years will witness the founding of one or more such universities, which will soon rival, in the extent and excellence of their appointments, the largest and best universities in continental Europe. It is to be hoped that, in their plan of organization, they will be in advance of even the great and time-honored European universities, all of which retain more or less of mediæval tradition, both in their plan and their spirit. But the modification in linguistic instruction which we shall propose will greatly improve our educational system, even without these much needed post-collegiate universities.

According to the plan which we propose, the study of one living language will be commenced by pupils when between the ages of ten and twelve years. The method of instruction should at first be very simple, and adapted to the stage of development of the young child. As at this age the memory is more active than the judgment, and the mind inclines to details rather than to principles, the attention should be directed at this time to learning the names of the most familiar objects, and to gathering a store of familiar phrases and expressions, referring to the simplest physical facts and phenomena, and to the simplest operations and emotions of mind and heart. A body of linguistic material will thus be accumulated in this new language, as had previously been the case with the pupil's own vernacular, to be subjected in his more mature years to rigid grammatical analysis and philological treatment. The pupil should also immediately utilize what he has learned, and should be taught to express his childish thoughts, desires, and emotions in this new living language. He should also read juvenile literature in this language, of no higher grade than that which he is reading in his own vernacular. More rigid grammatical instruction will be added as soon and as fast as the intellectual development of the pupil will admit.

As much time, or more, should be given to the study of this living language in the academy or preparatory school as is now given in them to the study of Latin. Upon entering college the student will be able to read common prose in this new language with considerable fluency, to converse with tolerable freedom upon ordinary topics, and to understand a simple spoken discourse.

Two years before the close of the academic course, the study of a second living language should be commenced. As this will be begun when the student is at a more mature age, and as the student will have had an experience of some years in the study of language, a less slow, elementary, and juvenile method will be necessary at the outset, and the advancement will be more rapid. Indeed, upon entering college the proficiency of the student in these two languages will be nearly equal.

These two living languages will thus take the place of Latin and Greek in the studies which are required for admission to college. During the Freshman year the classical literature of these languages will be read, and the rigid philological study of them will be taken up. During the remainder of the college course, one study at a time, in other branches of science, will be pursued from text-books in one or the other of these languages. During the senior year the history of these languages, their relation to cognate languages, and the history of their literature will be introduced as elective studies.

The study of Latin will be commenced at the beginning of the Sophomore, that of Greek at the beginning of the Junior year. Latin will be studied two years and Greek one year or more. During one term will be pursued the formal study of the system of derivation from Latin and Greek of words in ordinary discourse, and of technical terms in the English language. The modifications in form and signification which words of Latin and Greek origin have received, while passing through other modern languages before they came into the English, will be pointed out, thus showing the plexus of connections that binds the European languages together. The mutual relations of the Latin and the Greek languages, and their relations to the other Indo-European languages will also be pointed out.

It will then remain for philological faculties in (post-collegiate) universities, and for professional schools, like the School of Philology which has lately been established in connection with Yale College, to give that high linguistic instruction, both in the ancient and modern languages, which is so lacking in America. Associations of linguists, like the American Oriental Society and the American Philological Association, have also a work to perform in the promotion of philological science, which is beyond the province and beyond the power of any school of instruction. Germany has attained its high

position as the home of modern philology by means of its post-collegiate universities and of its many local and specific, as well as national and general philological societies. It is only by these same instrumentalities that philology can attain, in America, a position co-ordinate with that which it occupies in Germany, or even to that which medicine, law, theology, and the natural sciences occupy in this country.

Having thus sketched the outlines of this system of linguistic instruction, we shall glance rapidly at the most prominent arguments in its defense.

Language is the medium of communicating to others our thoughts, feelings, and desires through spoken words. It is of the highest importance that the young pupil should apprehend this nature and office of language at the very commencement of his studies. To the degree in which the first new language which he begins to learn, aside from his own vernacular, can be shown to him to be capable of performing this mission,—to the degree in which he can be made to see that all his thoughts, emotions, and desires, which he expresses fully and completely in English, can be disrobed of their English dress, and can be enrobed in the garb of another language,—to that degree will he apprehend the nature and office of the new language; and, in return, to that degree will his studies in the new language aid him in understanding the nature and office of his own vernacular, and, finally, of language in general.

This condition can be met in the highest degree only in the study of a living language, and of one which is the expression of a civilization that is not very different from our own, and of a grade not lower than our own. By no means can it be fully met in studying a language which has ceased to be spoken, and which, when spoken, was the expression of a civilization that was essentially different from our own, and in many respects inferior to our own. The difficulty with reference to the ancient languages, as the basis of a system of linguistic education, is also greatly aggravated by the fact that there exists in those languages none of that charming juvenile literature which is so luxuriant in the classical living languages, and which alone is adapted to the mental development of young students. Of necessity students who begin with Latin and Greek, are compelled to read the works of ancient classical literature, as the great epics of Virgil and Homer, at an age when no person would think

them fitted for the study of corresponding classic works in modern literature, as Dante's *Divina Commedia*, or Schiller's *Wallenstein*,—much less of the *Nibelungenlied*, the *Cid*, or the *Chanson de Roland*.

In order to impress most effectually upon the mind of the young student a clear idea of the nature and office of language, and of the difference between his vernacular and other languages, it is important that he should continue the study of the single living language with which he commences, until he realizes that everything that he says in English can also be said in this other language. With this thought fully fixed in his mind, and fully realized in his practice, each new language that is afterward commenced will be acquired with increasing facility and in shorter time.

It is of course far better that, when possible, the new language should be learned in the country where it is the vernacular. The learner is there surrounded by the atmosphere of the language, and takes it in at every breath. He absorbs it unconsciously as well as consciously. But this is within the reach of so few, that the real question is, how can the benefits of foreign residence be approximately realized in our schools? This must depend upon the kind of text-books employed, the method of instruction adopted, and the skill and ingenuity of the teacher; much can be done, however, to remove the artificiality of learning a language away from the country where it is the vernacular.

Phonetics form one of the most vital elements in language. Language comes from the tongue of the speaker, and goes to the ears of the hearer. Sight should play but a very subsidiary part in the study of language. Yet sight is relied upon almost entirely in learning the ancient languages. The ordinary college student would be perfectly bewildered upon hearing a new sentence in Latin and Greek pronounced. He must see it, in order to comprehend it. But the phonetic structure of Latin and Greek is very imperfectly understood; a greater obscurity still rests upon the history of the phonetic development of those languages. To make the matter worse for the student, a perfect chaos prevails in our pronunciation of Latin and Greek. After having learned to pronounce these languages by one professedly arbitrary system, upon going to another school, or upon entering college, he is often compelled to adopt another and very different, though equally arbitrary system of pronunciation. Truly is not this the play of

Hamlet, with Hamlet left out?—or with the part of Richard the Third, or of Falstaff, substituted for that of Hamlet? What an accurate idea the Chinese would have of the phonetic character of the English, French, and German languages, if, from their aversion to foreigners, they should refuse to admit English, French, and German teachers, and then should give their own pronunciation to all of these three languages!—or, if different Chinese teachers should adopt different methods of pronouncing these languages!

From the nature of the case, the study of phonetics can be applied, to any important extent, only to living languages. The exact pronunciation of French as spoken in Paris, of German as spoken in Berlin, and of Italian as spoken in Florence and Rome, can be perfectly ascertained and perfectly taught. Good instructors in the modern languages very properly take great pains to secure from their pupils at the outset a correct, easy and elegant pronunciation. They meet with the greatest difficulty in students who begin the study of the modern languages during the junior or senior year of the college course. The organs of speech of these advanced students are rigid and unpliant. Their ears are also slow to detect the nice distinction of elegant, or even of correct pronunciation. Not unfrequently their pride is touched at their ludicrous mistakes. And, what is worse still, having been taught to consider a knowledge of grammatical forms and skill in translating to be all that is essential in studying languages, they soon look upon pronunciation as a matter of secondary importance, and worthy of the attention of only young children. These advanced college students soon become restless if a good pronunciation is insisted upon. The professor generally finds himself forced to yield, though under mental protest, and to permit his class to rush on to reading the works of Schiller, Goethe, Racine, Molière, Dante, and Tasso, though their pronunciation is yet so execrable, that it would almost make these classic writers wish to appear in the flesh, that they might seize the books from the hands of the students and cry out to them to stop murdering their productions. If these same American college students should visit a German gymnasium or a French lycée, and should there hear Milton's *Paradise Lost*, Shakespeare's tragedies, or Longfellow's poems read with as execrable a pronunciation of French or German, as is usually heard in American colleges, they

would call the study of English in those schools a farce. The difficulty is inherent in our system; it is impossible to acquire a good pronunciation of French and German, when only two or three hours a week is given for some months to the study of either of these languages, especially when most of the time is given to the study of grammatical construction and of classic literature.

Only after the student has had long training in the study of one or more living languages, is he even partially prepared to imagine the phonetic structure of languages, the pronunciation of which has been lost.

The study of phonetics is a most valuable means of mental discipline. It opens up one of the most important fields of psychological and physiological research. It treats of one of the chief means by which the body is made the interpreter of the spirit. It lies at the foundation of the entire science of language. It furnishes the only key to the vocal changes that take place in the history of a language, and to the vocal variations among related languages. In learning to produce those sounds in other languages which do not occur in his own vernacular, the student will acquire a new and a wider view of the resources of his own vocal organs; he will be struck with the fact that some of the most frequently recurring sounds in his own language do not occur in other languages; and the whole study of phonetics, as applied to foreign languages, will induce in the student a more exact and elegant enunciation of his own language.

After the rudiments of pronunciation have been mastered, the most rapid and correct habits of analysis and synthesis are called into action in the practical use of a spoken language. The difference between the rapidity and precision of mental action which are necessary in order to understand a spoken sentence, and those which are required in order to pick out deliberately, when seated at one's desk, with grammar and dictionary at hand, the meaning of the same sentence from the printed page, is not unlike the difference in skill which is necessary for a sportsman to hit a bird on the wing, from that which is requisite in order to hit a painted bird in a shooting-gallery. There is an equally great difference between the rapidity and precision of mental action which are required in order to formulate a sentence in rapid conversation, and those which are necessary in order to be able to write out deliberately, when seated at a desk, with grammar and dictionary at

hand, a sentence in Latin or Greek composition.

Thus, in order to understand a spoken sentence, in the first place, the hearer must rapidly and almost unconsciously separate the succession of sounds in a sentence into individual words; for in all spoken languages there is little if any more separation of sound recognizable to the ear between the words of a sentence, than between the syllables of a word. This difficulty is greatly increased in those languages where the final consonant is often carried over and pronounced with the following word. After having recognized the separate words in the spoken sentence, the hearer must recognize the stems of the words and the influence of terminations, prefixes and suffixes, and the influence of syntactical laws. He must also consider whether the words are employed in their primary or with derived significations, and whether the sentence contains idiomatic expressions, ellipses and other figures of speech. And, finally, he must consider the relation of the sentence to preceding conversation. All of this must be done in a flash, like the taking of instantaneous photographs. Indeed, the rapid and complicated mental operations and exertions of even the young pupil, in order to understand very simple spoken sentences at their first enunciation, are none the less real and strength-giving, from the fact that they are often voluntary and unconscious, or that the demerit-mark, and the prize are not necessary in order to call them forth. The number and quickness of mental operations are correspondingly greater in a more mature person, while conducting a rapid and free conversation, or while hearing a spoken discourse. The study of the dead languages offers nothing analogous for the development of rapid and almost instantaneous analytic habits and power of mind.

And, on the other hand, a person is required not only to apprehend sound rapidly and correctly by his ear; he must also produce sounds with equal rapidity and precision with his own mouth. He must give to words the proper accent, emphasis, and intonation. He must give them their proper inflections, and locate and connect them in sentences according to the syntactical laws of the particular language. He must decide whether to use words in literal or in figurative significations, and when to employ idiomatic constructions and ellipses, inversions, or other figures of speech. The mind must perform the double work of directing the

pronunciation, and of formulating the sentences rapidly and correctly. To converse with freedom and elegance in a foreign language presupposes long and continued practice and training, which have been as real if not as obvious and demonstrative as with a pianist who has learned to perform difficult music at sight. The synthetic powers of the mind are brought into action in a manner and to an extent that are not even approximated in the study of Latin and Greek.

While a language continues to be spoken, it cannot remain stationary, but it must be subject to growth, development, and modification, or to change and decay. Those languages whose history can be most completely traced, are necessarily the most valuable for showing the nature of linguistic growth and change. In this respect, no ancient or modern classical languages are superior to the German and the French. We can trace the growth of the German language through nearly two thousand years, from its primitive stage as the rude language of a collection of barbarous tribes, through three distinct and well-marked periods, with several subordinate divisions to each period. The French language has a well-known history, extending through more than ten centuries, with two prominent and several subordinate periods. These two languages are also yet endowed with the vital elements of growth. New words are being formed from within or added from without. Many unsettled questions concerning various linguistic features and elements in these languages are now under discussion, and will be settled in due time, as similar questions in past periods of the language have been settled. The French and German languages thus offer, within themselves, vastly more material for the illustration of the development of linguistic features, of vocal changes, grammatical forms, verbal derivation and composition, syntactical construction, the absorption of foreign elements and the effects of foreign influences, than do the Latin and Greek languages.

It would require but little reflection to lead us to anticipate what every teacher who has given the subject a fair trial has observed, that a far greater interest is awakened in the mind of the young student by the study of a living than of a dead language. He recognizes that it can serve to him all the purposes of a language. He appropriates it and incorporates it as a part of his own mental furniture. He also utilizes it immediately, for the expression of his own thoughts, feelings, and desires, and thus is led early to form

a most valuable habit—that of applying to his own individual use what he has learned theoretically. The value of this enthusiasm as a stimulus to study can hardly be over-estimated. This interest will not be confined to the years of childhood. It will be sustained through all of the academic and collegiate courses, inasmuch as the student continues to realize that other languages than the English can be the vehicle of all the thoughts and feelings of his maturing and expanding mind and heart. Various means may be employed to sustain this interest. Thus, selections in prose and poetry in these languages may be committed to memory for declamation; French and German periodicals may be introduced into the college reading-rooms, and may be occasionally used in the class-room instead of the text-book; French and German books upon history, biography, travels, the sciences and arts, and in belles-lettres literature, can be introduced into the libraries; during the latter part of the college course text-books written in these modern languages may be employed for the study of the various sciences; resident French and German men of science and letters can deliver to the senior class lectures upon French and German history and literature, and upon various branches of science. All these will serve the double purpose of giving information and entertainment to the student, and of keeping his knowledge of these languages fresh and ever advancing. These living languages, when thus acquired, will remain an unfailing and direct source of profit and pleasure during the subsequent period of study in professional schools, and during all after life. They will not pass from memory within a few years after the close of the college course, as is too often the case with Latin and Greek.

As to which two modern languages should be made the basis of linguistic education in English-speaking countries, the choice would undoubtedly be given to the French and the German. Besides the reasons which would have weight in England, in determining the precedence in order of time in the study of these two languages, there is a very important one, which applies with peculiar force to our own country. America is fast losing the character of being a unilingual country. Already one-tenth of our population speak a foreign tongue. Should existing causes continue to act, before another generation shall pass away one-fifth of our entire population will be German-speaking people. German immigrants are already to be found in every

village and city, and in most rural districts. American children hear the German language spoken in the streets, often by German servants in their homes, or by German schoolmates in their schools; they see German names and words on signs of stores and hotels; they hear German newspapers cried in the streets; they see German books and engravings upon the center-table. All of this gives unconscious but real education; it impresses upon the mind of the American child the fact of the real, living character of the German language; and it prepares him, even before he enters school, to commence with the study of this, rather than with that of the French language. Many arguments may be advanced, however, for beginning with French rather than with German.

By commencing with living languages and studying them in the method and at the time above proposed, the student will enter the sophomore or junior year of the college course with a much clearer view of the nature and office of language, and with much greater ability to master a new language and to understand its peculiar structure and spirit than is possible under the present system of beginning with the ancient classical languages. In a single year he could learn to read, but not to speak, Italian, Spanish, Dutch, or Swedish, as fluently as the German and French, upon which he has spent so much time. He will also have received that peculiar training which is necessary in order to study with profit a language from which the vital characteristic of being a natural and living vehicle of thought and feeling has forever gone; a language the pronunciation of which is but imperfectly known; a language which has ceased to grow, but which stands before us in the crystallized form that it assumed many centuries ago; a language which, when spoken, was the expression of a civilization that has passed away; a language of which the familiar, social, and domestic portions have perished, and of which the only remains extant are some portions of its artistic, classical literature.

With the experience and training in the study of language which will thus be acquired, through following a natural and logical method, and with the maturity of mind which ordinary college students have at the beginning of the sophomore year, they will arrive at a more correct and critical apprehension of the character, the spirit, and the linguistic features and relations of the Latin and Greek languages by one year of well-directed study, if commenced at this

are to-day at all commensurate with the time and labor it requires. Much less is there any equivalent for the time and labor, passing by the question of special genius, which are requisite in order to compose poems in Latin and Greek, as is done in the English universities and some other institutions which pride themselves upon the perfection to which they carry the study of the ancient languages.

Lord Brougham learned French in his youth from an aged and highly cultivated French "gentleman of the olden style," who in bearing, manners, and language seemed a crystallized relic of the age of Louis XIV., and who had fled to England to escape the terrors of the First Revolution; when Lord Brougham went to Paris, some forty years afterwards, his antiquated French called forth many a smile. Several years ago, a distinguished professor of the University of Edinburgh, who had learned German by reading standard German literature, went to Berlin and there conversed in the language as he had learned it; his sentences were stately, cumbered, and formal, and often he was unintelligible; "that is not the German that we speak," remarked a Berlin professor. And no doubt, if the ghosts of Cicero, Horace, and Virgil could hear three modern professors from Germany, France, and America talking Latin in Rome, Pompeii, or Tivoli, they would be much surprised to learn that these three professors were speaking in the same language in which they themselves wrote.

It is correct to apply the term factitious to all the Latin that has been spoken for the last thousand years. For, if it is impossible to learn to speak a contemporary living language from reading its classical literature, in which the expressions and idioms of familiar conversation do not occur, how much more is it impossible to learn to converse in Latin and Greek by the study of their classical literatures; most of the familiar expressions of these ancient languages are lost; and, what is more fatal, words, expressions, and idioms never existed in those languages to represent the new features, the mechanical appliances, and the relations of trade, science, art, religion, government, and social life which characterize modern times. Thus we have no means for determining whether, if the Latin language had continued to be the vernacular in Italy, the Romans would have adopted a word analogous to the Italian *stivale*, or one analogous to the French *botte*, as the name of the modern

"boot," or whether they would have adopted another word altogether; we cannot tell whether they would have applied the name *gymnasium*, *lyceum*, *collegium*, or some other name to a school preparatory to the modern university; we cannot tell whether they would have used an expression similar to the French *banque succursale*, one similar to the Italian *banca filiale*, or another expression altogether to indicate a "branch bank." It is as absurd to manufacture Latin words and idioms, or to give a Latin dress to English words and idioms, as it would be to manufacture French or German words and idioms, or to give a French or German dress to English words and idioms. All such work should be left to the charlatans who invent universal languages. The use of such factitious Latin should be abandoned, as cultivating wrong habits of mind, and doing violence to all correct ideas of the nature of language, and of its method of growth.

But this part of the discussion seems almost needless in America to-day. For it is doubtful whether, if we except some of the best Roman Catholic colleges and seminaries, ten sentences of conversational Latin are pronounced in a year, within the hearing of students in all the colleges of the country put together. And probably there are not ten persons in Europe and America who can conduct for five minutes a free conversation in classical Greek. But still if Latin, even this factitious Latin, is not used as a means of intercourse by conversation and writing, Latin loses, to the apprehension of the young pupil, one of the chief characteristics of a real language.

The importance of Greek and Roman culture, as the parents (rather the grandparents) of modern culture, is often urged as a strong reason for giving to the Latin and Greek languages so early and so large a place in our educational system. But if, in viewing the question from the standpoint of the history of civilization, we shall be compelled to admit that so great a predominance should be given to the study of classical antiquity, that will not justify giving the attention solely to the study of classical literature, which is but one element in classical culture. Architecture, sculpture, and painting are as important elements in civilization as their sister art, literature. The whole framework of society is held together by law. The influence of Greek architecture, sculpture, and painting upon the formative arts in all their subsequent periods, and of

Roman law upon mediæval and modern legislation, has been more extensive, direct, and intimate than has been the influence of Greek and Roman literature upon mediæval and modern literature. And yet what prominence is given, in our academies and colleges, to the study of Greek and Roman art and of Roman law? Almost none at all.

It may be remarked, in passing, that classicists generally overlook the bearings of the extraordinary fact that the Greeks reached their high culture, not by studying the languages of other older and more refined nations (as the ancient Assyrians and Egyptians), but by "studying when boys what they would need to practice when men;" they studied their own history, their own government, their own literature and art; being thus imbued with the spirit of their own civilization, they were prepared to promote and advance it; they were not imitators and copyists, but originators and inventors. If America is to rise to a high stage of culture by the same means by which Greece rose to its high culture, it will also be by "studying when boys what we will need to practice when men," which will not consist mostly in reading Latin and Greek.

But it is not necessary, in order to understand the civilization of a people with tolerable accuracy, for the general student to study their language at all. Every person of ordinary intelligence to-day has a fair idea of the kind and degree of civilization existing in China, Japan, Turkey, Madagascar, and the Feejee Islands, without knowing a word of the languages of those countries. Every child of twelve years of age in a Christian family, is better acquainted with the history of the ancient Jews than of his own nation, and this without knowing one word of Hebrew. Most persons of liberal education have as correct and intimate knowledge of the civilization of the ancient Egyptians, and Assyrians, and Persians as of the ancient Greeks and Romans, and this without deciphering a single hieroglyphic or cuneiform inscription.

Humboldt's *Cosmos*, Ranke's *History of the Popes*, Martin's *History of France*, and Cousin's *Lectures on Philosophy* are as well understood in their English translation as in their original French or German dress. English translations of the writings of Plutarch, Pliny, Vitruvius, Strabo, and Pausanias convey as accurate information as their Latin and Greek originals. Most classical scholars even derive nearly all of their knowledge of the philosophical writings of Plato and Aris-

totle from English translations. Almost the entire mass of Christians in all lands depend, of necessity, upon translations of the Holy Scriptures for information and stimulus, which they believe to affect their most vital eternal interests.

With poetry and other kinds of imaginative literature it is somewhat different. Here so much of the genius and imagination of the writer is shown in his peculiar employment of words, expressions, idioms, and figures of speech; his style is so ingrafted into the vital elements of his own native language that much of the freshness, vitality, and peculiar character of the original is necessarily lost in translation. Still, much of the force and sublimity of the majestic poems of Job, Isaiah, and Jeremiah, and of the beauty and pathos, and at times of the sublimity of the Psalms of David is retained in the English translation of the Holy Scriptures. Much of the poetic spirit is preserved, and all the development of the plot is presented in English translations of Goethe's *Faust*, Auerbach's *Villa on the Rhine*, Hugo's *Les Misérables*, Dante's *Divina Commedia*, and the adventures of *Don Quixote*; the same is equally true of translations of the *Iliad* of Homer, the *Æneid* of Virgil, the *Odes* of Horace and Aristophanes, and the *Rigveda*.

It is not necessary for the general student to read Latin and Greek at all in order to gain an accurate knowledge of all the facts recorded by the ancient historians and of the views of the ancient philosophers; nor, indeed, in order to obtain a very tolerable knowledge of the spirit and scope of classical literature. It is to translations of the works of the classical writers, which have been carefully made by critical scholars, and to the masterly compilations of historians and archaeologists like Grote, Merivale, Mommsen, Curtius, Winckelmann, Müller, Gerhard, and Rossi, that the great majority of even liberally educated persons are indebted for the chief part of their knowledge of classical antiquity.

The primitive sources of civilization were not in Greece and Rome. They were in Egypt and Western and Central Asia. And modern history and civilization are more intimately connected with mediæval than they are with ancient classical history and civilization.

Whatever time, therefore, in our general system of education is given to the study of the history of civilization should be devoted symmetrically and equitably to all the im-

hand, a sentence in Latin or Greek composition.

Thus, in order to understand a spoken sentence, in the first place, the hearer must rapidly and almost unconsciously separate the succession of sounds in a sentence into individual words; for in all spoken languages there is little if any more separation of sound recognizable to the ear between the words of a sentence, than between the syllables of a word. This difficulty is greatly increased in those languages where the final consonant is often carried over and pronounced with the following word. After having recognized the separate words in the spoken sentence, the hearer must recognize the stems of the words and the influence of terminations, prefixes and suffixes, and the influence of syntactical laws. He must also consider whether the words are employed in their primary or with derived significations, and whether the sentence contains idiomatic expressions, ellipses and other figures of speech. And, finally, he must consider the relation of the sentence to preceding conversation. All of this must be done in a flash, like the taking of instantaneous photographs. Indeed, the rapid and complicated mental operations and exertions of even the young pupil, in order to understand very simple spoken sentences at their first enunciation, are none the less real and strength-giving, from the fact that they are often voluntary and unconscious, or that the derelict, the demerit-mark, and the prize are not necessary in order to call them forth. The number and quickness of mental operations are correspondingly greater in a more mature person, while conducting a rapid and free conversation, or while hearing a spoken discourse. The study of the dead languages offers nothing analogous for the development of rapid and almost instantaneous analytic habits and power of mind.

And, on the other hand, a person is required not only to apprehend sound rapidly and correctly by his ear; he must also produce sounds with equal rapidity and precision with his own mouth. He must give to words the proper accent, emphasis, and intonation. He must give them their proper inflections, and locate and connect them in sentences according to the syntactical laws of the particular language. He must decide whether to use words in literal or in figurative significations, and when to employ idiomatic constructions and ellipses, inversions, or other figures of speech. The mind must perform the double work of directing the

pronunciation, and of formulating the sentences rapidly and correctly. To converse with freedom and elegance in a foreign language presupposes long and continued practice and training, which have been as real if not as obvious and demonstrative as with a pianist who has learned to perform difficult music at sight. The synthetic powers of the mind are brought into action in a manner and to an extent that are not even approximated in the study of Latin and Greek.

While a language continues to be spoken, it cannot remain stationary, but it must be subject to growth, development, and modification, or to change and decay. Those languages whose history can be most completely traced, are necessarily the most valuable for showing the nature of linguistic growth and change. In this respect, no ancient or modern classical languages are superior to the German and the French. We can trace the growth of the German language through nearly two thousand years, from its primitive stage as the rude language of a collection of barbarous tribes, through three distinct and well-marked periods, with several subordinate divisions to each period. The French language has a well-known history, extending through more than ten centuries, with two prominent and several subordinate periods. These two languages are also yet endowed with the vital elements of growth. New words are being formed from within or added from without. Many unsettled questions concerning various linguistic features and elements in these languages are now under discussion, and will be settled in due time, as similar questions in past periods of the language have been settled. The French and German languages thus offer, within themselves, vastly more material for the illustration of the development of linguistic features, of vocal changes, grammatical forms, verbal derivation and composition, syntactical construction, the absorption of foreign elements and the effects of foreign influences, than do the Latin and Greek languages.

It would require but little reflection to lead us to anticipate what every teacher who has given the subject a fair trial has observed, that a far greater interest is awakened in the mind of the young student by the study of a living than of a dead language. He recognizes that it can serve to him all the purposes of a language. He appropriates it and incorporates it as a part of his own mental furniture. He also utilizes it immediately, for the expression of his own thoughts, feelings, and desires, and thus is led early to form

a most valuable habit—that of applying to his own individual use what he has learned theoretically. The value of this enthusiasm as a stimulus to study can hardly be overestimated. This interest will not be confined to the years of childhood. It will be sustained through all of the academic and collegiate courses, inasmuch as the student continues to realize that other languages than the English can be the vehicle of all the thoughts and feelings of his maturing and expanding mind and heart. Various means may be employed to sustain this interest. Thus, selections in prose and poetry in these languages may be committed to memory for declamation; French and German periodicals may be introduced into the college reading-rooms, and may be occasionally used in the class-room instead of the text-book; French and German books upon history, biography, travels, the sciences and arts, and in belles-lettres literature, can be introduced into the libraries; during the latter part of the college course text-books written in these modern languages may be employed for the study of the various sciences; resident French and German men of science and letters can deliver to the senior class lectures upon French and German history and literature, and upon various branches of science. All these will serve the double purpose of giving information and entertainment to the student, and of keeping his knowledge of these languages fresh and ever advancing. These living languages, when thus acquired, will remain an unfailing and direct source of profit and pleasure during the subsequent period of study in professional schools, and during all after life. They will not pass from memory within a few years after the close of the college course, as is too often the case with Latin and Greek.

As to which two modern languages should be made the basis of linguistic education in English-speaking countries, the choice would undoubtedly be given to the French and the German. Besides the reasons which would have weight in England, in determining the precedence in order of time in the study of these two languages, there is a very important one, which applies with peculiar force to our own country. America is fast losing the character of being a unilingual country. Already one-tenth of our population speak a foreign tongue. Should existing causes continue to act, before another generation shall pass away one-fifth of our entire population will be German-speaking people. German immigrants are already to be found in every

village and city, and in most rural districts. American children hear the German language spoken in the streets, often by German servants in their homes, or by German schoolmates in their schools; they see German names and words on signs of stores and hotels; they hear German newspapers cried in the streets; they see German books and engravings upon the center-table. All of this gives unconscious but real education; it impresses upon the mind of the American child the fact of the real, living character of the German language; and it prepares him, even before he enters school, to commence with the study of this, rather than with that of the French language. Many arguments may be advanced, however, for beginning with French rather than with German.

By commencing with living languages and studying them in the method and at the time above proposed, the student will enter the sophomore or junior year of the college course with a much clearer view of the nature and office of language, and with much greater ability to master a new language and to understand its peculiar structure and spirit than is possible under the present system of beginning with the ancient classical languages. In a single year he could learn to read, but not to speak, Italian, Spanish, Dutch, or Swedish, as fluently as the German and French, upon which he has spent so much time. He will also have received that peculiar training which is necessary in order to study with profit a language from which the vital characteristic of being a natural and living vehicle of thought and feeling has forever gone; a language the pronunciation of which is but imperfectly known; a language which has ceased to grow, but which stands before us in the crystallized form that it assumed many centuries ago; a language which, when spoken, was the expression of a civilization that has passed away; a language of which the familiar, social, and domestic portions have perished, and of which the only remains extant are some portions of its artistic, classical literature.

With the experience and training in the study of language which will thus be acquired, through following a natural and logical method, and with the maturity of mind which ordinary college students have at the beginning of the sophomore year, they will arrive at a more correct and critical apprehension of the character, the spirit, and the linguistic features and relations of the Latin and Greek languages by one year of well-directed study, if commenced at this

period, than most college students attain to, through the present method, by the end of their college course. If, during the one or two years which will thus be devoted to the study of each of the ancient languages, not as many Latin and Greek authors can be read as at present, those which shall be read will be better understood; and a clearer view can be gained of the general spirit of ancient literature, and of its relation to modern literature, as well as of the linguistic relations of the ancient to the modern languages.

Such of the Latin and Greek authors, which are now read in college, as cannot be pursued in the time that will thus be devoted in the college course to the study of the ancient languages, will be read more profitably under the instruction of philological faculties in post-collegiate universities, or in special schools of philology. Under these philological faculties of universities, all of the ancient and modern classical languages and literatures will be taught from the highest standpoint of modern philology, and after a method which is adapted to the intellectual development and linguistic attainments of college graduates, who will form the body of the students of the university.

This modification of our system of linguistic instruction will produce many valuable results. In the first place, it offers the only feasible plan for the education of professional linguists; in order to meet the present deficiency of university instruction in philology, candidates for professorships of language in our colleges, and others in America who devote themselves to special branches of philological investigation, are forced to go through tedious years of undirected private study, or to seek, as almoners, in foreign lands advantages which are denied them at home. But, aside from this most important consideration, the plan proposed above provides the best preliminary linguistic education for those who shall enter any of the learned professions; it also gives the most profitable study to that large class, including indeed the great majority of students, who, for various reasons, do not go beyond the academic course, or do not finish the collegiate course. It is no small advantage, also, that a symmetry will thus be maintained in the linguistic part of our educational system.

After having stated thus briefly some of the advantages which will be gained by the proposed system, we will consider some of the most prominent objections which will be offered against it.

It is argued that we should commence with the study of the ancient languages because the modern are derived from the ancient. Whatever force there may be in this argument with reference to French as derived from Latin, it has no bearing upon German and Greek, both of which are yet to be considered as primitive languages, or rather as sister languages, derived from a common, but undiscovered, Aryan language. But the argument proves too much. It proves that we should study Gothic, Old German, and Middle German before we study New German; that we should study Old French before New French, and the older Sanscrit before the newer Latin and Greek. On the contrary, the natural order in the study of language, as of every other branch of knowledge, is to proceed from the nearer and the more similar to the more distant and the more dissimilar. The mutual relationship of the two languages will be as clearly discerned by the student, if, in studying Latin, he finds it to be the parent of French, which he has already studied, as though, in studying French, he finds it to be the child of the Latin, which he has already studied. And a previous knowledge of French, if studied in the manner proposed, will facilitate the learning of Latin quite as much as a previous knowledge of Latin facilitates the learning of French.

The fact that so many English words are derived from the Latin is often urged as an argument for the early study of this language. This is a valid argument for the study of Latin, but not for beginning the study of language with Latin. Indeed a large portion of the words of Latin origin in the English language, especially of those which are most frequently used in ordinary discourse, have come through the French into the English language. The derivation and the present forms of most of these words can only be explained by reference to the French first, and to the Latin afterward. But little practical application of the derivation of technical terms, which have come from Latin and Greek directly into the English language, is made by the student before he enters the sophomore year.

Nor is the claim a valid one that the ancient classical are more perfect in structure than the modern classical languages. In the summation of their grammatical elements and linguistic features, French and German are fully equal to Latin and Greek. In many respects they are indeed superior. Their vocabularies are very much larger and

more varied. Their stores of idiomatic expressions are inexhaustible, and are necessarily greatly superior to the idioms which are extant in Greek and Latin literature. The number of words and idioms in these, as in all living languages, is constantly increasing. The phonetic character of living languages is perfectly understood. French and German offer more material and greater scope for illustrating the laws of linguistic growth and change than Latin and Greek do within themselves.

The claim is often made that the study of the ancient languages gives a better mental discipline than can be derived from any other study. That better mental discipline is obtained from pursuing a long and systematic course of study of any kind, than from following a short, rambling, and fragmentary course, should be no matter of surprise. To say that a person has graduated in the so-called "classical" course is equivalent to saying, not only that he has studied Latin and Greek systematically and rigidly for six or eight years, but also that he has studied mathematics equally long, and that he has given the equivalent of two or three years of time to the study of other branches of science. It would indeed be a matter of great surprise if this course of study, extending thus through eight or more successive years, taking the student when his mind is most plastic and retaining him till the character is mature and fixed, even if it be not the very best that could be devised, should not give better mental discipline than do the shorter and less systematic courses of study which are generally pursued by those who do not complete the classical curriculum. It is unfair, however, to credit all the mental discipline that is gained by those who follow the classical course to the study of Latin and Greek; a fair share of this discipline should be credited to mathematics, and to the other studies that are pursued with equal vigor with the ancient languages.

In comparing the intellectual benefits to be derived from the study of ancient and of modern languages, we must not omit to take into account the interest that is awakened in the mind of the young pupil by the study of the latter, which interest is continued unabated through the whole course of study, and which remains active during the entire subsequent life, after leaving the academy, college, or professional school. It is not necessary for us to examine whether any portion of the mental discipline which is derived from the study of the ancient languages comes through

the young pupil or even the maturer student forcing himself to a distasteful task, of which he does not realize the significance or the importance; nor whether any of the distaste to the study of Latin and Greek which may now exist, would be diminished or removed by transferring these languages to the middle or the latter half of the college curriculum.

Very often, also, sufficient importance is not given to the natural and voluntary, if not indeed unconscious, but still none the less real and strength-giving exertions of mind, to the clear and rapid analysis and synthesis that are called forth in learning to read, write, hear, and speak a living language; nor to the fact that what would be considered extraordinary proficiency in Latin and Greek would be called very moderate proficiency in a modern language.

When thus compared in all their relations and effects as a means of giving discipline to the mind, the preponderance is largely in favor of the modern languages.

Some classicists attempt to break the force of the argument against giving the lion's share of the time in the academic and collegiate courses of study to Latin and Greek, by asserting that these languages can be revitalized, and can be made to seem as natural to the student as his own vernacular, or as French or German; and they fortify their position by some striking illustrations. Thus, it is true that lectures were given in Latin in nearly all of the European universities from the fourteenth to the seventeenth century; most of the important works on science and philosophy that appeared in Europe even down to the eighteenth century were written in Latin; and Latin was the medium of correspondence and conversation between learned men of different nationalities during the same period. We may say that, in a modified sense, the Latin language (rather an unnatural, factitious Latin) has been a living language until the present century. In a more limited degree than formerly, it may be called a spoken language at the present day; the proceedings of the late Ecumenical Council of the Roman Catholic Church were conducted in this modern factitious Latin; many of the officials of the Roman Catholic Church all over the world, and some of the professors in the universities, gymnasia, and lycées of Europe speak this Latin with greater or less proficiency. But it cannot be claimed that to the general student in America the practical advantages to be derived from learning to speak Latin, as a means of intercourse,

are to-day at all commensurate with the time and labor it requires. Much less is there any equivalent for the time and labor, passing by the question of special genius, which are requisite in order to compose poems in Latin and Greek, as is done in the English universities and some other institutions which pride themselves upon the perfection to which they carry the study of the ancient languages.

Lord Brougham learned French in his youth from an aged and highly cultivated French "gentleman of the olden style," who in bearing, manners, and language seemed a crystallized relic of the age of Louis XIV., and who had fled to England to escape the terrors of the First Revolution; when Lord Brougham went to Paris, some forty years afterwards, his antiquated French called forth many a smile. Several years ago, a distinguished professor of the University of Edinburgh, who had learned German by reading standard German literature, went to Berlin and there conversed in the language as he had learned it; his sentences were stately, cumbered, and formal, and often he was unintelligible; "that is not the German that we speak," remarked a Berlin professor. And no doubt, if the ghosts of Cicero, Horace, and Virgil could hear three modern professors from Germany, France, and America talking Latin in Rome, Pompeii, or Tivoli, they would be much surprised to learn that these three professors were speaking in the same language in which they themselves wrote.

It is correct to apply the term factitious to all the Latin that has been spoken for the last thousand years. For, if it is impossible to learn to speak a contemporary living language from reading its classical literature, in which the expressions and idioms of familiar conversation do not occur, how much more is it impossible to learn to converse in Latin and Greek by the study of their classical literatures; most of the familiar expressions of these ancient languages are lost; and, what is more fatal, words, expressions, and idioms never existed in those languages to represent the new features, the mechanical appliances, and the relations of trade, science, art, religion, government, and social life which characterize modern times. Thus we have no means for determining whether, if the Latin language had continued to be the vernacular in Italy, the Romans would have adopted a word analogous to the Italian *stivale*, or one analogous to the French *botte*, as the name of the modern

"boot," or whether they would have adopted another word altogether; we cannot tell whether they would have applied the name *gymnasium*, *lyceum*, *collegium*, or some other name to a school preparatory to the modern university; we cannot tell whether they would have used an expression similar to the French *banque succursale*, one similar to the Italian *banca filiale*, or another expression altogether to indicate a "branch bank." It is as absurd to manufacture Latin words and idioms, or to give a Latin dress to English words and idioms, as it would be to manufacture French or German words and idioms, or to give a French or German dress to English words and idioms. All such work should be left to the charlatans who invent universal languages. The use of such factitious Latin should be abandoned, as cultivating wrong habits of mind, and doing violence to all correct ideas of the nature of language, and of its method of growth.

But this part of the discussion seems almost needless in America to-day. For it is doubtful whether, if we except some of the best Roman Catholic colleges and seminaries, ten sentences of conversational Latin are pronounced in a year, within the hearing of students in all the colleges of the country put together. And probably there are not ten persons in Europe and America who can conduct for five minutes a free conversation in classical Greek. But still if Latin, even this factitious Latin, is not used as a means of intercourse by conversation and writing, Latin loses, to the apprehension of the young pupil, one of the chief characteristics of a real language.

The importance of Greek and Roman culture, as the parents (rather the grandparents) of modern culture, is often urged as a strong reason for giving to the Latin and Greek languages so early and so large a place in our educational system. But if, in viewing the question from the standpoint of the history of civilization, we shall be compelled to admit that so great a predominance should be given to the study of classical antiquity, that will not justify giving the attention solely to the study of classical literature, which is but one element in classical culture. Architecture, sculpture, and painting are as important elements in civilization as their sister art, literature. The whole framework of society is held together by law. The influence of Greek architecture, sculpture, and painting upon the formative arts in all their subsequent periods, and of

Roman law upon mediæval and modern legislation, has been more extensive, direct, and intimate than has been the influence of Greek and Roman literature upon mediæval and modern literature. And yet what prominence is given, in our academies and colleges, to the study of Greek and Roman art and of Roman law? Almost none at all.

It may be remarked, in passing, that classicists generally overlook the bearings of the extraordinary fact that the Greeks reached their high culture, not by studying the languages of other older and more refined nations (as the ancient Assyrians and Egyptians), but by "studying when boys what they would need to practice when men;" they studied their own history, their own government, their own literature and art; being thus imbued with the spirit of their own civilization, they were prepared to promote and advance it; they were not imitators and copyists, but originators and inventors. If America is to rise to a high stage of culture by the same means by which Greece rose to its high culture, it will also be by "studying when boys what we will need to practice when men," which will not consist mostly in reading Latin and Greek.

But it is not necessary, in order to understand the civilization of a people with tolerable accuracy, for the general student to study their language at all. Every person of ordinary intelligence to-day has a fair idea of the kind and degree of civilization existing in China, Japan, Turkey, Madagascar, and the Feejee Islands, without knowing a word of the languages of those countries. Every child of twelve years of age in a Christian family, is better acquainted with the history of the ancient Jews than of his own nation, and this without knowing one word of Hebrew. Most persons of liberal education have as correct and intimate knowledge of the civilization of the ancient Egyptians, and Assyrians, and Persians as of the ancient Greeks and Romans, and this without deciphering a single hieroglyphic or cuneiform inscription.

Humboldt's *Cosmos*, Ranke's *History of the Popes*, Martin's *History of France*, and Cousin's *Lectures on Philosophy* are as well understood in their English translation as in their original French or German dress. English translations of the writings of Plutarch, Pliny, Vitruvius, Strabo, and Pausanias convey as accurate information as their Latin and Greek originals. Most classical scholars even derive nearly all of their knowledge of the philosophical writings of Plato and Aris-

totle from English translations. Almost the entire mass of Christians in all lands depend, of necessity, upon translations of the Holy Scriptures for information and stimulus, which they believe to affect their most vital eternal interests.

With poetry and other kinds of imaginative literature it is somewhat different. Here so much of the genius and imagination of the writer is shown in his peculiar employment of words, expressions, idioms, and figures of speech; his style is so ingrafted into the vital elements of his own native language that much of the freshness, vitality, and peculiar character of the original is necessarily lost in translation. Still, much of the force and sublimity of the majestic poems of Job, Isaiah, and Jeremiah, and of the beauty and pathos, and at times of the sublimity of the Psalms of David is retained in the English translation of the Holy Scriptures. Much of the poetic spirit is preserved, and all the development of the plot is presented in English translations of Goethe's *Faust*, Auerbach's *Villa on the Rhine*, Hugo's *Les Misérables*, Dante's *Divina Commedia*, and the adventures of *Don Quixote*; the same is equally true of translations of the *Iliad* of Homer, the *Æneid* of Virgil, the *Odes* of Horace and Aristophanes, and the *Rigveda*.

It is not necessary for the general student to read Latin and Greek at all in order to gain an accurate knowledge of all the facts recorded by the ancient historians and of the views of the ancient philosophers; nor, indeed, in order to obtain a very tolerable knowledge of the spirit and scope of classical literature. It is to translations of the works of the classical writers, which have been carefully made by critical scholars, and to the masterly compilations of historians and archaeologists like Grote, Merivale, Mommsen, Curtius, Winckelmann, Müller, Gerhard, and Rossi, that the great majority of even liberally educated persons are indebted for the chief part of their knowledge of classical antiquity.

The primitive sources of civilization were not in Greece and Rome. They were in Egypt and Western and Central Asia. And modern history and civilization are more intimately connected with mediæval than they are with ancient classical history and civilization.

Whatever time, therefore, in our general system of education is given to the study of the history of civilization should be devoted symmetrically and equitably to all the im-

portant features and to all the chief periods of history, without giving undue prominence to any particular feature or period.

If, in the discussion concerning the position which languages should occupy in our educational system, the importance of the study of the ancient languages has been unduly depreciated by the advocates of the "new education," this has been in a great measure the consequence of the exaggerated and indefensible claims that have been brought forward by classicists in defense of a traditional system, which was established in past ages, under circumstances that no longer exist, and before the rise of the many branches of natural, linguistic, and æsthetic science which have sprung into existence during the present century, and which now claim a place beside their elder, but not, therefore, more worthy sisters in the educational systems of the present age.

To eliminate the ancient classical languages entirely from the course of study of any person who aspires to a liberal education, or who purposes to enter any of the learned professions, would be a serious error. The plan of reorganization proposed above does not require us to form an opinion as to whether it would not be a greater evil to reject the modern languages from the academic and collegiate courses, as has often

been, and even yet not unfrequently is done. It is only just to assert that no person, at the present day, can lay claims to a liberal education who has not an available knowledge of the French and German languages. Four-fifths of the literature containing the latest results of investigation in every department of human knowledge is in these two languages. The German language holds to-day very nearly the same relation to the English that the Italian did to the German during the sixteenth century, or that the Greek did to the Latin at the time of the Roman empire. In quantity and value of records of new and independent investigation and discovery, the French comes next to the German, though far removed from it; then follow, at about equal pace, the English and Italian. With the command of these four languages a person has access to nearly all the valuable results of investigation at the present day in any department of human knowledge. No amount of acquaintance with Latin and Greek literature will supply the deficiency of a knowledge of either of these modern classical languages.

The plan of study above proposed seeks to give to the old and the new their appropriate places, to harmonize conflicting influences, and thus to give a symmetry to the modern system of liberal education.

DESPONDENCY.

ANOTHER morning dawns with baleful light
 Slow on my sight,
 And my sad heart, that found from gnawing grief
 A respite brief,
 Must wake once more, and its dull weight of pain
 Take up again.

The golden morning that to others brings
 Hope on her wings,
 Brings none to me; the tranquil evening's close
 No sweet repose;
 Amid her gloom no ray of starry light
 The silent night.

In vain for me with one harmonious voice
 Does Earth rejoice,
 And with her thousand tints of land and sky
 Entrance the eye;
 The music seems a dirge, the beauty all
 A funeral pall,

And Earth herself one vast and lonely tomb.
All that her womb
Yields, she devours, as did the god of old
His offspring. Gold
Gleams the abundant corn that smiling waves
O'er silent graves.

O, bitter thought ! that man's weak faith unnerves
What purpose serves
Ambition's best result ! Fame, power, seem
An idle dream
Seen in truth's light, whose brightest flowers bloom
To grace a tomb.

How swells the heart to-day with conscious pride ;
Fate seems defied.
How dwells intent on each new scheme of gain
The busy brain.
What fond illusions thrill the lover's breast,
His hopes confest.

To-morrow dawns. What titles now avail
When knocks the pale
Stern Messenger of Fate ? How dull and cold
The once-prized gold !
The bounding pulses that to joy did thrill,
How fixed and still !

So in his turn hath each the bitter draught
Of sorrow quaffed.
And so shall each that cometh after me,
Despondent see
Of earthly gain, ambition, happiness,
The nothingness.

AT HIS GATES.

By MRS. OLIPHANT.

CHAPTER XXII.



R. M A U-
RICE came
down next
day. He
was a man
of very quiet
manners,
and yet he
was unable
to conceal a
certain ex-
citement.
He walked
into the
Gatehouse
with an air
of abstrac-
tion, as if he
did not quite
know what
he was

about.

"I have come to talk about business," he said, but he did not send Norah away. Probably had he not been so glad to see her once more, it would have surprised him to see the child whom he had never beheld apart from a book, standing up by her mother's chair, watching his face, taking in every word. Norah's rôle had changed since those old days. She had no independent standing then; now she was her mother's companion, champion, supporter. This changes as nothing else can do a child's life.

"Our case is to be heard for the first time to-morrow," he said. "I believe they are all very much startled. Golden was brought before the magistrate yesterday; he has been admitted to bail, of course. If I could have had the satisfaction of thinking that rascal was even one night in prison! But that was too much to hope for. Mrs. Drummond, can you guess who was his bail?"

Helen shook her head, not understanding quite what he meant; but all the same she knew what his answer would be. He brought it out with a certain triumph—

"Why, Burton—your precious cousin! I knew it would be so. As sure as that sun is shining, Burton is at the bottom of it all. I have seen it from the first."

"Dr. Maurice," said Helen, "where have I seen, where have I read, 'Burton and

Golden have done it?' The words seem to haunt me. It cannot be fancy."

Dr. Maurice took out his pocket-book. He took a folded paper from an inner pocket, and held it to her without a word. Poor Helen, in the composure which she had attained so painfully, began to shake and tremble; the sight of it moved her beyond her self-control. She could not weep, but her strained nerves quivered, her teeth chattered, her frame was convulsed by the shock. "Ah!" she cried, as people do when they receive a blow; and yet now she remembered it all—every word; it seemed to be written on her heart.

The physician was alarmed. Human emotion has many ways of showing itself, but none more alarming than this. He put the letter hastily away again, and plunged into wild talk about the way she was living, the house, and the neighbourhood.

"You are taking too little exercise. You are shutting yourself up too much," he said, with something of that petulance which so often veils pity. He was not going to encourage her to break down by being sorry for her; the other way, he thought, was the best. And then he himself was on the very borders of emotion too, the sight of these words had brought poor Robert so keenly to his mind. And they had brought to his mind also his own hardships. Norah in her new place was very bewildering to him. He had noted her closely while her mother was speaking, and with wonder and trouble had seen a woman look at him through the girl's brown eyes—a woman, a new creature, an independent being, whom he did not know, whom he would have to treat upon a different footing. This discovery, which he had not made at the first glance, filled him with dismay and trouble. He had lost the child whom he loved.

"Norah, come and show me the house," he said, with a certain despair; and he went away, leaving Helen to recover herself. That was better than going back upon the past, recalling to both the most painful moments of their life.

He took Norah's hand, and walked through the open door into the garden, which was the first outlet he saw.

"Come and tell me all about it," he said. "Norah, what have you been doing to yourself? Have you grown up in these three

months? You are not the little girl I used to know."

"Oh, Dr. Maurice, do you think I have grown?" cried Norah, with her whole heart in the demand.

And it would be impossible to describe what a comfort this eager question was to him. He laughed, and looked down upon her, and began to feel comfortable again.

"Do you know, I am afraid you have not grown," he said, putting his other hand fondly on her brown hair. "Are you vexed, Norah? For my part, I like you best as you are."

"Well, it cannot be helped," said Norah, with resignation. "I did not think I had; but for a moment I had just a little hope, you looked so funny at me. Oh, Dr. Maurice, I do so wish I was grown up!—for many things. First, there is Mr. Burton, who comes and bullies mamma. I hate that man. I remember at home, in the old days, when you used to be talking, and nobody thought I paid any attention—"

"What do you remember, Norah?"

"Oh, heaps of things. I can scarcely tell you. They would look at each other—I mean Mr. Golden and he. They would say things to each other. Oh, I don't remember what the words were; how should I remember the words? but things—just as you might look at me, and give a little nod, if we had something that was a secret from mamma. I know they had secrets, these two. If I were grown up, and could speak, I would tell him so. Dr. Maurice, can't we punish them? I cannot imagine," cried Norah passionately, "what God can be thinking of to let them alone, and let them be happy, after all they have done to—poor papa!"

"Norah, these are strange things for you to be thinking of," said Dr. Maurice, once more disturbed by a development which he was not acquainted with.

"Oh, no. If you knew how we live, you would not think them strange. I am little; but what does that matter? There is mamma on one side, and there is Mr. Haldane. How different we all used to be! Dr. Maurice, I remember when poor Mr. Haldane used to take me up, and set me on his shoulder; and look at him now! Oh, how can any one see him, and bear it? But it does no good to cry."

"But, Norah, that is not Mr. Burton's fault."

"No, not that; but, oh, it is God's fault," said Norah, sinking her voice to a whisper, and ending with a burst of passionate tears.

"Hush, hush, hush!" He took her hand into both of his, and soothed her. Thoughts like these might float through a man's mind involuntarily, getting no utterance; but it horrified him to hear them from the lips of a child. Was she a child? Dr. Maurice said to himself once more, with an inward groan, that his little Norah, his dream-child of the fairy tales, was gone, and he should find her no more.

"And then it rather vexes one to be so little," she said, suddenly drying her eyes, "because of Clara. Clara is not twelve yet, and she is much bigger than I am. She can reach to these roses—look—while I can't get near them; and they are the only roses we have now. But, after all, though it may be nice to be tall, it doesn't matter very much, do you think, for a woman? So-mamma says; and girls are just as often little as tall—in books."

"For my part, I am fond of little women," said Dr. Maurice, and this time he laughed within himself. She kept him between the two, changing from childhood to womanhood without knowing it. "But tell me, who is Clara? I want to know about your new friends here."

"Clara is Clara Burton, and very like him," said Norah. "I thought I should be fond of her at first, because she is my cousin; but I am not fond of her. Ned is her brother. I like him better. He is a horsey, doggy sort of boy; but then he has always lived in the country, and he knows no better. One can't blame him for that, do you think?"

"Oh, no," said Dr. Maurice, with great seriousness; "one can't blame him for that." The man's heart grew glad over the child's talk. He could have listened to her running on about her friends for ever.

"And then there was—some one else," said Norah, instinctively drawing herself up; "not exactly a boy; a—gentleman. We saw him in town, and then we saw him here; first with that horrible man, Mr. Golden, and another day with the Burtons. But you are not to think badly of him for that. He was—on our side."

"Who is this mysterious personage, I wonder?" said Dr. Maurice smilingly; but this time it was not a laugh or a groan, but a little shivering sensation of pain that ran through him, he could not tell why.

"He was more like Fortunatus than any one," said Norah. "But he could not be like Fortunatus in everything, for he said he was poor, like us—though that might be only, as I say it myself, to spite Clara. Well, he was grown up—taller than you are, Dr. Mau-

rice—with nice curling sort of hair, all in little twists and rings, and beautiful eyes. They flashed up so when mamma spoke. Mamma was very, very angry talking to that horrible man at our own very door. Fancy, he had dared to go and call and leave his horrid card. I tore it into twenty pieces, and stamped upon it. It was silly, I suppose; but to think he should dare to call—at our own very house——”

“I am getting dreadfully confused, Norah, between the beautiful eyes and the horrible man. I don’t know what I am about. Which was which?”

“Oh, Dr. Maurice, how could you ask such a question? Are there two such men in the world? It was *that* Mr. Golden whom I hate; and Mr. Rivers—Cyril Rivers—was with him, not knowing—but he says he will never go with him again. I saw it in his eyes in a moment; he is on our side.”

“You are young to read eyes in this way. I do not think I quite like it, Norah,” said Dr. Maurice, in a tone which she recognised at once.

“Why, you are angry. But how can I help it?” said Norah, growing a woman again. “If you were like me, Dr. Maurice—if you felt your mamma had only you—if you knew there was nobody else to stand by her, nobody to help her, and you so little! I am obliged to think; I cannot help myself. When I grow up, I shall have so much to do; and how can I know whether people are on our side or against us, except by looking at their eyes?”

“Norah, my little Norah!” cried the man pitifully, “don’t leave your innocence for such fancies as these. Your mother has friends to think for her and you—many friends; I myself, for example. As long as I am alive, do you require to go and look for people to be on your side? Why, child, you forget *me*.”

Norah looked at him searchingly, penetrating, as he thought, to the bottom of his heart.

“I did not forget you, Dr. Maurice. You are fond of me and of—poor papa. But I have to think of *her*. I don’t think you love *her*. And she has the most to bear.”

Dr. Maurice did not make any reply. He did not love Helen; he even shrank from the idea with a certain prudish sense of delicacy—an old bachelor’s bashfulness. Love Mrs. Drummond! Why, it was out of the question. The idea disconcerted him. He had been quite pained and affected a moment before at the thought that his little Norah—

the child that he was so fond of—should want other champions. But now he was disconcerted, and in front of the grave little face looking up at him, he did not even dare to smile. Norah, however, was as ready to raise him up as she had been to cast him down.

“Do you think Cyril is a pretty name, Dr. Maurice?” she asked. “I think it sounds at first a little weak—too pretty for a boy. So is Cecil. I like a rough, round sort of name—Ned, for instance. You never could mistake Ned. One changes one’s mind about names, don’t you think? I used to be all for Gerald and Cyrils and pretty sounds like that; now I like the others best. Clara is pretty for a girl; but everybody thinks I must be Irish, because I’m called Norah. Why was I called Norah, do you know? Charlie Dalton calls me Norah Creina.”

“Here is some one quite fresh. Who’s Charlie Dalton?” said Dr. Maurice, relieved.

“Oh, one of the Rectory boys. There are so many of them! What I never can understand,” cried Norah suddenly, “is the difference among people. Mr. Dalton has eight children, and mamma has only one; now why? To be sure, it would have been very expensive to have had Charlie and all the rest on so little money as we have now. I suppose we could not have done it. And, to be sure, God must have known that, and arranged it on purpose,” the child said, stopping short with a puzzled look. “Oh, Dr. Maurice, when He knew it all, and could have helped it if He pleased, why did He let them kill poor papa?”

“I do not know,” said Dr. Maurice under his breath.

It was a relief to him when, a few minutes after, Helen appeared at the garden door, having in the meantime overcome her own feelings. They were all in a state of repression, the one hiding from the other all that was strongest in them for the moment. Such a thing is easily done at twelve years old. Norah ran along the garden path to meet her mother, throwing off the shadow in a moment. But for the others it was not so easy. They met, and they talked of the garden, what a nice old-fashioned garden it was, full of flowers such as one rarely sees nowadays. And Dr. Maurice told Norah the names of some of them, and asked if the trees bore well, and commented upon the aspect, and how well those pears ought to do upon that warm wall. These are the disguises with which people hide themselves when that within does not bear speaking of. There was a

great deal more to be told still, and business to be discussed; but first these perverse hearts had to be stilled somehow in their irregular beating, and the tears which were too near the surface got rid of, and the wistful, questioning thoughts silenced.

After a while Dr. Maurice went to pay Stephen Haldane a visit. He, too, was concerned in the business which brought the doctor here. The two men went into it with more understanding than Helen could have had. She wanted only that Golden should be punished, and her husband's name vindicated—a thing which it seemed to her so easy to do. But they knew that proof was wanted—proof which was not forthcoming. Dr. Maurice told Haldane what Helen gave him no opportunity to tell her—that the lawyers were not sanguine. The books which had disappeared were the only evidence upon which Golden's guilt and Drummond's innocence could be either proved or disproved. And all the people about the office, from the lowest to the highest, had been summoned to tell what they knew about those books. Nobody, it appeared, had seen them removed; nobody had seen the painter carry them away; there was this negative evidence in his favour, if no other. But there was nothing to prove that Golden had done it, or any other person involved, and, so far as this was concerned, obscurity reigned over the whole matter—an obscurity not pierced as yet by any ray of light.

"At all events, we shall fight it out," said Dr. Maurice. "The only thing to be risked now is a little money more or less, and that, I suppose, a man ought to be willing to risk for the sake of justice—myself especially, who have neither chick nor child."

He said this in so dreary a way that poor Stephen smiled. The man who was removed from any such delights—who could never improve his own position in any way, nor procure for himself any of the joys of life, looked at the man who thus announced himself with a mixture of gentle ridicule and pity.

"That at least must be your own fault," he said; and then he thought of himself, and sighed.

No one knew what dreams might have been in Stephen Haldane's mind before he became the wreck he was. Probably no one ever would know. He smiled at the other, but for himself he could not restrain a sigh.

"I don't see how it can be said to be my own fault," said Dr. Maurice with whimsical petulance. "There are preliminary steps, of course, which one might take—but not ne-

cessarily with success—not by any means certainly with success. I tell you what, though, Haldane," he added hastily, after a pause, "I'd like to adopt Norah Drummond. That is what I should like to do. I'd be very good to her; she should have everything she could set her face to. To start a strange child from the beginning, even if it were one's own, is always like putting into a lottery. A baby is no better than a speculation. How do you know what it may turn out? whereas a creature like Norah—Ah, that is what I should like, to adopt such a child as that!"

"To adopt—Norah?" Stephen grew pale. "What! to take her from her mother! to carry away the one little gleam of light!"

"She would be a gleam of light to me too," said Dr. Maurice, "and I could do her justice. I could provide for her. Her mother, if she cared for the child's interest, ought not to stand in the way. There! you need not look so horror-stricken. I don't mean to attempt it. I only say that is what I should like to do."

But the proposal, even when so lightly made, took away Stephen's breath. He did not recover himself for some time. He muttered, "Adopt—Norah!" under his breath, while his friend talked on other subjects. He could not forget it. He even made Dr. Maurice a little speech when he rose to go away. He put out his hand and grasped the other's arm in the earnestness of his interest.

"Look here, Maurice," he said, "wealth has its temptations as well as poverty; because you have plenty of money, if you think you could make such a proposition——"

"What proposition?"

"To take Norah from her mother. If you were to tempt Mrs. Drummond for the child's sake to give up the child, by promising to provide for her, or whatever you might say—if you were to do that, God forgive you, Maurice—I know I never could!"

"Of course I shall not do it," said Maurice hastily. And he went away with the feeling in his mind that this man, too, was his rival, and his successful rival. The child was as good as Stephen's child, though so far removed from himself. Dr. Maurice was so far wrong that it was Helen Stephen was thinking of, and not Norah. The child would be a loss to him; but the loss of her mother would be so much greater that the very thought of it oppressed his soul. He

had grown to be Helen's friend in the truest sense; he had felt her sympathy to be almost too touching to him, almost too sweet; and he could not bear the possibility of seeing her deprived of her one solace. He sat alone after Maurice had gone away (for his mother and sister had left them to have their conversation unfettered by listeners), and pondered over the possible fate of the mother and child. The child would grow up; in a very few years she would be a woman; she would marry, in all likelihood, and go away, and belong to them no more; and Helen would be left to bear her lot alone. She would be left in the middle of her days to carry her burden as she might, deserted by every love that had once belonged to her. What a lot would that be!—worse, even, than his own, who, amid all his pains, had two hearts devoted to him never to be disjoined from him but by death. Poor Stephen, you would have supposed, was himself in the lowest depths of human suffering and solitude; but yet he looked down upon a lower still, and his heart bled for Helen, who, it might be, would have to descend into that abyss in all the fulness of her life and strength. What a sin would that man's be, he thought, who arbitrarily, unnaturally, should try to hasten on that separation by a single day!

Dr. Maurice went back to the other side of the house, and had his talk out quietly with Mrs. Drummond; he told her what he had told Haldane, while Norah looked at him over her mother's chair, and listened to every word. To her he said that it was the lawyers' opinion that they might do good even though they proved nothing—they would stir up public opinion; they might open the way for further information. And with this, perhaps, it might be necessary to be content.

"There is one way in which something might be possible," he said. "All the people about the office have been found and called as witnesses, except one. That was the night-porter, who might be an important witness; but I hear he lives in the country, and has been lost sight of. He might know something; without that we have no proof whatever. I for my own part should as soon think the sun had come out of the skies, but Drummond, for some reason we know nothing of, might have taken those books——"

"Are you forsaking him too?" cried Helen in her haste.

"I am not in the least forsaking him," said Dr. Maurice; "but how can we tell what had been said to him—what last re-

source he had been driven to? If we could find that porter there might be something done. He would know when they were taken away."

Helen made no answer; she did not take the interest she might have done in the evidence. She said softly, as if repeating to herself—

"Burton and Golden, Burton and Golden!" Could it be? What communication could they have had? how could they have been together? This thought confused her, and yet she believed in it as if it were gospel. She turned it over and over like a strange weapon of which she did not know the use.

"Yes, something may come out of that. We may discover some connection between them when everything is raked up in this way. Norah thinks so too. Norah feels that they are linked together somehow. Will you come with me to the station, Norah, and see me away?"

"We are both going," said Helen. And they put on their bonnets and walked to the railway with him through the early twilight. The lights were shining out in the village windows as they passed, and in the shops, which made an illumination here and there. The train was coming from town—men coming from their work, ladies returning, who had been shopping in London, meeting their children, who went to carry home the parcels, in pleasant groups. The road was full of a dozen little domestic scenes, such as are to be seen only in the neighbourhood of London. A certain envy was in the thoughts of all three as they passed on. Norah looked at the boys and girls with a little sigh, wondering how it would feel to have brothers and sisters, to be one of a merry happy family. And Helen looked at them with a different feeling, remembering the time when she, too, had gone to meet her own people who were coming home. As for Dr. Maurice, of course it was his own fault. He had chosen to have nobody belonging to him, to shut himself off from the comfort of wife and child. Yet he was more impatient of all the cheerful groups than either of the others.

"Talk of the country being quiet! it is more noisy than town," he said; he had just been quietly pushed off the pavement by a girl like Norah, who was running to meet her father. That should have been nothing to him, surely, but he felt injured. "I wish you would come with me and keep my house for me, Norah," he said, with a vain harping on his one string; and Norah laughed with gay freedom at the thought.

"Good night, Dr. Maurice; come back soon," she said, waving her hand to him, then turned away with her mother, and did not even look back. He was quite sure about this, as he settled himself in the corner of the carriage. So fond as he was of the child; so much as he would have liked to have done for her! And she never so much as looked back!

CHAPTER XXIII.

WHEN Helen and Norah emerged again out of the lights of the little railway station to the darkness glimmering with a few lamps of the road outside, Mr. Burton's phaeton was standing at the gate. The air was touched with the first frost, there was a soft haze over the distances, the lamps shone with a twinkling glow, and the breath of the horses was faintly visible in the sharpened air. Mr. Burton was standing talking to some one on the pathway accompanied by his son Ned, who though he was but a year older than Norah was nearly as tall as his father. Helen's last interview with her cousin had not been pleasant enough to tempt her to linger now for any greeting, and her heart was sore and wroth against him. She put her veil down over her face, and hurried past. But Mr. Burton had seen her, and long before this he had repented of his rudeness of last night. Had it been successful, had he succeeded in bullying and frightening her, he would have been perfectly satisfied with himself; but he had not succeeded, and he was sorry for the cruelty which had been in vain. It was so much power wasted, and his wisest course now was to ignore and disown what he had done. He stopped short in his conversation, and made a step after her.

"Ah, Helen!" he cried, "you out this cold evening! Wait a moment, I will take you with me. I am going to pass your door."

"Thanks," said Helen, "I think we prefer to walk." And she was going resolutely on; but she was not to be allowed so easily to make her escape.

"One moment. I have something to say to you. If you will not drive with me, I will walk with you," said Mr. Burton, in his most genial mood. "Good evening, Tait, we can finish our talk to-morrow. Well, and where have you been, you two ladies?—seeing some one off by the train? Ned, see if you can't amuse your cousin Norah while I talk to her mother. Helen, when you and I were that age I think we found more to say."

"I do not think we were great friends—at that age," said Helen.

She had meant to say at any age; but the gravity of her thoughts made such light utterances of her anger impossible. When people are going to serious war with each other, they may denounce and vituperate, but they rarely gibe.

"No; I suppose it was at a later period we were friends," Mr. Burton said, with a laugh. "How strangely circumstances alter! I am afraid I made myself rather disagreeable last night. When a man is bilious, he is not accountable for his actions; and I had been worried in town; but it was too bad to go and put it out on you; what I really wanted to ask last night was if the house was quite in order for the winter? But something brought on the other subject, and I lost my temper like an idiot. I hope you won't think any more of it. And it is really important to know if the house is in order—if you are prepared to run the risk of frost, and all that. I was speaking to Tait, the carpenter, this moment. I think I shall send him just to look over the house."

Helen made no reply; this talk about nothing, this pretence of ease and familiarity, was an insult to her. And Norah clung close to her arm, enclosing it with both hands, calling her mother's attention to every new sentence with a closer pressure. They went on for a few minutes before Mr. Burton could invent anything more to say, and Ned stalked at Norah's other side with all a boy's helplessness. He certainly was not in a condition to help his father out.

"Ned has been up to town with me to-day," said Mr. Burton, still more cheerfully. "It will be a loss, but we must make up our minds to send him to school. It is a disadvantage to him being so tall; everybody thinks he is fifteen at least. It is handy for you that Norah is so small. You can make a baby of her for three or four years yet."

Here Norah squeezed her mother's arm so tight that Helen winced with the pain, yet took a kind of forlorn amusement too from the fury of the child's indignation.

"Norah is no baby," she said, "happily for me; Norah is my best companion and comfort."

"Ah, yes; she is in your confidence; that is charming," said Mr. Burton; "quite like a story-book; whereas Ned, the great block-head, cares for nothing but his dogs and nonsense. But he shall be packed off to Eton directly. The house is so full at present, my

wife has been regretting we have seen nothing of you, Helen. I suppose it is too early to ask you to come to us under present circumstances? But after a while, I hope, when we are alone—And Norah must come before Ned goes away. There is to be a children's party. What did your mother settle about that, Ned?"

"Don't know," growled Ned at Norah's other side.

"Don't know! Well you ought to know, since it's in your honour. Clara will send you word, Helen. Now, I suppose, I must be off, or I shall not have time to dress. Why, by Jove, there goes the bell already!" cried Mr. Burton.

He looked round, and the bays, which had been impatiently following at a foot-pace, held in with difficulty by the groom, stopped at the sign he made, while the sonorous dinner-bell, which rang twice every evening through all seasons, sounded its first summons through the darkness. There was something very awe-inspiring in the sound of that bell. That, as much as anything, impressed the village and neighbourhood with a sense of the importance of the master of Dura. The old Harcourts had used it only on very great occasions; but the Burtons used it every evening. All the cooks in Dura village guided themselves by its sound. "Lord, bless us! there's the bell agoing at the great house, and my chickens not put down to roast yet," Mrs. Witherspoon at the Rectory would say, giving herself such "a turn" as she did not get over all the evening. Mr. Burton, too, got "a turn" when he heard it.

He cried, "Good night, Helen! Ned, come along," and jumped into his phaeton.

"I'll walk," shouted Ned.

And then there was a jingle, a flash, a dart, and the two bays flew, as if something had stung them, along the frosty road.

"It will be a long walk for you up that dark avenue," said Helen, when the boy, with his hands in his pockets, stood by them at the door of the Gatehouse, hesitating with the awkwardness natural to his kind.

"Oh, I don't mind," said Ned.

"Will you come in—and have some tea?"

Never was an invitation more reluctantly given. When his mother heard of it, it flashed through her mind that Mrs. Drummond had constructed the first parallel, and that already the siege of Ned, the heir of Dura, had begun; but Helen had no such idea. And Norah squeezed her arm with a

force of indignation which once more, though she was not merry, made her mother smile.

"Mamma, how could you?" Norah cried, when the boy had come in, and had been left by the bright little fire in the drawing-room to watch the flickering of the lights while his entertainers took off their bonnets; "how could you? It is I who will have to talk to him and amuse him. It was selfish of you, mamma!"

And Ned sat by the drawing-room fire alone, repenting himself that he had been seduced, in his big boots, with mud on his stockings, into this unknown place. It was not actually unknown to him; he had broken the old china cups and thumped upon the piano, and done his best to put his fingers through the old curtains more than once while the place was empty. But he did not understand the change that had passed upon it now. He sat by the fire confused; wondering how he had ever had the courage to come in; wondering if Mrs. Drummond would think him dirty, and what Norah would say. He would not have to put himself into velvet and silk stockings and show himself in the drawing-room at home, that was a comfort. But what unknown mazes of conversation, what awful abysses of self-betrayal might there be before him here! Norah came in first, which at once frightened and relieved him. And the room was pretty—the old homely neutral-tinted room, with the lively gleam of firelight lighting it up, and all the darkness made rosy in the corners, which was so different from the drawing-room at the great house, with its gilding and grandeur, its masses of flowers and floods of light. Ned's head felt very much confused by the difference; but the strangeness awed him in spite of himself.

"I am always frightened in this room," said Norah, drawing the biggest chair into the circle of the firelight, and putting herself into it like a little queen. She was so small that her one foot which hung down did not reach the floor; the other, I am sorry to say, so regardless was Norah of decorum, was tucked under her in the big chair.

"What a funny girl you are! Why?"

"Do you see that cupboard?" said Norah. "I know there is an old woman who lives there, and spins and spins, and keeps looking at me, till I daren't breathe. Oh, I think sometimes if I look up it will turn me to stone, that eye of hers. If you weren't here I shouldn't dare to say it; I am most frightened for her in the day, when the light comes in at all the windows, and all the pictures

and things say, 'What's that little girl doing here?' And then the mirror up on the wall—There's two people in it I know, now. You will say it's you and me; but it isn't you and me. It's our ghosts, perhaps, sitting so still, and looking at each other and never saying a word."

Ned felt a shiver run over him as he listened. He thought of the dark avenue which he had to go through all by himself, and wished he had driven with his father instead. And there where he was sitting he just caught that curious little round mirror, and

there were two people in it—never moving, never speaking, just as Norah said.

"There is always a feeling as if somebody were by in this house," Norah went on, "somebody you can't see. Oh, it is quite true. You can't go anywhere, up or down, but they always keep looking and looking at you. I bear it as long as I can, and then I get up and run away. I should not mind so much if I could see them, or if they were like the ladies that walk about and rustle with long silk trains going over the floor, as they do in some old houses. But the



ones here are so still; they just look at you for hours and hours together, till you get into such a dreadful fright, and feel you can't bear it any longer and rush away."

Just then there was the sound of a little fall of ashes from the fire which made Ned start; and then he laughed hoarsely, frightened, but defiant.

"You are making it all up out of your own head to frighten a fellow," he said.

"To frighten—a fellow!" said Norah, with gentle but ineffable contempt. "What have I to do with—fellows? It frightens *me*."

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And she gave a little shudder in her big chair, and shook her head, waving her brown hair about her shoulders. Perhaps the colour in her hair would not have showed so much but for the black frock with its little white frill that came to the throat; and the firelight found out Norah's eyes, and kindled two lamps in them. She was all made up of blackness and brightness, a shadow child, not much of her apparent except the pale face and the two lights in her eyes—unless, indeed, it were that one leg, hanging down from under the black frock, with a white

stocking on it, and a varnished, fire-reflecting shoe.

Never in Ned's life had he experienced anything like this before; the delicious thrill of visionary terror made the actual pleasantness of the warm corner he sat in all the pleasanter; he had thought himself past the age to have stories told to him; but nothing like Norah's visions had ever come in his way. No happiness, however, is perfect in this world. The dark avenue would come across him by moments with a thrill of terror. But the old woman could not sit and spin, that was certain, in the dark, windy, lonely avenue; there would be no mirror there to reflect his passing figure; and he would run; and if the dogs were about they would come to meet him; so the boy took courage and permitted himself to enjoy this moment, which was a novelty in his life. Then Mrs. Drummond came in with her black dress like Norah's, and the long white streamers to her cap, which looked like wings, he thought. Her sorrowful look, her soft voice, that air about her of something subdued and stilled, which had not always been so, impressed the boy's imagination. Ned was an honest, single-hearted boy, and he looked with awe upon any suffering which he could understand. He explained afterwards that Helen looked as if she were very sorry about something. "Awfully sorry—but not bothering," he said, and the look of self-control impressed him, though he could not tell why. Altogether it was so different from home; so much more attractive to the imagination. There was no dimness, no shadows at the great house. There nobody ever sat in the firelight, nor "took things into their heads;" and here everything was so shadowy, so soft, so variable; the fire light gleaming suddenly out now and then, the air so full of mystery. Everything that is strange is attractive to the young fancy to begin with; and there was more than simple novelty here.

Helen brought the lamp in her hand and set it down on the table, which to some extent disturbed his picture; and then she came and sat down by the children, while Susan—old Susan, who was a landmark to Ned, keeping him to reality in the midst of all this wonderfulness—brought in and arranged the tea.

"Are you sure they will not be anxious?" said Helen. "I am afraid your mother will be unhappy about you when she finds you don't come."

"Oh, she'll never find out," said Ned.

"Unhappy! I don't suppose mamma would be unhappy for that; but I'll get home before they come out from dinner. I shan't dress though, it would be absurd, at nine o'clock."

"It will be a dark walk for you up the avenue," said Helen kindly; and when she said this Ned shrank into his corner and shivered slightly. She added, "You are not afraid?"

"Oh no—I should hope not!" said Ned.

"I should be afraid," said Norah tranquilly; "the wind in the trees always makes me feel strange. It sounds so moaning and dreary, as if it were complaining. We don't do it any harm that it should complain. It is like something that is in prison and wants to get out. Do you know any stories about forest spirits? I don't like them very much; they are always dwarfs, or trolls, or something grim—funny little men, hairy all over, that sit under the trees with their long arms, and dart out when you pass."

Ned gave another suppressed shiver in his corner, and Helen came to his aid.

"Norah has read nothing but fairy tales all her life," she said; "but I daresay you know a great deal more than she does, and don't care for such foolish things. You are going to Eton? I was once there when all the boats were out, and there were fireworks at night. It was so pretty. I daresay when you are there you will get into the boats."

"I shall try," said Ned, lighting up. "I mean to be very good at athletics if I can. It does not matter if I work very hard, for I am going into papa's business, where I shan't want it. I am not going to Eton to work, but to get among a good set, and to do what other people do."

"Ah!" said Helen, with a smile. She took but a languid interest in Ned, and she was scarcely sorry that Mr. Burton's son showed no likelihood of distinguishing himself. She accepted it quite quietly, without any interest in the matter, which somehow troubled Ned, he could not have told why.

"At least, they say you're not obliged to work," he said, a little abashed. "I shall do as much as I can at that too."

And then there was a momentary silence, broken only by the ring of the teacups as Susan put them down. Ned had a feeling that no very profound interest was shown in his prospect and intentions, but he was used to that. He sat quite quiet, feeling very shy, and sadly troubled to find that Susan had placed the lamp where it threw its strongest

light upon himself. He drew his muddy boots and stockings as much as he could under his chair, and hoped Mrs. Drummond would not notice them; how foolish he had been to come, making an exhibition of himself! and yet it was very pleasant, too.

"Now you must come to the table and have some tea," said Helen, placing a chair for him with her own hand. Ned knew it was a gentleman's duty to do this for a lady, but he was so confused he did not feel capable of behaving like anything but a loutish boy; he turned everything he could think of as a pleasant subject of conversation over in his mind, with the idea of doing what he could to make himself agreeable; but nothing would come that he could produce. He sat and got through a great deal of bread and butter while he cudgelled his brains in this way. There was not much conversation. Helen was more silent than usual, having so much to think of; and Norah was amused by the unusual specimen of humanity before her, and distracted from the monologue with which she generally filled up all vacant places. At last Ned's efforts resolved themselves into speech.

"Oh, Mrs. Drummond, please, should you like to have a dog?" he said.

"I knew he was a doggy sort of a boy," Norah said to herself, throwing a certain serious pity into her contemplation of him. But yet the offer was very interesting, and suggested various excitements to come.

"What kind of a dog?" said Helen, with a smile.

"Oh, we have two or three different kinds. I was thinking, perhaps, a nice little Skye—like Shaggy, but smaller. Or if you would like a retriever, or one of old Dinah's pups."

"Thanks," said Helen. "I don't know what we should do with it, Ned; but it is very kind of you."

"Oh, no," said the boy, with a violent blush. "It would be a companion for—*her*, you know. It is so nice to have a dog to play with. Why, Shaggy does everything but talk. He knows every word I say. You might have Shaggy himself, if you like, while I am away."

"Oh, what a nice boy you are!" said Norah. "I should like it, Ned. Mamma does not want anything to play with; but I do. Give it to me! I should take such care of him! And then when you came home for the holidays, I should promise to take him to the station to meet you. I love Shaggy—he is such fun. He can't see out of his eyes; and he does so frisk and jump, and make an

object of himself. I never knew you were such a nice boy! Give him to me."

And then the two fell into the most animated discussion, while Helen sat silent and looked on. She forgot that the boy was her enemy's son. He was her cousin's son; some drops of blood-kindred to her ran in his veins. He was an honest, simple boy. Mrs. Drummond brightened upon him, according to her nature. She was not violently fond of children, but she could not shut her heart against an ingenuous, open face. She scarcely interfered with the conversation that followed, except to subdue the wild generosity with which Ned proposed to send everything he could think of to Norah. "There are some books about dogs, that will tell you just what to do. I'll tell John to bring them down. And there's—Are you very fond of books? You must have read thousands and thousands, I am sure."

"Not so many as that," Norah said modestly. "But I have got through—some."

"I could lend you—I am sure I could lend you—Papa has got a great big library; I forget how many volumes. They are about everything that books were ever written about. We never read them, except mamma, sometimes; but if you would like them—"

"You must not give her anything more," said Helen; "and even the dog must only come if your people are willing. You are too young to make presents."

"I am not so very young," cried Ned, who had found his voice. "I am near fourteen. When Cyril Rivers was my age, he was captain of fourth form;—he told me himself. But then he is very clever—much cleverer than me. Norah! if I should only be able to send Shaggy's puppy, not Shaggy himself, shall you mind?"

"Are you sure you will not be afraid to walk up the avenue alone?" said Mrs. Drummond, rising from the table. "I fear it will be so very dark; and we have no one to send with you, Ned."

"Oh, I don't want any one," said the boy; and he stumbled up to his feet, and put out his hand to say good night, feeling himself dismissed. Norah went to the door with him to let him out. "Oh, I wish I could go too," said Norah; "it is so lonely walking in the dark; but then I should have to get back. Oh, I do so wish you could stay. Don't you think you could stay? There are hundreds of rooms we don't use. Well, then, good night. I will tell you what I shall do. I shall stand at the door here and watch. If you should be frightened, you can shout, and

I will shout back ; and then you will always know that I am here. It is such a comfort when one is frightened to know there is some one there."

"I shan't be frightened," said Ned boldly. And he walked with the utmost valour and the steadiest step to the Hall gates, feeling Norah's eyes upon him. Then he stopped to shout—"Good night ; all right !"

"Good night !" rang through the air in Norah's treble. And then, it must be allowed, when he heard the door of the Gatehouse shut, and saw by the darkness of the lodge windows that old John and his daughter had gone to bed, that Ned's heart failed him a little. A wild recollection crossed his mind of the dwarfs, with their long arms, under the trees ; and of the old woman spinning, spinning, with eyes that fixed upon you for hours together ; and then, with his heart beating, he made one plunge into the gloom, under the overarching trees.

This is how Ned and Norah, knowing nothing about it, made, as they each described the process afterwards, "real friends." The bond was cemented by the gift of Shaggy's puppy some days after, and it was made permanent and eternal by the fact that very soon afterwards Ned went away to school.

CHAPTER XXIV.

MEANWHILE the great case of Rivers's bank came before the law courts and the public. It was important enough—for there was no war in those days—to be announced in big capitals on the placards of all the newspapers. *The Great Bank Case—Arrest of the Directors—Strange Disclosures in the City*—were the headings in the bills, repeated from day to day, and from week to week as the case went on. It was of course doubly attractive from the fact that it was founded upon a tragedy, and that every writer in the papers who referred to it at all was at liberty to bring in a discussion of the motives and intentions of "the unhappy man" who had introduced "a watery grave" into the question. A watery grave may not be pleasant for the occupant of it, but it is a very fine thing for the press. The number of times it appeared in the public prints at this period defies reckoning. In some offices the words were kept permanently in type. The *Daily Semaphore* was never tired of discussing what the feelings of the wretched man must have been when he stole down to the river just as all the world was going to rest, and plunged himself and his shame, and the books of the company under the turbid waters. The

Daily Semaphore held this view of the matter very strongly, and people said that Mr. Golden belonged to the same club as its editor, and that the two were intimate, which of course was a perfectly natural reason for its partisanship. Other journals, however, held different opinions. The weekly reviews, less addicted to fine writing, leaned to the side of the unfortunate painter. Their animadversions were chiefly upon the folly of a man interfering with business who knew nothing about it. When would it come to be understood, they said, that every profession required a training for itself, and that to dabble in the stocks without knowing how, was as bad, or at least as foolish, and more ruinous than to dabble in paint without knowing how. There was a great deal about the sutor, who should stick to his last in these discussions of the subject ; but, except in this particular, neither the *Sword* nor the *Looker-on* had a stone to throw at poor Drummond. Peace to his ashes, they said, he was a good painter. "During his lifetime we thought it our duty to point out the imperfections which lessened the effect of his generally most conscientious and meritorious work. It is the vocation of a critic, and happy is he who can say he has never exceeded the legitimate bounds of criticism, never given utterance to a hasty word, or inflicted unnecessary pain. Certain we are, for our own part, that our aim has always been to temper judgment with charity ; and now that a gap has been made in so melancholy a manner in the ranks of the Academy, we may venture to say that no man better deserved his elevation to the first rank of his profession than Robert Drummond ; no man we have ever known worked harder, or threw himself more entirely into his work. His feeling for art was always perfect. Now and then he might fail to express with sufficient force the idea he intended to illustrate ; but for harmony of conception, true sense of beauty, and tender appreciation of English sentiment and atmosphere, he has been surpassed by no painter of our modern school. We understand that an exhibition of his collected works is in contemplation, a plan which has been lately adopted with great success in so many cases. We do not doubt that a great many of our readers will avail themselves at once of the opportunity of forming a comprehensive judgment of the productions of a most meritorious artist, as well as of paying their tribute of sympathy to the, we firmly believe undeserved, misfortunes of an honest and honourable man."

It was thus the *Looker-on* expressed its sentiments. The *Sword* did not attempt to take up the same tone of melancholy superiority and noble-mindedness—qualities not in its way; but it made its stand after its own fashion against the ruthless judgments of the public. "No one can respect the British public more than we do," said that organ of the higher intellect; "its instincts are so unerring, and its good taste so unimpeachable, that, as a matter of course, we all bow to a decision more infallible than that of the Holiest Father that ever sat in Papal See. But after we have rendered this enlightened homage, and torn our victim to pieces, an occasional compunction will make itself audible within the most experienced bosom. After all, there is such a thing as probability to be taken into account. Truth, as we all know, is stranger than fiction; but yet the cases are so few in which fact outrages every likelihood that we are justified in looking very closely into the matter before we give an authoritative assent. So far as our personal knowledge goes, we should say that a painter is as much afraid of the money market as a woman is (or rather used to be) of a revolver, and that the dramatic completeness of the finale which the lively commercial imagination has accepted as that of poor Drummond, quite surpasses the homelier and milder invention of the daughters of art. A dramatic author, imbued with the true modern spirit of his art, might indeed find an irresistible attraction in the 'situation' of the drowning director, tossing the books of a joint-stock company before him into the abyss, and sardonically going down into Hades with the proofs of his guilt. But though the situation is fine, we doubt if even the dramatist would personally avail himself of it, for dramatists have a way of being tame and respectable like their neighbours. In our days your only emulator of the piratical and highway heroes of the past is the commercial man *pur sang*, who has not an idea in his head unconnected with business. It is he who convulses society with those witticisms and clevernesses of swindling which charm everybody; and it is he who gives us now and then the example of such a tragical conclusion as used to belong only to poetry. It is no longer the Bohemian, it is the Philistine, smug, clean, decorous, sometimes pious, who is the criminal of the nineteenth century."

This article made a great sensation in many circles. There were people who thought it was almost a personal libel, and that Golden

would be justified in "taking steps" against the paper, for who could that smug, clean, decorous Philistine be but he? But the manager was better advised. He was the hero of the day to all readers and writers. He was kept under examination for a whole week, badgered by counsel, snubbed by the judge, stared at by an audience which was not generally favourable; but yet he held his own. He was courageous, if nothing else. All that could be done to him in the way of cross-examination never made him falter in his story. Other pieces of information damaging to his character were produced by the researches of the attorneys. It was found that the fate of all the speculations in which he had been involved was suspiciously similar, and that notwithstanding those business talents which everybody allowed to be of the highest order, ruin and bankruptcy had followed at his heels wherever he went. The counsel for the prosecution paid him unbounded compliments on his ability, mingled with sarcastic condolence on this strange and unfailing current of misfortune. He led the witness into a survey of his past life with deadly accuracy and distinctness, damning him before all the world, as history only can damn. "It is unfortunate that this should have happened to you again after your previous disappointments," he said. "Yes, it was unfortunate," said the unhappy man. But he held such head against the torrent of facts thus brought up, that the sympathy of many people ran strongly in his favour for the moment. "Hang it all! which of us could stand this turn-up of everything that ever happened to him?" some said. Golden confronted it all with the audacity of a man who knew everything that could be said against him; and he held steadily by his story. He admitted that Drummond had done nothing in the business, and indeed knew next to nothing about it until that day in autumn, when, in the absence of all other officials, he had himself had recourse to him. "But the more inexperienced a man may be, the more impetuous he is—in business; when once he begins," said the manager. And that there was truth in this, nobody could deny. But gradually as the trial went on, certain mists cleared off and other mists descended. The story about poor Drummond and the books waned from the popular mind; it was dropped out of the leading articles in the *Semaphore*. If they had not gone into the river with the painter, where were they? Who had removed them? Were they de-

stroyed, or only hidden somewhere, to be found by the miraculous energy of the police? This question began to be the question which everybody discussed after a while; for by this time, though proof was as far off as ever, and nobody knew who was the guilty party, there had already fallen a certain silence, a something like respect, over that "watery grave."

And something more followed, which Helen Drummond scarcely understood, and which was never conveyed in words to the readers of the newspapers—a subtle, unexpressed sentiment, which had no evidence to back it but only that strange thrill of certainty which moves men's minds in spite of themselves. "I would just like to know what state Rivers's was in before it became a joint-stock company," was the most distinct expression of opinion any one was guilty of in public; and the persons to whom this speech was addressed would shake their heads in reply. The consequence was one which nobody could have distinctly accounted for, and which no one ventured to speak of plainly. A something, a breath, a mist, an intangible shadow, gathered over the names of the former partners who had managed the whole business, and transferred it to the new company. These were Mr. Burton and another, who has nothing to do with this history. In what condition had they handed it over? What induced them to dispose of such a flourishing business? And why was it that both had got so easily out of it with less loss than many a private shareholder? These were very curious questions, and took an immense hold on the public mind, though they were not discussed in the newspapers; for there are many things which move the public mind deeply, which it would not answer to put in the newspapers. As for Lord Rivers, he was a heavy loser, and nobody suspected for a moment that he knew anything about it. The City men were sorry for him as a victim; but round the names of Mr. Burton and his colleague there grew that indefinable shadow. Not a word could be said openly against them; but everybody thought the more. They were flourishing, men in great business—keeping up great houses, wearing all the appearance of prosperity. No righteous critic turned his back upon them. At Kirk and at market they were as much applauded, as warmly received, to all outward appearance, as ever. But a cold breath of distrust had come round them, like an atmosphere. The first prick of the canker had come to this flower.

This was the unrecorded, undisclosed result of the inquiry, with which Helen Drummond, and the Haldanes, and all uninstructed, were so deeply dissatisfied. It had ended in nothing, they said. The managers and directors were acquitted, there being no proof against them. No authoritative contradiction had been or could be given to the theory of Robert Drummond's guilt. The *Semaphore* was still free to produce that "watery grave" any time it was in want of a phrase to round a paragraph. Their hearts had been wrung with the details of the terrible story all over again, and—nothing had come of it. "I told you it would be so," Mr. Burton said, who knew so much better. "It would have been much more sensible had you persuaded Maurice to leave it alone." But Maurice had a different tale to tell when he came to make his report to his anxious clients. He bewilderer them with the air of triumph he put on. "But nothing is proved," said Helen sadly. "No, nothing is proved," he said; "but everything is imputed." She shook her head, and went to her room, and knelt down before the Dives, and offered up to it, meaning no harm, what a devout Catholic would call an *acte de reparation*—an offering of mournful love and indignation—and, giving that, would not be comforted. "They cannot understand you, but I understand you, Robert," she said, in that agony of compunction and tenderness with which a true woman tries to make up to the dead for the neglect and coldness of the living. This was how Helen, in her ignorance, looked upon it. But Stephen Haldane understood better when he heard the tale. Golden, at least, would never hold up his head again—or, at least, if ever, not for long years, till the story had died out of men's minds. And the reputation of the others had gone down as by a breath. No one could tell what it was; but it existed—the first shadow, the beginning of suspicion. "I am satisfied," Dr. Maurice said, with a stern smile of triumph. The man had thrown himself entirely into the conflict, and took pleasure in that sweet savour of revenge.

"But Mrs. Drummond?" said Stephen, whose mind was moved by softer thoughts.

"That woman cannot understand," said Dr. Maurice. "Oh, I don't mean any slight to your goddess, your heroine. I may say she is not my heroine, I suppose? She can't understand. Why, Drummond is clear with everybody whose opinion is worth having. We have proved nothing, of course. I knew we could prove nothing. But he is at

clear as you or I—with all people who are worth caring for. She expected me to bring her a diploma, I suppose, under the Queen's hand and seal."

"I did not expect that," said Haldane; "but I did look for something more definite, I allow."

"More definite! It is a little hard to deal with people so exigent," said Dr. Maurice, discomfited in the midst of his enthusiasm. "Did you see that article in the *Looker-on*? The Drummond exhibition is just about to open; and that, I am confident, will be an answer in full. I believe the public will take that opportunity of proving what they think."

And so far Maurice turned out to be right. The public did show its enthusiasm—for two days. The first was a private view, and everybody went. The rooms were crowded, and there were notices in all the papers. The next day there was also a very fair attendance; and then the demonstration on the part of the public stopped. Poor Drummond was dead. He had been a good but not a great painter. His story had occupied quite as much attention as the world had to give him—perhaps more. He and his concerns—his bankruptcy, his suicide, and his pictures—had become a bore. Society wanted to hear no more of him. The exhibition continued open for several weeks, not producing nearly enough to pay its expenses, and then it was closed; and Drummond's story came to an end, and was heard of no more.

This is the one thing which excited people, wound up to a high pitch by personal misfortune or suffering, so seldom understand. They are prepared to encounter scurrility, opposition, even the hatred or the enmity of others; but they are not prepared for the certain fact that one time or other, most likely very soon, the world will get tired of them; it is their worst danger. This was what happened now to the Drummonds; but fortunately at Dura, in the depths of the silent country, it was but imperfectly that Helen knew. She was not aware how generally public opinion acquitted her husband, which was hard; and she did not know that the world was tired of him, which was well for her. He was done with, and put aside like a tale that is told; but she still went on planning in her own mind a wider vindication for him, an acquittal which this time it should be impossible to gainsay.

And quietness fell upon them, and the months began to flow on, and then the years, with no incident to disturb the calm. When

all the excitement of the trial was over, and everything done that could be done, then the calm reign of routine began. There were times, no doubt, in which Helen chafed and fretted at it; but yet routine is a great support and comfort to the worn and weary. It supplies a kind of dull motive to keep life going when no greater motives exist. The day commenced always with Norah's lessons. Helen was not an intellectual woman, nor did she feel herself consciously the better for such education as she had herself received; but such as she had received it she transmitted it conscientiously to Norah. She heard her read every morning a little English and a little French. She made her write a succession of copies, and do exercises in the latter language, and she gave her an hour's music. I fear none of this was done with very much spirit; but yet it was done conscientiously every morning of their lives except Sunday, when they went to church. She did it because it was right, because it was necessary, and her duty; but not with any strong sense of the elevated character of her employment, or expectation of any vast results from it. It had not produced very great results in herself. Her mind had worked busily enough all her life, but she did not believe that her music, or her French, or anything else she had learnt, had done her much good. Therefore she proceeded very calmly, almost coldly, with the same process, with Norah. It was necessary—it had to be done just as vaccination had to be done when the child was a baby; that was about all.

Then after the lessons they had their homely dinner, which Susan did not always cook to perfection; and then they took their walk; and in the evening there were lessons to be learned and needlework to do. When the child went to bed, her mother read—not anything to improve her mind. She was not bent upon improvement, unfortunately; indeed, it did not occur to her. She read, for the most part, novels from the circulating library. The reader, perhaps, is doing the same thing at this moment, and yet, most likely, he will condemn, or even despise, poor Helen. She had one or two books besides, books of poetry, though she was not poetically disposed in any way. She had "In Memoriam" by her, which she did not read (does any one who has ever lived in the valley of the shadow of death read "In Memoriam?"), but pored over night and day, thinking in it, scarcely knowing that her own mind had not spoken first in these words. And then there was Mr. Browning's poem of

"Andrea," the painter who had a wife. Helen would sit over her fire and watch it dying out at her feet, and ponder on Andrea's fate—wondering whether, perhaps, a woman might do badly for her husband, and yet be a spotless woman, no Lucrezia; whether she might sap the strength out of him with gentle words, and even while she loved him do him harm? Out of such a question as this she was glad to escape to her novel, the first that might come to hand.

And so many people in Helen's state of mind read novels—people who fly into the world of fiction as a frightened child flies into a lighted room, to escape the ghosts that are in the dark passages and echoing chambers—that it is strange so little provision is made for them, and that the love-story keeps uppermost in spite of all. Yet perhaps the love-story is the safest. The world-worn sufferer is often glad to forget all that reminds him of his own trouble, and even when he is not touched by the fond afflictions of the young people, finds a little pleasure in smiling at them in the exuberance of their misery. They think it is so terrible, poor babies, to be "crossed in love." The fact that they cannot have their own way is so astounding to them, something to rouse earth and heaven. Helen ran over a hundred tales of this description with a grave face, thankful to be interested in the small miseries which were to her own as the water spilt from a pitcher is to the sea. To be sure, there were a great many elevating and improving books which Helen might have had if she pleased, but nobody had ever suggested to her that it was necessary she should improve her mind.

And thus the time went on, and Mrs. Drummond dropped, as it were, into the background, into the shade and quietness of life. She was still young, and this decadence was premature. She felt it creeping upon her, but she took no pains to stop the process. So long as Norah was safe there was nothing beside for which she was called upon to exert herself; and thus with all her powers subdued, and the stream of life kept low, she lived on, voluntarily suppressing herself, as so many women do. And in the meantime new combinations were preparing, new personages coming upon the scene. While the older people stood aside, the younger ones put on their singing garments, and came forward with their flowery wreaths, with the sunshine upon their heads, to perform their romance, like the others before them. And so it happened that life had stolen imperceptibly away, so noiseless and soft that no one knew

of its going, until all at once there came a day when its progress could be no longer ignored. This was the day when Norah Drummond, eighteen years old, all decked and dressed by her mother's hands, spotless and radiant as the rose in her hair, with her heart full of hopes, and her eyes full of light, and no cloud upon her from all the tragic mists through which her youth had passed, went up the long avenue at Dura to the House which was brilliant with lamps and gay with music, to make her first appearance, as she thought, in the world. Norah's heart was beating, her gay spirit dancing already before she reached the door.

"Oh, I wonder, mamma, I wonder," she said, "what will happen? will anything happen to-night?" What could happen to her by her mother's side, among her old friends? She did not know; she went to meet it gaily. But Norah found it impossible to believe that this first triumphant evening, this moment of glory and delight, could pass away like the other evenings; that there should not be something in it, something unknown, sweet, and yet terrible, which should affect all her life.

CHAPTER XXV.

A GIRL'S first ball! What words more full of ecstasy could be breathed in this dull world! A vague, overwhelming vision of delight before she goes into it—all brightness, and poetry, and music, and flowers, and kind, admiring faces; everything converging towards herself as a centre, not with any selfish sense of exclusive enjoyment, but sweetly, spontaneously, as to the natural queen. A hundred unexpected, inexpressible emotions go to make up this image of paradise. There is the first glow and triumph of power which is at once a surprise to her and a joy. The feeling that she has come to the kingdom, that she herself has become the fair woman whose sway she has read of all her life; the consciousness, at last, that it is real, that womanhood is supreme in her person, and that the world bows down before her in her whiteness and brightness, in her shamefacedness and innocent confidence, in her empire of youth. She is the Una whose look can tame the lion; she is the princess before whose glance the whole world yields; and yet at the same time, being its queen, is she not the world's sweet handmaid, to scatter flowers in its path, and dance and sing to make it glad? All these thoughts are in the girl's mind, especially if she be a fanciful girl—though,

perhaps, she does not find words to express any of them; and this it is which throws such a charm to her upon the pleasure-making, which to us looks sometimes so stale and so poor.

And it is only after a long interval—unless her case be an exceptionally hard one—that she gets disenchanted. When she goes into the fairy palace, she finds it all that she thought; all, with the lively delight of personal enjoyment added, and that flattery of admiring looks, of unspoken homage, not to the ideal princess, or representative woman; but to *her*, which is so sweet and so new. Thus Norah Drummond entered the ball-room at Dura House, floating in, as it were, upon the rays of light that surrounded her—the new woman, the latest successor of Eve in the garden, unexacting queen of the fresh world she had entered into, fearing no rivals—nay, reigning in the persons of her rivals as well, as in her own. And when she had thus made her entrance in an abstract triumph, waking suddenly to individual consciousness, remembering that she was still Norah, and that people were looking at her, wondering at her, admiring her—her, and not another—she laughed as a child laughs for nothing, for delight, as she stood by her mother's side. It was too beautiful and wonderful to be shy of it.

"Pinch me, mamma, and it will all pass away like the other dreams," she whispered, holding fast by her mother's arm. But the curious thing, the amazing thing was, that it continued, and warmed her and dazzled her, and lighted her up, and did not pass away.

"Norah, come! you are to dance this dance with me," cried Ned, rushing up. He had seen them come in, though he was at the other end of the room; he had watched for them since the first note of the music struck; he had neglected the duty to which he had been specially appropriated, the duty of looking after and amusing and taking care of the two fair daughters of the Marchioness, who was as good as Lady Patroness of Mrs. Burton's ball. To keep up the proper contrast, I am aware that Lady Edith and Lady Florizel should have been young women of a certain age, uninviting, and highly aristocratic, while Norah Drummond had all the beauty and sweetness, as well as poverty and lowliness, to recommend her; but this, I am sorry to confess, was not the case. The Ladies Merewether were very pretty girls, as pretty as Norah; they were not "stuck-up," but as pleasant and as sweet as English girls need be—indeed, except that they were not Norah,

I know no fault they had in Ned's eyes. But they were not Norah, and he forsook his post. Nobody noticed the fact much except Mrs. Burton. As for Lady Florizel, she had the most unfeigned good-humoured contempt for Ned. He was a mere boy, she said; she had no objection to dance with him, or chatter to him; but she had in her reach two hundred as good, or better, than him, and she preferred men to boys, she did not hesitate to say. So that when Ned appeared by Norah's side, Lady Florizel, taking her place with her partner, smiled upon him as he passed, and asked audibly, "Oh, who was that pretty girl with Mr. Burton? oh, how pretty she was! Couldn't anybody tell her?" Lady Florizel was not offended. But Mrs. Burton saw, and was wroth.

Many changes had happened in those six years. At the time of the trial and after it there had been many doubts and speculations in Helen's mind as to what she should do. Suspecting her cousin as she did, and with Robert's judgment against him, as recorded in that last mournful letter, how was she to go on accepting a shelter from her cousin, living at his very gates in a sort of dependence upon him? But she had nowhere else to go, for one thing, and the shade of additional doubt which had been thrown upon Burton by the trial, was not of a kind to impress her mind; nothing had been brought forward against him, no one had said openly that he was to blame, and Helen was discouraged when it all ended in nothing as she thought, and had not energy enough to uproot herself from the peaceful corner she had taken refuge in. Where could she go? Then she had the Haldanes to keep her to this spot, which now seemed the only spot in the world where pity and friendship were to be found. Stephen, whom she contemplated with a certain reverence in his great suffering and patience, was the better for her presence and that of Norah, and their kind eyes and the voices that bade her welcome whenever she crossed their threshold was a comfort to her. She kept herself apart from the Burtons for a long time, having next to no intercourse with them, and so she would have done still had the matter been in her hands. But the matter was no longer in her hands. The children had grown up, all of them together. They had grown into those habits which fathers and mothers cannot cross, which insensibly affect even their own feelings and relations. Clara Burton and Norah Drummond were cousins still, though so far at a gulf of feeling lay between their two houses. Both of them

had been, as it were, brought up with the Daltons at the Rectory. They were all children together, all boys and girls together. Insensibly the links multiplied, the connection grew stronger. When Ned Burton was at Dura there was never a day in his life that he did not spend, or attempt to spend, part of it in the Gatehouse. And Clara ran in and out—she and Mary Dalton; they were all about the same age; at this moment they ranged from twenty to seventeen, a group of companions more intimate than anything but youth, and this long and close association could have made them. They were like brothers and sisters, Mrs. Dalton said anxiously, veiling from herself the fact that some of them perhaps had begun to feel and think as brothers and sisters do not feel. Charlie Dalton, for instance, who was the eldest of all—one-and-twenty—instead of falling in love with Norah, who was as poor as himself—a thing which would have been simple madness, of course, but not so bad as what had happened—had seen fit to go and bestow his heart upon Clara Burton, whose father dreamed of nothing less than a duke for her, and who had not as much heart as would lie on a sixpence, the rector's wife said indignantly; and Heaven knows how many other complications were foreshadowing through those family intimacies, and the brother and sister condition which had been so delightful while it lasted. Mrs. Drummond and Mrs. Dalton went together on this particular evening watching from a distance over their respective children. Helen's face was calm, for Norah was in no trouble; but the rector's wife had a pucker on her brow. She could see her Charlie watching so wistfully the movements of Clara Burton through the crowd, hanging about her, stealing to her side whenever he could, following her everywhere with his eyes. Charlie was especially dear to his mother, as the eldest boy of a large family, when he is a good boy, so often is. She had been able to talk to him many a day about her domestic troubles when she could not speak to his father. She had felt herself strengthened by his sympathy and support, that backing up which is so good for everybody, and it broke her heart to see her boy breaking his for *that* girl. What could he see in her? the mother thought. If it had been Norah Drummond! and then she tried to talk to her friend at her side. They had come to be very fast friends; they had leant upon each other by turns, corners, as it were, of the burdens which each had to bear, and Mrs. Dalton knew

Mrs. Drummond could guess what the sigh meant which she could not restrain.

"How nice Norah is looking," she said, "and how happy! I think she has changed so much since she was a child. She used to have such a dreamy look; but now there is no *arrière pensée*, she goes in to everything with all her heart."

"Yes," said Helen; but she did not go on talking of Norah, she understood the give and take of sympathy. "I like Mary's dress so much. She and Katie look so fresh, and simple, and sweet. But they are not such novices as Norah; you know it is her first ball."

"Poor children, how excited it makes them! but dressing them is a dreadful business," said Mrs. Dalton with her anxious look still following her Charlie among all the changing groups. "I need not disguise it from you, dear, who know all about us. It was sometimes hard enough before, and now what with evening dresses! And when they come to a dance like this they want something pretty and fresh. You will feel it by-and-by even with Norah. I am sure if it were not for the cheap shops, where you can buy tarlatan for so little, and making them up ourselves at home, I never could do it. And you know whatever sacrifices one makes, one cannot refuse a little pleasure to one's children. Poor things, it is all they are likely to have."

"At least they are getting the good of it," said Helen. Norah's dress was the first task of this kind that had been put upon her, and she had been forced to make her sacrifices to dress the child who had grown a woman; but Helen, too, knew that she could not buy many ball dresses off her hundred a year. And it was so strange to think such thoughts in this lavish extravagant house, where every magnificence that could be thought of adorned mother and daughter, and the room and the walls. Mrs. Dalton answered to the thought before it had been expressed.

"It is curious," she said, "there is Clara Burton, who might dress in cloth of gold if she liked—but our girls look just as well. What a thing it is to be rich!—for the Burtons you know are—" Here Mrs. Dalton stopped abruptly, remembering that if the Burtons were nobodies, so was also the friend at her side. She herself was connected with the old Harcourts, and had a right to speak.

"Now, ladies, I know what you are doing," said Mr. Burton, suddenly coming up to them; "you are saying all sorts of sweet things to each other about your children, and

privately you are thinking that there is nobody in the room fit to be seen except your own. Oh don't look so caught! I know, because I am doing the same thing myself."

Doing the same thing himself—comparing his child to my Norah—to my Mary, the ladies inwardly replied; but no such answer was made aloud. "We were saying how they all enjoy themselves," said Mrs. Dalton, "that was all."

Mr. Burton laughed that little laugh of mockery which men of vulgar minds indulge in when they talk to women, and which is as much as to say, you can't take me in with your pretences, I see through you. He had grown stouter, but he did not look so vigorous as of old. He was fleshy, there was a furtive look in his eye. When he glanced round him at the brilliant party, and all the splendour of which he was the owner, it was not with the complacency of old. He looked as if at any moment something disagreeable, something to be avoided might appear before him, and had acquired a way of stretching out his neck as if to see who was coming behind. The thing in the room about which he was most complacent was Clara. She had grown up, straight, and large, and tall in stature, like our Anglo-Saxon queen with masses of white rosy flesh and gold-coloured hair. The solid splendid white arm, laden with bracelets, which leaned on her partner's shoulder, was a beauty not possessed by any of the slight girls whose mothers were watching her as she moved past them. Clara's arm would have made two of Norah's. Her size and fulness and colour dazzled everybody. She was a full-blown Rubens beauty, of the class which has superseded the gentler, pensive, unobtrusive heroine in these days. "I don't pretend to say anything but what I think," said Mr. Burton, "and I do feel that *that* is a girl to be proud of. Don't dance too much, Clara, you have got to ride with me to-morrow." She gave him a smile and a nod as she whirled past. The man who was dancing with her was dark, a perfect contrast to her brilliant beauty. "They make a capital couple," Mr. Burton said with a suppressed laugh. "I suppose a prophet, if we had one, would see a good many combinations coming on in an evening like this. Why, by Jove, here's Ned."

And it was Ned, bringing Norah back to her mother. "I thought you had been dancing with one of—" said his father, pointing with his thumb across his shoulder. "Have you no manners, boy? Norah, I am

sure, will excuse you when she knows you are engaged—people that are stopping in the house."

"Oh, of course I will excuse him," said Norah. "I did not want him at all. I would rather sit quiet a little and see everybody. And Charlie has promised to dance with me. I suppose it was not wrong to ask Charlie, was it? He might as well have me as any one, don't you think, mamma?"

"If you take to inviting gentlemen, Norah, I shall expect you to ask me," said Mr. Burton, who was always jocular to girls. Norah looked at him with her bright observant eyes. She always looked at him, he thought, in that way. He was half afraid of her, though she was so young. He had even tried to conciliate her, but he had not succeeded. She shook her head without making any reply, and just then something happened which made a change in all the circumstances. It was the approach of the man with whom Clara had been dancing; a man with the air of a hero of romance; bearded, with very fine dark eyes and hair that curled high like a crest upon his head. Norah gave a little start as he approached, and blushed. "It is the hero," she said to herself. He looked as if he had just walked out of a novel with every sign of his character legibly set forth. But though it may be very well to gibe at beautiful dark eyes and handsome features, it is difficult to remain unmoved by their influence. Norah owned with that sudden flush of colour a certain curiosity, to say the least of it. Mr. Burton frowned, and so did his son and daughter simultaneously, as if by touching of a spring.

"I am afraid you don't remember me, Mrs. Drummond," the stranger said; "but I recollect you so very well that I hope you will let me introduce myself—Cyril Rivers. It is a long time since we met."

"Oh, I remember!" cried impulsive Norah, and then was silent, blushing more deeply than ever. To ask Charlie Dalton to dance with her was one thing, but meeting the hero was entirely different. It took away her breath.

And two minutes after she was dancing with him. It was this he had come to her mother for—not asking any one to introduce him. He was no longer a boy, but a man travelled and experienced, who knew, or thought he knew, society and the world. But he had not yet dismissed from his mind that past episode—an episode which had been fixed and deepened in his memory by the trial and all the discussions in the news-

papers. To say that he had continued to think about the Drummonds would have been foolish; but when he came back to Dura to visit the Burtons, they were the first people who recurred to his mind. As his host drove him past the Gatehouse on the night of his arrival, he had asked about them. And Mr. Burton remembered this now, and did not like it. He stood and looked after the pair as they went away arm-in-arm. Norah did not answer as Clara did as a complete foil and counter to Mr. Rivers's dark handsomeness. It was a mistake altogether. It was Clara who should have been with him, who was his natural companion. Mr. Burton reflected that nothing but kindness could have induced him to invite his cousin's penniless girl to the great ball at which Clara made her *début* in the world as well as Norah. He felt as he stood and looked on that it was a mistake to have done it. People so poor and so lowly ought not to be encouraged to set themselves up as equals of the richer classes. He said to himself that his system had been wrong. Different classes had different duties, he felt sure. His own was to get as much of the good things of this world, as much luxury and honour as he could have for his money. Helen's was to subsist on a hundred a year; and to expect of her that she could anyhow manage to buy ball dresses, and put her child in competition with his! It was wrong; there was no other word. Mr. Burton left his neighbours, and went off with a dissatisfied countenance to another part of the room. It was his own fault.

"I should have known you anywhere," said Mr. Rivers in the pause of the waltzing. "You were only a child when I saw you last, but I should have known you anywhere."

"Should you? How very strange! What a good memory you must have!" said Norah. "Though, indeed, as soon as you said who you were, I remembered you."

"But nobody told me who you were," he said, "when I saw you just now, dancing with that young fellow, the son of the house."

"Did you see us then?"

"Yes, and your mother sitting by that stand of flowers. You are half yourself as I remember you, and half her."

"What a good memory you must have!" said Norah, very incredulous; and then they floated away again to the soft dreamy music, he supporting her, guiding her through the moving crowd as Norah had never dreamt of being guided. She had felt she was on her own responsibility when dancing with Ned and Charlie; with, indeed, a little share of re-

sponsibility on account of her partners too. But Mr. Rivers danced beautifully, and Norah felt like a cloud, like a leaf lightly carried by the breeze. She was carried along without any trouble to herself. When they had stopped, instead of feeling out of breath, she stopped only from courtesy's sake, to let the others go on.

"How well you dance, Mr. Rivers!" she cried. "I never liked a waltz so much before. The boys are so different. One never feels sure where one is going. I like it now."

"Then you must let me have as many waltzes as you can," he said, "and I shall like it too. Who are the boys? You have not any—brothers? Boys are not to be trusted for waltzing; they are too energetic—too much determined to have everything their own way."

"Oh, the boys! they are chiefly Ned and—Charlie Dalton. They are the ones I always dance with," said Norah. "And oh, by-the-bye, I was engaged to Charlie for this dance."

"How clever of me to carry you off before Mr. Charlie came!" said the hero. "But it is his own fault if he was not up in time."

"Oh, I don't know," said Norah, with a blush. "The fact is—he did not ask me; I asked him. I never was at a ball before, and I don't know many people, and of course I wanted to dance. I asked him to take me; if he was not engaged, so if he found any one he liked better, he was not to be blamed if he forgot. Why do you laugh? Was it a silly thing to do?"

"I don't know Charlie," said Mr. Rivers; "but I should punch his head with pleasure. What has he done that he should have you asking him to dance?"

And then that came again which was not dancing, as Norah understood it, an occasion which had always called for considerable exertion, but a very dream of delightful movement, like flying, like—she could not tell what. By this time she was a little ashamed about Charlie; and the waltz put it out of Mr. Rivers's mind.

"Do you think I may call to-morrow?" he said, when they stopped again. "Will your mother let me? There are so many things I should like to talk over with her. You are too young, of course, to remember anything about a certain horrid bank."

"Ah, no, I am not too young," said Norah, and the smiles with which she had been looking up at him suddenly vanished from her face.

"I beg your pardon. I had forgotten

that it was of more importance to you than to any one. I want to talk to your mother about that. Do you think I may come? Look here; is this Charlie? He is just the sort of youth whom a young lady might ask to dance with her. And, good heavens, how he waltzes! I don't wonder that you felt it a painful exercise. Are Miss Burton and her guests friends?"

"We are all great friends," said Norah, half displeased. And Clara Burton as she passed gave her an angry look. "Why Clara is cross," she said pathetically. "What can I have done?"

Mr. Rivers laughed. Norah did not like the laugh; it seemed a little like Mr. Burton's. There was a certain conscious superiority and sense of having found some one out in it, which she did not either like or understand.

"You seem to know something I don't know," she said, with prompt indignation. "Perhaps why Clara is cross; but you don't know Clara. You don't know any of us, Mr. Rivers, and you oughtn't to look as if you had found us out. How could you find out all about us, who have known each other from babies, in one night?"

"I beg your pardon," he said, with an immediate change of tone. "It is one of the bad habits of society that nobody can depend on another, and everybody likes to grin at his neighbours. Forgive me; I forgot I was in a purer air."

"Oh, it was not that," said Norah, a little confused. He seemed to say things (she thought) which meant nothing, as if there was a great deal in them. She was glad to be taken back to her mother, and deposited under her shelter; but she was not permitted to rest there. Ned came and glowered at her reproachfully, as she sat down, and other candidates for her hand arrived so fast that the child was half intoxicated with pleasure and flattery. "What do they want *me* for?" she wondered within herself. She was so much in request that Ned did not get another dance till the very end of the evening: and even Mr. Rivers was balked in at least one of the waltzes he had engaged her for. He drew back with a smile, seeing it was Mr. Burton himself who was exerting himself to find partners for Norah. But Norah was all smiles; she danced the whole evening, coming little by little into her partner's way. Pleased to be so popular, delighted with everybody's "kindness" to her, and dazzled with this first opening glimpse of "the world."

"If this is the world, I like it," she said to her mother as they drove home. "It is delightful; it is beautiful; it is so kind! Oh, mamma, is it wrong to feel so? I never was so happy in my life."

"No, my darling, it is not wrong," Helen said, kissing her. She was not insensible to her child's triumph.

(To be continued.)

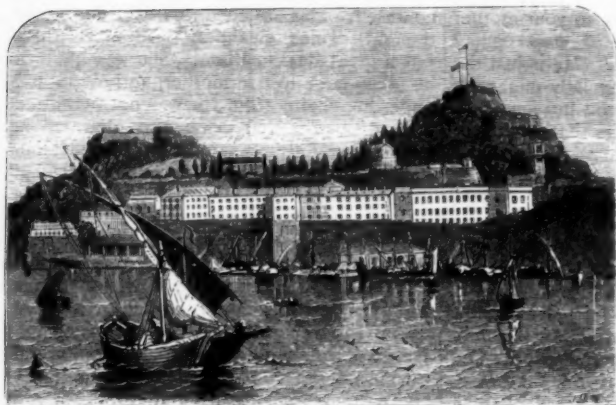
THE ISLAND OF CORFU.

WHERE Italy uplifts her heel, transfixed as it were in the attempt to make a football of Sicily, the blue waters of the Adriatic mingle with the Mediterranean through the Strait of Otranto. A little to the south-east of this strait, its extremities approaching to within a few miles of the Albanian coast, lies a lovely island. It is lovely alike for its serene skies, its delicious climate, the mountain masses which are seen from it on the opposite shore, and its own range of picturesque eminences, rising at one point three thousand feet above the sea and sloping with graceful irregularity into a hundred valleys verdant with olive groves and luxuriant vineyards.

To this natural scenery the inspiration of the past lends an indelible charm. Romance and history have marked it for their own. A legend of the greatest of ancient, if not indeed of all, poets floats about its



CORFUTE PEASANTS.



THE FORTIFICATION, CORFU.

indented coast, and to the eye of the enthusiast gives a deeper blue to its waters, a more tender green to its groves. Here, or supposed to be here, which is much the same thing, the warrior-king Ulysses found safety from shipwreck and held the famous interview with Nausicæ,—she who has been called “the most interesting character in all ancient poetry.” Here spread the marvelous gardens of her father, King Alcinoüs. From this island sailed the vessel which transported the hero of the *Odyssey* to the arms of the tried and faithful Penelope, and returned only to be stricken into rock by the avenging gods. For him who doubteth, here lies the ship-transformed islet itself, a perpetual rebuke to the skeptic and a memorial of the imperishable genius of poetry.

But, to the student of history, the island which is now being brought to the reader's attention has more substantial claims of regard. Great men have stood upon its soil and great events have occurred beneath its skies. It afforded a refuge, at least during a portion of his exile, to Themistocles, the “savior of Greece.” Aristotle, another noble

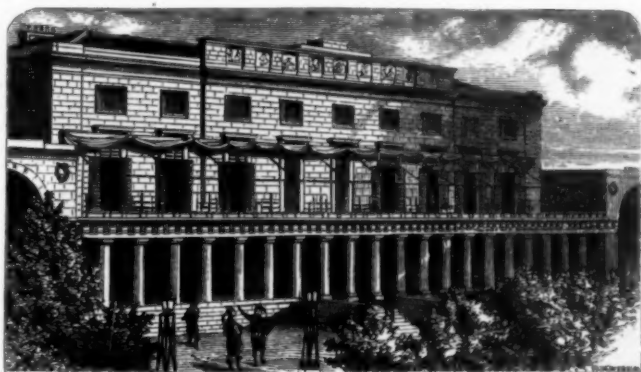
victim of popular injustice, came hither and was “so charmed with the island and its people that he persuaded Alexander, then in Epirus, to join him.” It was the scene of the marriage of Octavia and Antony, and hither she returned afterwards to weep at his neglect. “Titus, after the conquest of Jerusalem; Helena, on her way to Palestine in search of the true cross; Augustus Cæsar, who gave peace to the world; Dioclesian, the persecutor of the Christians; and poor blind Belisarius” are

some among the illustrious persons who have landed or sojourned on this island. Lanassa, wife of Pyrrhus, king of Epirus, received this emerald isle for her wedding portion. Cicero probably passed the place as he came to visit his devoted Atticus, whose estates were on the opposite shore. Cato and Tibullus; the Emperor Nero; Richard I. of England, he of the lion heart; and Robert Guiscard, who seized the island in 1081, are names more or less interwoven



BAPTISM OF PRINCE GEORGE (FROM A PAINTING).

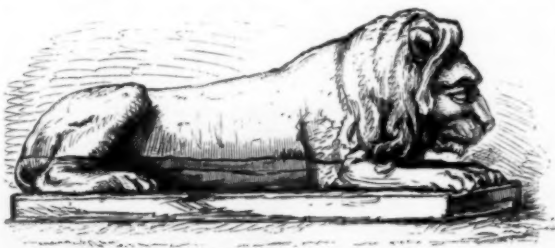
with its history. The island is thus associated with the Greeks and Romans in the height of their power, as well as with the times of the crusades. "Here was passed in review that splendid armament which was destined to perish at Syracuse—the Moscow of Athenian ambition—and four hundred years later the waters of Actium saw a world lost and won. Here again after the lapse of sixteen centuries met together those Christian Powers which off Lepanto dealt to the Turkish fleet—so long the scourge and terror of Europe—a blow from which it has never recovered." But, ages before the last-mentioned events,



KING'S PALACE (OLD GOVERNMENT HOUSE).

ity separated by a channel of but two miles in width from the coast of Albania. Thence the waters expand to about twelve miles and contract again to about five at the southern outlet, forming as it were a huge lake,

broken by islands and set in a frame-work of hills that are ever changing, with the changing day, from gray to blue, from purple to rose. The island is said to have taken its name from two prominent peaks or horns which distinguish the towering mountain at its northern extremity. It is about seventy-two miles in circuit, and is very irregular. Its shape has been compared to

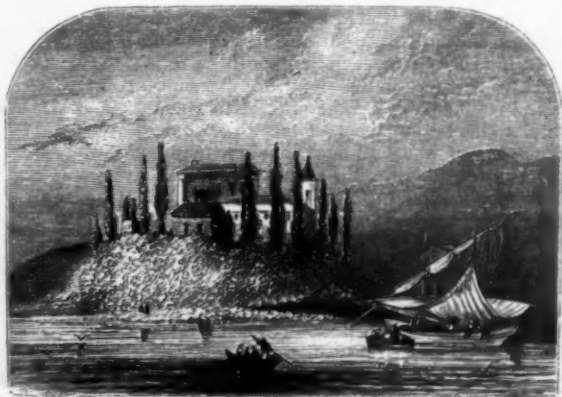


A WORK OF ANCIENT GREEK ART, CORFU.

these quiet little bays floated a fleet of 120 triremes, which were about to engage in the most ancient naval battle recorded in history—that fought between Corinth and Corcyra, B.C. 657. Nor is the latest history of the island the least interesting. Here, within our own times, a political experiment was essayed which terminated in one of the most extraordinary events recorded in the history of modern governments, the voluntary cession of the island—after a protectorate of fifty years—by the government of Great Britain to the kingdom of Greece.

This island of Corfu—the ancient Corcyra—the still more ancient Scheria of Homer—is chief of the seven Ionian Isles and lies from north-west to south-east, its northern extrem-

ity separated by a channel of but two miles in width from the coast of Albania. Thence the waters expand to about twelve miles and contract again to about five at the southern outlet, forming as it were a huge lake,



"ULYSSES' ISLE," CORFU.



"MON REPOS:" VILLA OF THE KING OF GREECE AT CORFU.

its greatest width. But, to whatever it may be likened, Corfu is most attractive, whether approached through the northern channel from Trieste or Italy, or the south from Greece and the Ionian Islands. As the steamer advances up the expanding channel, the town of Corfu, surmounted by its double-peaked citadel and protected by a long line of unbroken sea-wall, presents a striking appearance. Two conical crags rise abruptly from the extremity of the peninsula, or tongue of land occupied by the town and its defences, upon the sides of which the accumulated green growth of centuries spreads over the natural rock, half-concealing it. Beyond this the summits are carried by solid masonry. At the base of the inner fortification or citadel a row of white barracks attracts the attention, and, below all, the steep, well-constructed sea-wall stretches uninterruptedly around the promontory until it meets the town, on the other side of which the square Venetian fortress (La Fortezza Nuova), less imposing than the rocky citadel in juxtaposition to it, rises in defence of the opposite extremity. The town beneath has the look of an Italian city, a clambering mass of tall white-coated houses from which an occasional campanile, or bell-tower, rises in picturesque relief. The whole—the town and fortress, flanked on either side by gentle bays, the broad waters dotted with sails, and, far to the eastward, the imposing mountain wall of San Salvador—forms a picture of exceeding beauty. Less stately than Malta, and without the majesty of Gibraltar, Corfu surpasses both in its union of strength with softness of repose. It is a dream of the past—perhaps a hope of the future—rather than an

impending present; a place to linger in and to love, rather than to criticise with the spirit of utilitarian inquiry.

On landing at the "San Nicolo" steps, the visitor takes his way up the narrow passage between the ramparts and finds himself upon the esplanade, a spacious quadrangle lying between the citadel and the town. This space is intersected with graveled walks and surrounded with an avenue of shade-trees. The sea view to the north is here shut out by the government house, now the town palace—a handsome and well-constructed building erected by the first "Lord High Commissioner" of England. The colonnade and arched entrances at each wing are exceedingly graceful. The high-peaked citadel at the eastern angle of the esplanade, which covers its mate, is, however, the most imposing feature of the scene. A ditch and drawbridge separate it



STREET VIEW, CORFU.

from the public walk, around which runs a stone Venetian balustrade along the edge of the precipitous bank. From this point a beautiful view of the sea is unfolded to the spectator, reminding one of scenes so often depicted upon the drop-curtain of theaters, where the inevitable marble terrace forms a foreground to a vista of lapis lazuli waters, skies of cerulean hue, and a pile of purple-tinted mountains. To the right, the panorama is spread out over the miniature bay of Castrades, which is defined by a sea-wall of smooth stone. Around this a well-made road forms a favorite drive and promenade, conducting to the wooded peninsula beyond, from the thick foliage of which rises the "Casino,"—now called by his majesty "Mon Repos,"—the summer residence of the King of Greece.

On the western side of the esplanade the town is shut out by a long row of rather stately-looking buildings, occupied in their basements by shops and cafés, and above as residences by some of the wealthier class and the foreign consuls. Half this line of buildings, absorbed mainly by the three or four hotels of Corfu, has an arched colonnade beneath it like those of Venice and Padua. This form of structure occurs at intervals in the town itself, and, with the campaniles, the frequent appearance of the "Lion of St. Mark"—the device of Venice—rudely sculptured in the ancient archways, and Italian names inscribed upon the streets, gives a Venetian air to the whole place. The esplanade forms the regular drill-ground for the troops of the garrison as well as the favorite promenade for the inhabitants. It is the heart and lungs of the town, where every summer evening the Corfiotes stroll under the trees or gather around the military band performing operatic and national airs in the center of the green, or, seated in groups before the cafés, discuss lemonade and ices. Behind this line of buildings the town itself slopes gradually northward to an inner bay, where a few merchant vessels of small tonnage represent the limited commerce of the place.

The streets of the town are narrow and crooked, many of them little better than lanes, paved with cobble-stones and lined with stands of hucksters in fruit, vegetables, and groceries, wine and tobacco shops, cobblers' stalls, cheap jewelry stores, etc. The place, as a whole, is cleanly, and there are few offensive smells, such as disgrace some of the back streets of Ath-

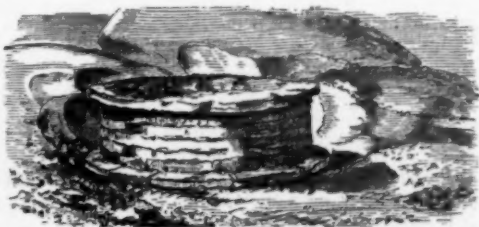


ANCIENT COIN OF CORCYRA (CORFU).

ens; the people—unlike their church bells, which are ever jangling—are quiet and orderly; and, despite the absence of an air of prosperity, there is something attractive in these cramped, rambling, old-fashioned streets, where the stranger easily loses his way, and finds himself in odd quarters before he recovers his bearings.

The visitor from other Grecian towns misses in Corfu the occasional glitter and color of the national costume which elsewhere, especially in Athens, is so effective. Rarely does a snowy fustianella or embroidered jacket or crimson fez vary the tiresome ebb and flow of men and women whose "Frank" dresses resemble far more the pedestrians of the Bowery than of Broadway or the Boulevards. The only exception to this is the round black cap and flowing robe of the Greek priest, or the shovel hat of the Catholic clergy, or the dirty capotes of Albanian boatmen from the opposite coast. Yet the population of Corfu is exceedingly mixed, being composed of Greeks and Italians with some Maltese and Albanians and a few English, the latter the remnants of those whose numbers and influence were so marked here during the period of British occupation.

The language of the townspeople is chiefly Italian, that of the country chiefly Greek, but both show the infusion of incongruous elements during the governmental sway over the island of various unscrupulous or unsympathetic powers. The stranger who asks in a foreign tongue for an article in a shop at Corfu will most likely be surprised at receiv-



ANCIENT TOMB, CORFU.

ing an answer in his own language, whatever that may be. The dialect is imperfect, but a general smatter of modern tongues seems to be at the command of all. They have borrowed a little from the Turks; a few phrases from the French; less from the English than would be expected after their long rule; and a permanent language, or patois, from the Venetians.

The population of the town and its suburbs, Manduchio and Castrades, is not far from 20,000; that of the whole island is about 70,000. The religion of the Greek Church prevails, as is readily perceived by the large number of churches and chapels in town and country;—in the town alone there being over 200. Roman Catholics and Jews are "tolerated," the latter far more kindly than the former, between whom and the orthodox Christians of the East there is no love lost; indeed, in proportion with the industrious efforts of the Latin clergy to proselyte, the breach grows wider and wider. The two Roman Catholic schools founded at Corfu are the cause of much complaint on the part of the zealous and jealous defenders of the Oriental Church. The Jews, on the other hand, being held as harmless, are now entirely free from persecution. They control no inconsiderable part of the local commerce of the town, and at a recent municipal election three Israelites were chosen by decided majorities. The statistics give the number of Latins in the whole island as 5,000, and of Jews 6,000.

The processions of the Greek Church are frequent and form one of the most interesting sights of Corfu. The richly-embroidered robes, the Church insignia, the flaring candles, the martial music, and the peculiar nasal chant of the priests, form an incongruous if not impressive spectacle. Until late years the Roman Catholics have been forced to abstain from street ceremonials, as disorder, and even actual rioting, was to be apprehended. These *public* displays were believed by many to be in violation of the spirit of the Greek Constitution which declares that "Proselytism and all other interference prejudicial to the dominant religion are prohibited." Perhaps the elongated and image-bearing cross, the angel-winged children, and the Latin chants, which chiefly distinguish these processions from those of the Greek Church, were what the sensitive orthodox communicant regarded as baneful to the interests of true religion. I have, however, seen on "Corpus Christi" day a Roman Catholic procession in the streets of Corfu, than which nothing could have been

conducted with greater decorum or witnessed by the surrounding crowd of Greeks with greater outward respect. The remarks of some of the spectators after the procession had passed indicated the prevailing sentiment of the Greeks. "Thank God," said one, "we have nothing like that in Athens." "Blasphemous," remarked another; "their bishop under the canopy yonder is playing the part of God!" The criticisms made by the Roman Catholics when the mummied remains of Spiridion, the patron saint of Corfu, are taken out of its silver sarcophagus and given a ride in state around the public esplanade are equally denunciatory.

Saint Spiridion, the finest church in the town—which is not saying a great deal for it,—receives its name from the patron saint, and protects what is believed to be his veritable body. It stands in a narrow street of the same name, and furnishes one of the few objects of historical interest to the passing stranger. The edifice is small. It contains a marble screen surmounted with pictures, and the ceiling and walls are dark with paintings of the Italian School set in heavy gilt scroll-work. The Church of "St. Spiro," as the saint is familiarly called, is frequently the scene of ceremonials which are attended by the royal family. Here "Te Deums" are sung on their majesties' "name days" and in celebration of the birth of the princes. On these occasions the King and Queen, aids-de-camp, and ladies of honor stand within the choir facing the bishop and priests at the altar, while the standing stalls are occupied on one side by the chief officials of the State and on the other by the members of the diplomatic corps. The nave of the church is filled by the military and the public. And not the least interesting portion of this glittering assembly is the group of officiating priests chanting the service, their long hair, high black caps, and stiff brocaded vestments of rich and diverse colors, thrown shawl-like over the shoulders, forming a peculiar picture. The body of Saint Spiridion, inclosed in a massive silver embossed sarcophagus, lies within a side chapel, dimly lighted by a swinging lamp which is never extinguished. For those who wish to gaze upon the sacred remains of the saint a fee of about fifty drachmas (eight dollars) effects the desired object. On special holy days, however, it may be seen without any expense—except, perhaps, to one's feelings as he gazes upon the shrunken features of an eyeless mummy with half a nose and three or four discolored teeth. The head is

slightly turned aside, "resulting from the saber stroke with which he was martyred;" the black skinny hands are folded across the breast in peaceful resignation; and the feet stick out from an embroidered robe shod in spangled sandals. A high authority in the land has assured me that this relic is not a mummy, and that the flesh continues to be as soft as human flesh, which perhaps accounts for the remarkable fact that his saintship, although he bobs about the box in which he is carried in an erect position three or four times a year through the streets of Corfu, receives no injury, as would be the case with the Egyptian prepared article. This state of preservation after death is believed to be miraculous and without the aid of any intervening human hand. Hither, to the shrine of Saint Spiro, come the good people of Corfu from sunrise,—when the church is opened with clang of bells, annoying greatly the denizens of the neighboring hotels,—until sunset, when the church is closed with the same discordant announcement. It is curious for a bystander to observe the worshippers, old and young, rich and poor; the tattered and slovenly beggar and the fashionably-attired lady, as they glide, self-absorbed, into the little somber chapel, mutter their prayers over the inspired relic and cover the sarcophagus with fervent kisses. If a listening ear could be permitted for one day to catch the whispered words uttered over the shrine of the martyred saint, a curious chapter of human infirmity might be given to the world.

From the credible portion of the history of St. Spiridion, it would appear that he was indeed a worthy man. He lived at Cyprus during the reign of the cruel Maximus Cæsar, and, although an humble shepherd, deprived himself of the necessities of life that he might bestow hospitality upon all needy wayfarers. His only daughter he devoted to the church. Spiro eventually became Bishop of Tremisond. He was buried in the place of his birth, but, owing to the miraculous power with which he was believed to be endowed, his body was carried in the seventh century to Constantinople and there worshiped as a saint. When the Christians fled before the Turks in 1456, a poor man bore away safely the remains of Spiridion and a certain other saint, by concealing them in two sacks of provender on the back of a mare. Reaching the coast of Epirus, he crossed the water to Corfu, where he erected a rude church over the precious treasures, and miracles and cures innumerable were wrought at the sa-

cred shrine. Becoming rich through the offerings then made by the credulous, he married, and at his death bequeathed the saint and church to his sons. The daughter of one of these sons married Stamatello Bulgari and received the saint as her dower. It has remained in that family to this day. In course of time the present church was erected to honor the saint. By testamentary decree, one of the Bulgari family must be an officiating priest of the church, and the three brothers take turns in receiving the annual income of offerings, which give a handsome support to the family. Spiridion was one of the bishops present at the celebrated Council of Nice, and is said to have illustrated there the doctrine of the Trinity in the following manner: "You cannot comprehend," he said, "the doctrine of three in one. Can you comprehend the simplest operation in Nature? Look at this earthen pitcher. Are not the three elements of fire, water, and earth so mingled in its composition that it could not exist without any one of the three? You believe it, but do not see the fire or the water that enter therein. Nay, you cannot see the dust of which it is composed." A writer who relates this as "the only fact in the saint's life redounding to his honor," and one which is said to have "confounded the Arians," weakens the evidence by destroying the character of the witness.

How far the Corfiotes of to-day believe in the supernatural intervention of their saint it is difficult to determine, though there is more latent superstition than the learned are willing to admit. But the force of habit and the unwillingness to break through old and what are considered at least harmless customs contribute largely to swell the income derived from the saint's body.

Much the same feeling which induces certain intelligent people of the most civilized countries to be influenced by omens and signs impels the well-educated Greek not to deny the virtues ascribed to his saints. Many Corfiotes, with a certain shamefacedness, and others without the shamefacedness, express their faith in the divine intercession and curative virtues of St. Spiro. The ignorant believe, and the priests confirm their belief, that Spiridion "walks the sea on stormy nights, and indeed seaweed is often found about his legs, which furnishes a lucrative article of commerce." The sick are frequently laid in the street on festival days of the saint that his body may pass over them and effect a cure. It is reported, and believed, that in a certain criminal trial which

took place in Corfu some years since, owing to the diversity of evidence, two of the conflicting witnesses were called upon to swear to their testimony by touching the silver case which enshrines the body of "St. Spiro," and, each having taken the oath, the hand of the false witness soon afterwards withered, thus attesting his perjury.

Of other local supernatural beliefs, as recorded by various writers, a few may be briefly mentioned in this connection.

On Easter day in Corfu, when the ringing of bells at noon responds to the voice of the bishop, "Our Lord is risen," the windows are thrown up and a crash of old crockery resounds along the pavements of the narrow streets; old women shout "avaunt fleas, bugs, and all vermin! make way for the Lord of all to enter!" accompanying the invocation with a shower of broken pots and pans. On these occasions, woe to the luckless stranger who may be walking the streets of Corfu in unhappy ignorance of this domestic institution, of which perchance a noseless water-jug flying in dangerous proximity to his own nose may suddenly enlighten him. Greek saints, which in a measure supply the places of the gods of a passed-away mythology, are invoked for blessings and assistance in all the important affairs of maritime and agricultural life. The planting of the seed and the gathering of the fruits require each a benediction; a boat purchased by a Greek of a Turk must be formally purified; St. Eustace is respectfully requested to free a field or vineyard from caterpillars; St. Peter gives his particular attention to the fishermen's nets and lines; Elijah blesses salt; St. Procopius protects the thick skull of the stupid school-boy. After the slaughter of the lambs on Easter day, a lock of wool is dipped in the blood and a cross is inscribed with it on the lintel of the door. Within the memory of old islanders the *obolo*, a small copper coin, has been deposited in the coffin of the dead to pay Charon his fee across the Styx. In parts of the country evil spirits are supposed to be abroad at noon, during the month of August, and the peasant shut themselves up in their houses. A coffin-nail, here, as in many other parts of the world, when driven into the door of a house, affords perfect security from ghosts, and a triangular bit of paper on which is written the name of a disease effectually prevents the appearance of the malady in that neighborhood. Rags tied to a bit of stick receive the evil spirits exorcised by the "papa" or priest. To drop oil bodes no good, and to see a priest at sunrise

is a very bad omen, and a convenient apology for the reverend sluggard. It is but fair to say that these and a hundred other superstitions are chiefly prevalent among the peasantry, and in the towns are confined to the lowest classes. From these they will fade away with the increasing light of civilization, if it is permitted through natural channels and not through forced lenses to pass into the social apprehension of the people of the East.

In educational matters, Corfu and the Ionian Islands are behind Athens, which latter, without the advantages of British influence and culture during the "Protectorate" of the islands, has made very rapid strides in scholastic instruction since her forty years of freedom. Before the cession, there were, according to English statistics, 304 schoolmasters in the island. A university established under private auspices seems to have failed, and yet there are more children taught to-day in Corfu than then. A law obliges the attendance of pupils at school, but, like many Greek laws, it is not enforced. The late "Nomarch" or prefect of Corfu, Mr. Maorocordates, an intelligent gentleman and son of the illustrious statesman of that name, made exertions to increase the number of schools in the island. Being once on a tour of inspection, he was gratified to find that all the boys in a certain village remote from the capital attended school daily. Thereupon the Nomarch suggested that girls' schools should be established, but this was met with an expression of surprise: "What! would you have girls—who naturally know so much more than boys—educated? They would soon be the masters of the town." This little item may be a crumb of comfort to the advocates of "Woman's Rights" at home. Among other social benefits, female education in the Ionian Islands would occupy with elevating domestic pursuits the minds of a large number of women, and introduce a taste for book-reading of a higher order than French romances. There are, however, many of the gentle sex whose cultivation and manners combine in a considerable degree to enhance the attractions of the pleasant island they inhabit. But strangers know little of the local society of the place and should be guarded in their criticisms. The English used to complain that the Greek families would not mix with their own. Not that the latter were regarded in any spirit of unfriendliness, but rather from natural and unsympathetic causes. The dinners and balls at the "Government House" and at the

houses of the leading officials were always graced by Greek ladies and honored by Greek gentlemen, but somehow or other these compliments were seldom returned by the Corfiotes. "They will eat our dinners and slide over our floors, but we never get so much as a polite request to call and see them, much less to sit at their tables," said an Englishman. It is possible that English affluence and Greek economy were impelling causes in this matter. Still the natural habits of the two peoples are widely different, and it is well known that the Corfiotes prefer their own society to that of strangers. They are seclusive rather than exclusive. Among themselves they have many reunions. Music and the dance are heard in the houses of the rich and the poor, while those who have no homes, such as young men who go to their lodgings only to sleep, and then among the small hours of the morning—pass their evenings at the cafés and devote the greater part of the night to perambulating the streets and singing songs under the windows of the sleepless. For hours, too, in the neighborhood of the hotels, the ear is forced to keep time to the sound of numerals issuing from some neighboring wine-shop, as the players at "Moro" enunciate "one," "two," "five," etc., according to the guess of the player at the number of fingers his opponent holds up. When all the money has been won or the drinks exhausted, "silence, like a poultice, comes to heal the wounds of sound." But the respite is a brief one. Soon the back streets awaken with fresh abominations. The discordant voices of women, leaning out of the open windows, mingle with the incoherent shouts of drunken sailors, from the foreign ships of war in the harbor, as they stagger through the streets after a beastly carousal. And so with variations passes many an entire night, until the bell-clanging of daylight begins, or the corporal commences his "one, two, three" drill upon the parade ground in front of the hotels, or the military band goes crashing by at guard-mounting. All this is so susceptible of correction, under proper police regulations, that the traveler wonders why his comfort is not a little more respected by the local authorities. Yet these night nuisances have for years been complained of and existed in full force even during the English Protectorate.

Corfu is no exception to the rest of Greece in the democratic instincts of her people, but, like many of those who dwell even in professed republics, the distinction of titles is not always repugnant to the happy few

who acquire them. The cards left upon foreigners—not their own people—are frequently impressed with a coronet or bear the prefix of a "Count." This is the remnant of Venetian island aristocracy. The Venetians, ever proud of their own birthrights, were less rigid in the bestowal of titles upon their dependencies, and they were thus sometimes cheaply bought or earned. The Corfiote "Count" of to-day, he who mingles with the best society of the place, is most probably a "genuine," and, like many titled gentlemen in Eastern Europe, may possibly carry all his personal property in his visiting card. But there are occasional spurious specimens floating about the Ionian Islands, who, with their more worthy fellow-subjects, will some day be glad to drop their handles and rejoice alone in their simple manhood.

The society of Corfu is unostentatious, and the people are simple in their tastes. The lower orders are frugal, inactive, generally complaining, yet too indifferent to effect reforms even where reform is at their elbow. They are domestic and exceedingly temperate. Both classes, like the ancient Coryceans, regard hospitality as a sacred duty. They are polite, affable in manner, excitable, and proud. Oriental subserviency is not carried to the extent observable farther east, but there is enough among those who employ it as their stock-in-trade to amuse the unaccustomed Frank. From the street mendicant to the shopkeeper the lowest and most deferential of bows to him who is entitled to any official consideration precedes all communication, and "Your Excellency," oftentimes employed superfluously, prefaces every sentence. The landlord will sometimes enter the apartment of such an one with the air of a man who is about to petition for his life rather than to inquire at what hour "His Excellency" will dine, and on receiving his answer will back out of the presence at the imminent danger of upsetting himself as well as the gravity of his guest. Yet the pride of the Greek, here as elsewhere, true or false, never deserts him. It goes hand in hand with his poverty, and is the saving salt of his meager portion in life. The stranger in Corfu, if he remains long enough to be known, and especially if he is supposed to have a plethoric purse, will very likely be the recipient of more than one charitable epistle, elegantly written and couched in affecting terms, setting forth the domestic troubles which had reduced the writer from a condition of prosperity to abject want. Perhaps the petitioner will present himself in person,

clad in seedy black, and tell his tale with the refinement of manner of one who has all his life been a giver and never before an asker of alms. He may or may not be an impostor, but will in either case go away with tearful gratitude for the little aid which may be bestowed. Such assistance, however needy he may be, the Greek will not seek of his own countrymen if he can find a stranger to apply to, for he knows that by his own people a man reduced in circumstances is often despised. It is not uncommon for one who has received money in this way from a stranger to go first to a café and put in an appearance before his friends. In an off-hand manner he will order coffee or wine for the companions whom he may meet there, and, having sustained his pride by this display of hospitality, will go home to spend the rest of the money in relieving the pressing wants of his impoverished family.

Like all his race, the Corfiote is excessively fond of amusement and display, and, as in other parts of Greece, the number of holidays seriously interferes with the industry and prosperity of the people. Scarcely two-thirds of the year is occupied by working days. The feasts and the fasts are of such frequent recurrence as to make it imperative upon the stranger to keep the almanac constantly before him to know what days he can and what days he cannot attend to the business he may have to do. The bells ring in these feast and fast days—clang again at noon, and clang again at night. No shops but the wine-shop and the tobacconist's are open, and no workman can be found till the sacred day is over. As most of the people are named after saints, it follows that whenever the "Saint's day" comes round all the "Spiridions," "Demetriuses," "Nicholoases," and so on, must keep high festival. On more general celebrations, such as the Anniversary of Greek Independence, the queen's name-day, the baptism of princes, or the public visit of some distinguished guest, the people give themselves wholly up to pleasure, which generally consists in an unusual modicum of bell-ringing, martial music, discharges of cannon, perambulation of the streets in holiday attire, and a devotion of the evening and night to a combination of all these elements, to which is added illumination and fire-works. Nothing less than frequent discharges of rockets, interspersed with a copious display of blue, red, and green Bengal lights, seems adequate to relieve the feelings which surcharge the Corfiote on these occasions.

It would be foreign to the purpose of this sketch to offer any extended remarks upon the political condition of the island. To attempt a discussion of this, the most interesting feature in its history, would be to lengthen this paper far beyond the proper limit of a magazine article. A few brief observations may, however, be permitted, touching the political antecedents which led to the union of the Ionian Islands with the Kingdom of Greece. The "Government House," now the town palace, stretches across the northern side of the esplanade and with its semicircular wings embraces the entire width of this public ground. No better position could have been selected for the residence of the governing power, and it fitly typifies the expansive and engrossing character of the government which, under the harmless title of a "Protectorate," ruled the people of the Ionian Islands from 1816 to 1864. Every one is familiar with the *modus operandi* of a puppet-show. The operator is concealed beneath the stage where the figures perform to the admiring crowd in front, and only the uninitiated suppose that the little actors on the scene move by their own volition. The Senate of the Ionian Islands—consisting of one senator from each island—held the executive power and met in the Senate Chamber in the "Government House," and the English "Lord High Commissioner," in whom the "Protectorate" was personified, resided in the same building. It is not intended by this illustration to insinuate that this distinguished functionary was concealed below the political stage as the wire-puller is concealed in the puppet-box. The fact was precisely the reverse. The Ionian Senate held its sittings in the basement story of the Government House, and the Lord High Commissioner of England occupied the apartment overhead! From this, the sagacious mind will readily infer the character of "self-government" during the period of British protection.

The esplanade of Corfu is adorned with three monuments erected in commemoration of three of the ten Lord High Commissioners through whose varied administrations England virtually exercised sovereign sway over the Ionian Islands. One of these monuments is in the form of a circular Grecian temple and bears the name of Sir Thomas Maitland, the first "Lord High"—familiarily known as "King Tom," from the arbitrary character of his rule. A full-length statue in bronze of Sir Frederic Adams stands in classic dignity before the old Government House. Sir Fred-

eric's administration was much after that of Sir Thomas's, but his influence for good over an essentially democratic people was impaired by his love of pomp—a characteristic well illustrated in the flowing robes and august attitude of his brazen statue. Overlooking the water, at the other end of the esplanade, rises a granite obelisk in memory of Sir Howard Douglas, fourth Lord High Commissioner, whose relaxing policy was hardly more successful than that of his predecessor, Lord Nugent, whose efforts at reforms and liberal measures were not sufficiently guided by moderation and sagacity to carry out his well-intentioned efforts. These three monuments are protected against injury by a convention to that effect entered into between the Ionians and the British government, and, whether acceptable or not to the popular taste, there they stand, perpetual reminders to the Ionians of what they have lost. But if—and it is hoped such a contingency will never arise—these monuments should ever be endangered by an excited populace, that of Sir Howard Douglas, at least, ought to be respected, for, whatever were his failings as a political ruler, he had the honesty to state plainly to the British government the cause to which chiefly must be ascribed the failure of the "Protectorate." In a dispatch to the Colonial Minister, Sir Howard wrote: "Truth and a strong sense of duty compel me to declare that the internal strength of the country, the moral and physical state of the people, have not been benefited by British connection so far as to protect us hereafter from the reproach of having attended less to their interests than to our own."

There is another monument in the esplanade at Corfu which, though old and time-stained, infinitely surpasses those just named in its material and moral effect. It is a statue in marble of Marshal Schulemberg, who in 1716 "piled the ground with Moslem slain" and delivered the Corfiotes as well as the Venetians from the brutal ferocity and ignominy of Ottoman oppression. As to the English rule in the Ionian Islands it must be said that those who administered in the name of the Sovereign of Great Britain were men of high social standing—some among them of more than ordinary mental culture—and personally such as to command the respect of those whom they were to govern. The seeming incapacity of the English mind to comprehend and assimilate with other races—the total supremacy of the Anglican idea at the expense of that generous

sympathy with foreign habits of thought and action which is born of unselfishness—interfered materially with the intentions of the governing party, which were, beyond question, for the most part pure and noble. England was thus forced, by her inability to gain the good-will of the Ionians, to relinquish the islands, and chief among them Corfu, the "Key of the Adriatic," which fifty years before she had taken upon her hands with all the pomp and circumstance of a conquering power. The English would have left a kindlier feeling behind them if, instead of yielding to the Austrian demand, she had permitted Corfu to retain the defences towards the construction of which the Corfiotes had themselves contributed so largely. But these noble works were ruthlessly sacrificed, and the island of Corfu declared to be thenceforth "neutral ground." The magnificent fortifications on the island of Vedo, lying opposite to the town, which cost upwards of a million of pounds sterling, were in the course of a few hours blown high into air, to fall a mass of shapeless ruins. Nor was this all. Every gun, with the exception of seven left for official salutes, was carried off by the departing English, these including several hundred bronze Venetian cannon which properly belonged to Corfu and had formed a part of the implements of defense from the period of Venetian supremacy. No wonder the islanders "wept" when their protectors stripped them of their raiment and left them half-naked. In vain by intrigue and open counsel were attempts made to induce the Corfiotes to "think again" before relinquishing the arm of Great Britain and accepting union with Greece. They were reminded of the many gold sovereigns which would be drawn from daily circulation by the absence of the British troops and the civil service, and were told of the miseries attending the early struggles of a new kingdom, notwithstanding that the nation and the flag would be their own. The islanders replied, with an epigrammatic shrewdness worthy of their Spartan ancestors: "It is better to be slapped by our mother than by our step-mother." So the "step-mother" sailed away, leaving the Corfiotes to try the experiment of independence and poverty, after a half-century of nominal self-government, but of actual allegiance to an alien power.

These remarks may serve to disabuse the mind of the stranger in Corfu of certain erroneous impressions not infrequently received from conversations with those who were pecuniary sufferers by the cession of the

islands. During the protectorate upwards of two thousand soldiers were in garrison at Corfu. Consequent upon this, and the employment of a large civil service, an English community existed in the town. The money thus disbursed among the townspeople by the foreign residents and visitors was something not to be suddenly lost to the Corfiotes without a grumble. The amount of British gold daily circulated in the town is estimated by some at not less than eight hundred pounds sterling. The withdrawal of this brought half the shopkeepers to a stand-still, and such as remain to-day may tell the stranger, *sotto voce*, that the cession of the Ionian Islands was a "great mistake," and that "Corfu has nothing to hope for but by a return to the protection of a richer or more powerful nation." Corfu is no exception to a condition consequent upon abrupt political transformation. There are many Venetians who grumble to-day at the loss of their Austrian patrons and customers, and would welcome them back at the cost of the national liberty; yet what disinterested mind would see Venice again under an alien flag? But out of the town—out into the free air of the agricultural districts, where the English tongue and Italian patois are unknown—no such complaints are heard. The spirit of the country people, like their language, is Greek, although neither will be found as pure as in Attica and the Peloponnesus.

Whatever differences of opinion may exist as to the condition and prospects of the Ionians since they threw off British protection, every one will agree that by the "union" the Kingdom of Greece has added to her own territory—much of which, though hallowed by classic history, is sterile and unproductive—as charming and delightful island scenery as, perhaps, the world has to offer. The drives out of Corfu over the well-constructed English roads—now, however, somewhat out of repair—are sufficiently interesting to induce the traveler who can afford the time to remain over until the next steamer. From the rampart gates the hard macadamized roads run out like veins over the greater portion of the whole island, con-

ducting through pleasant valleys and miles on miles of thickly-wooded olive groves to many a little rustic village picturesquely perched upon hill-side and summit.

The views from these elevated points are, in many respects, unparalleled for scenic effects. Stanfield, the English painter, declared one of them to be the finest he had ever seen, and the American poet, Bryant, says: "Here is every element of the picturesque, both in color and form; mountain peaks, precipices, transparent bays, woods, valleys of the deepest verdure, and pinnacles of rocks rising near the shore from the pellucid blue of the sea." He might have added that the picturesque costumes, graceful figures, and frequently beautiful features of the peasantry contribute in no little degree to the charms of that unique scene.

It was the fashion, during the years of the protectorate, for English writers to laud the Ionian Islands, and especially the island of Corfu, as a sort of terrestrial paradise. Now, silence condemns that fair region as unworthy of the traveler's passing regard, or the pens of ready writers denounce it and its people as lapsing into physical and political degradation. When I first visited the island in 1856, the British flag waved from the fortress and English troops paraded on the esplanade; the streets of the town were lively with English pedestrians, and the blue waters of the harbor were whitened with the spread of English canvas from Her Majesty's men-of-war and the swift-moving yachts of innumerable tourists and sportsmen. To-day, there is not the feeblest evidence of that imperial power which swayed the Ionians for half a century. The roads and the effigies of three or four Lord High Commissioners are alone left to remind us of that great political failure. Yet the people, though poor, are happier for their independence, and the island, in natural charms, is as worthy as it ever was of the praise accorded to it by Homer, when he called it *erateinos*—"lovely,"—"the ever-pleasing shore, with woody mountains half in vapor lost," and as "the favorite isle of heaven."

ANNUNCIATION.

For some good word belated
 The lily long had waited;
 The pansies, lost in thought,
 For a revelation sought;
 By a shallow-running brook
 Bending violets mistook
 Its unmeaning, ceaseless noise
 For a comforter's low voice;
 From the bee that came for wine
 Oft the purple columbine
 Had desired in vain to hear
 Joyful tidings of good cheer;
 And the clover in the field
 To the butterfly appealed,
 Asking for a recompense
 For the sweets it did dispense;
 And the roses, closing late,
 Ceased not asking of their fate
 From the lady-birds whose flight
 Sought their garden in the night:
 But the perfume of their prayer
 Found not answer anywhere.

To their garden, ere the heat,
 Came the sweet heart, Marguerite;
 In the early morn she came,
 And each flower spoke her name,
 Dropping pearls from lips o'erladen
 As a greeting to the maiden.
 Then she said to Faust beside,
 To the doubter who denied,
 "I am sure it must be true:
 He that giveth them the dew
 Hath a future life like ours,
 And a heaven for the flowers."

Then the lily, which had waited
 For the word so long belated,
 Nodded to her waiting sisters
 Peering up the garden vistas,
 And they bowed to kiss the feet
 Of the sweet heart, Marguerite.

THE GARDENER AND THE MANOR.

BY HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

ABOUT one Danish mile from the capital stood an old manor-house, with thick walls, towers, and pointed gable-ends. Here lived, but only in the summer-season, a rich and courtly family. This manor-house was the best and the most beautiful of all the houses they owned. It looked outside as if it had just been cast in a foundry, and within it was comfort itself. The family arms were carved

in stone over the door; beautiful roses twined about the arms and the balcony; a grass-plot extended before the house with red-thorn and white-thorn, and many rare flowers grew even outside the conservatory. The manor kept also a very skillful gardener. It was a real pleasure to see the flower-garden, the orchard, and the kitchen-garden. There was still to be seen a portion of the manor's original

garden, a few box-tree hedges cut in shape of crowns and pyramids, and behind these two mighty old trees almost always without leaves. One might almost think that a storm or water-spout had scattered great lumps of manure on their branches, but each lump was a bird's-nest. A swarm of rooks and crows from time immemorial had built their nests here. It was a townful of birds, and the birds were the manorial lords here. They did not care for the proprietors, the manor's oldest family branch, nor for the present owner of the manor,—these were nothing to them; but they bore with the wandering creatures below them, notwithstanding that once in a while they shot with guns in a way that made the birds' back-bones shiver, and made every bird fly up, crying "Rak, Rak!"

The gardener very often explained to the master the necessity of felling the old trees, as they did not look well, and by taking them away they would probably also get rid of the screaming birds, which would seek another place. But he never could be induced either to give up the trees or the swarm of birds: the manor could not spare them, as they were relics of the good old times, that ought always to be kept in remembrance.

"The trees are the birds' heritage by this time!" said the master. "So let them keep them, my good Larsen." Larsen was the gardener's name, but that is of very little consequence in this story. "Haven't you room enough to work in, little Larsen? Have you not the flower-garden, the green-houses, the orchard and the kitchen-garden!" He cared for them, he kept them in order and cultivated them with zeal and ability, and the family knew it; but they did not conceal from him that they often tasted fruits and saw flowers in other houses that surpassed what he had in his garden, and that was a sore trial to the gardener, who always wished to do the best, and really did the best he could. He was good-hearted, and a faithful servant.

The owner sent one day for him, and told him kindly that the day before, at a party given by some friends of rank, they had eaten apples and pears which were so juicy and well-flavored that all the guests had loudly expressed their admiration. To be sure, they were not native fruits, but they ought by all means to be introduced here, and to be acclimatized if possible. They learned that the fruit was bought of one of the first fruit-dealers in the city, and the gardener was to ride to town and find out about where they came from, and then order some slips for grafting.

The gardener was very well acquainted with the dealer, because he was the very person to whom he sold the fruit that grew in the manor-garden, beyond what was needed by the family. So the gardener went to town and asked the fruit-dealer where he had found those apples and pears that were praised so highly.

"They are from your own garden," said the fruit-dealer, and he showed him both the apples and pears, which he recognized. Now, how happy the gardener felt! He hastened back to his master, and told him that the apples and pears were all from his own garden. But he would not believe it.

"It cannot be possible, Larsen. Can you get a written certificate of that from the fruit-dealer?" And that he could; and brought him a written certificate.

"That is certainly wonderful!" said the family.

And now every day were set on the table great dishes filled with beautiful apples and pears from their own garden; bushels and barrels of these fruits were sent to friends in the city and country, nay, were even sent abroad. It was exceedingly pleasant; but when they talked with the gardener they said that the last two seasons had been remarkably favorable for fruits, and that fruits had done well all over the country.

Some time passed. The family were at dinner at court. The next day the gardener was sent for. They had eaten melons at the royal table which they found very juicy and well-flavored; they came from his Majesty's green-house. "You must go and see the court-gardener, and let him give you some seeds of those melons."

"But the gardener at the court got his melon-seeds from us," said the gardener, highly delighted.

"But then that man understands how to bring the fruit to a higher perfection," was the answer. "Each particular melon was delicious."

"Well, then, I really may feel proud," said the gardener. "I must tell your lordship that the gardener at the court did not succeed very well with his melons this year, and so, seeing how beautiful ours looked, he tasted them and ordered from me three of them for the castle."

"Larsen, do not pretend to say that those were melons from our garden."

"Really, I dare say as much," said the gardener, who went to the court-gardener and got from him a written certificate to the effect that the melons on the royal table were

from the manor. That was certainly a great surprise to the family, and they did not keep the story to themselves. Melon-seeds were sent far and wide, in the same way as had been done with the slips, which they were now hearing had begun to take, and to bear fruit of an excellent kind. The fruit was named after the manor, and the name was written in English, German, and French.

This was something they never had dreamed of.

"We are afraid that the gardener will come to think too much of himself," said they; but he looked on it in another way: what he wished was to get the reputation of being one of the best gardeners in the country, and to produce every year something exquisite out of all sorts of garden stuff, and that he did. But he often had to hear that the fruits which he first brought, the apples and pears, were after all the best. All other kinds of fruits were inferior to these. The melons, too, were very good, but they belonged to quite another species. His strawberries were very excellent, but by no means better than many others; and when it happened one year that his radishes did not succeed, they only spoke of them, and not of other good things he had made succeed.

It really seemed as if the family felt some relief in saying "It won't turn out well this year, little Larsen!" They seemed quite glad when they could say "It won't turn out well!"

The gardener used always twice a week to bring them fresh flowers, tastefully arranged, and the colors by his arrangements were brought out in stronger light.

"You have good taste, Larsen," said the owner, "but that is a gift from our Lord, not from yourself."

One day the gardener brought a great crystal vase with a floating leaf of a white water-lily, upon which was laid, with its long thick stalk descending into the water, a sparkling blue flower as large as a sunflower.

"The sacred lotos of Hindostan!" exclaimed the family. They had never seen such a flower; it was placed every day in the sunshine, and in the evening under artificial light. Every one who saw it found it wonderfully beautiful and rare; and that said the most noble young lady in the country, the wise and kind-hearted princess. The lord of the manor deemed it an honor to present her with the flower, and the princess took it with her to the castle. Now the master of the house went down to the garden to pluck another flower of the same sort, but he could

not find any. So he sent for the gardener, and asked him where he kept the blue lotos. "I have been looking for it in vain," said he. "I went into the conservatory, and round about the flower-garden."

"No, it is not there!" said the gardener. "It is nothing else than a common flower from the kitchen-garden, but do you not find it beautiful? It looks as if it was the blue cactus, and yet it is only a kitchen-herb. It is the flower of the artichoke!"

"You should have told us that at the time!" said the master. "We supposed of course that it was a strange and rare flower. You have made us ridiculous in the eyes of the young princess! She saw the flower in our house and thought it beautiful. She did not know the flower, and she is versed in botany, too, but then that has nothing to do with kitchen-herbs. How could you take it into your head, my good Larsen, to put such a flower up in our drawing-room? It makes us ridiculous."

And the magnificent blue flower from the kitchen-garden was turned out of the drawing-room, which was not at all the place for it. The master made his apology to the princess, telling her that it was only a kitchen-herb which the gardener had taken into his head to exhibit, but that he had been well reprimanded for it.

"That was a pity," said the princess, "for he has really opened our eyes to see the beauty of a flower in a place where we should not have thought of looking for it. Our gardener shall every day, as long as the artichoke is in bloom, bring one of them up into the drawing-room."

Then the master told his gardener that he might again bring them a fresh artichoke-flower. "It is, after all, a very nice flower," said he, "and a truly remarkable one." And so the gardener was praised again. "Larsen likes that," said the master; "he is a spoiled child."

In the autumn there came up a great gale, which increased so violently in the night that several large trees in the outskirts of the wood were torn up by the roots; and to the great grief of the household, but to the gardener's delight, the two big trees blew down, with all their birds'-nests on them. In the manor-house they heard during the storm the screaming of rooks and crows, beating their wings against the windows.

"Now I suppose you are happy, Larsen," said the master: "the storm has felled the trees, and the birds have gone off to the woods; there is nothing left from the good

old days; it is all gone, and we are very sorry for it."

The gardener said nothing, but he thought of what he long had turned over in his mind, how he could make that pretty sunny spot very useful, so that it could become an ornament to the garden and a pride to the family. The great trees which had been blown down had shattered the venerable hedge of box, that was cut into fanciful shapes.

Here he set out a multitude of plants that were not to be seen in other gardens. He made an earthen wall, on which he planted all sorts of native flowers from the fields and woods. What no other gardener had ever thought of planting in the manor-garden he planted, giving each its appropriate soil, and the plants were in sunlight or shadow according as each species required. He cared tenderly for them, and they grew up finely. The juniper-tree from the heaths of Jutland rose in shape and color like the Italian cypress; the shining, thorny Christ-thorn, as green in the winter's cold as in the summer's sun, was splendid to see. In the foreground grew ferns of various species: some of them looked as if they were children of the palm-tree; others, as if they were parents of the pretty plants called "Venus's golden locks" or "Maiden-hair." Here stood the despised burdock, which is so beautiful in its freshness that it looks well even in a bouquet. The burdock stood in a dry place, but below in the moist soil grew the colt's-foot, also a despised plant, but yet most picturesque, with its tall stem and large leaf. Like a candelabrum with a multitude of branches six feet high, and with flower over against flower, rose the mullein, a mere field plant. Here stood the woodroof and the lily of the valley, the

wild calla and the fine three-leaved wood-sorrel. It was a wonder to see all this beauty!

In the front grew in rows very small pear-trees from French soil, trained on wires. By plenty of sun and good care they soon bore as juicy fruits as in their own country. Instead of the two old leafless trees was placed a tall flag-staff, where the flag of Dannebrog was displayed; and near by stood another pole, where the hop-tendril in summer or harvest-time wound its fragrant flowers; but in winter-time, after ancient custom, oat-sheaves were fastened to it, that the birds of the air might find here a good meal in the happy Christmas-time.

"Our good Larsen is growing sentimental as he grows old," said the family; "but he is faithful, and quite attached to us."

In one of the illustrated papers there was a picture at New Year's of the old manor, with the flag-staff and the oat-sheaves for the birds of the air, and the paper said that the old manor had preserved that beautiful old custom, and deserved great credit for it.

"They beat the drum for all Larsen's doings," said the family. "He is a lucky fellow, and we may almost be proud of having such a man in our service."

But they were not a bit proud of it. They were very well aware that they were the lords of the manor; they could give Larsen warning, in fact, but they did not. They were good people, and fortunate it is for every Mr. Larsen that there are so many good people like them.

Yes, that is the story of the gardener and the manor. Now you may think a little about it.

LABOR AND CAPITAL IN MANUFACTURES.

SINCE the commencement of the present century an important change has taken place in regard to the mechanic trades, by which they have, to a large extent, been absorbed into vast manufacturing establishments, requiring of necessity a corresponding concentration of capital, and the employment of a large number of persons working for mere wages. This has given a new phase to the relations of labor and capital in one of the most extensive departments of production. The character of these relations is not indeed changed. It is still that of employer and employé; but the circumstances and con-

ditions under which the two parties are now brought together have been greatly altered.

Formerly, the independent blacksmith in the country village, with a journeyman and one or two apprentices, made all the ploughs, hoes, shovels, pitch-forks and other iron implements required in agriculture. He furnished nails, hinges, door-handles, and all the usual hardware appendages of a dwelling-house or other building; and he did this, not in working with iron fitted to his hand by the slitting or rolling mill, as might now be done, but by working the whole by hand out of bar-iron some three or four inches

wide and six or seven feet long,—a very tedious and laborious process. At present the farmers' tools and machines are constructed entirely in large factories devoted to the specific purpose; and the village smith has little more to do than keep them in repair. Even in shoeing horses, the most important part of his former business remaining to him, he finds the shoes and nails he once forged with great labor now fashioned ready to his hand.

The same is true of boot and shoe makers, numbers of whom were once found in every hamlet working in their little shops with knife, hammer, awl, and lapstone, furnishing their neighborhood with articles essential to comfort and convenience.

All this is changed. Every different kind of boot and shoe is now produced in large manufacturing establishments, not by hand labor, as formerly, but by the most powerful and effective machinery. The trade is totally revolutionized. The same may be said of almost any other mechanical trade. Ready-made clothing interferes immensely with the business of the old-fashioned tailor, while the cabinet-maker can now purchase his chairs, tables, sofas, bedsteads, etc., made in factories established for the purpose, cheaper than he can produce them himself, and the house builder finds his foreplane and jointer superseded by the planing-mill, and his doors, windows, and sashes made ready for his use.

This general change in the mechanic industries has caused an equally remarkable change in the condition of the laboring classes connected with them, who, instead of being isolated and independent, are now brought together in large masses and employed by wealthy private or corporate companies.

This has produced a new *organization of labor*—if we may use a term having no definite meaning and conveying no distinct idea, but which seems to have been adopted to express merely the general relations of the two great agents in production.

The change thus effected marks a new era, and opens a broad and rapidly extending field of competition between the great forces of modern civilization. From its magnitude and the high interests involved, it deserves a careful and impartial examination, as one of the most interesting economic problems of the age.

As an illustration of the nature of this change, the manner in which it has been effected and the results attained, we propose to give a history of the rise and progress

of one of the oldest and most extensive manufacturing establishments in the United States.

Something more than fifty years since, a young man went from his father's home to learn the trade of a shoemaker with one who had just commenced the manufacture of what were at that time known as "sale shoes," got up especially for the Southern market, and of a cheap and indifferent quality. In six months he had learned the trade sufficiently to command wages, and such was his industry and thrift that by the time he was twenty-three years of age he had accumulated five hundred dollars. With this sum he commenced business for himself, hiring a small house and shop for the purpose, employing a journeyman and apprentice, and working with them in making shoes. All was done by hand labor. When a few cases of goods were completed, they were carried to market, disposed of, more stock purchased, and the manufacture continued. This was repeated. Gradually, another and another workman was engaged, until at length this man found himself able to purchase a considerable estate and erect a shop of respectable size. He now took a brother into copartnership, and the business was so extended that in 1836 it amounted to some 100,000 dollars, the goods being sold to merchants in New York, Philadelphia, and the principal Southern cities.

In the fall of that fatal year commenced one of those periodical convulsions in the money market, unavoidable under a mixed and consequently fluctuating currency. Money became very scarce and difficult to be had, though never more abundant in quantity, and the banks stopped discounting. Of course, business men were cut off from their usual resources, and, of necessity, were unable to meet their engagements. Failures began to take place, and with the opening of 1837 general bankruptcy had spread throughout the Union. All the usual means for raising money or negotiating exchanges were destroyed; and at last the banks themselves succumbed.

Under these circumstances, the firm of which we are speaking assigned their property—everything they possessed—for the benefit of their creditors. An examination of their affairs showed they had been doing a successful business, and, if allowed to go on, might discharge all their obligations. An extension was therefore cordially granted, and all the debts of the concern, principal and interest, were paid, the business resumed, and largely extended;—all this, notwithstanding

the almost entire loss of its capital by the great collapse through which it had passed.

Constant growth and progress thereafter attended the operations of this firm up to 1861, when it had some half a million dollars intrusted to dealers in the Southern States, of which it was able to collect only a small part, owing to the civil war, the confiscation of Northern debts by the Confederate government, and the general breaking up of the banking system.

In consequence of this, the firm was again compelled to suspend. After a year or two of perplexing delay, caused by the condition of public affairs and the death of the senior partner, a compromise was effected, the entire assets of the firm, personal and partnership, being assigned for the benefit of its creditors. A discharge was obtained, the business again renewed and still further extended, the whole indebtedness paid off, with a considerable balance remaining to the partners.

From that time to the present this house has continued its operations and greatly enlarged its trade. Recently the junior of the two original partners died, and his share of the property was found to be about a quarter of a million of dollars. The establishment is now in the hands of two of the sons of the last-mentioned partner, and is one of the largest in the United States, using in every department the most powerful machinery, employing more than 1,000 hands, men, women, and children, and turning out some 6,000 pairs of boots and shoes per day, of so high a quality as to command the markets of the country. The value of the aggregate product is now, we believe, between two and three millions per annum.

With this brief statement of the origin and progress of this large business concern, of its varying fortunes and present condition, we are prepared to inquire as to the relations of labor and capital as connected with it. Before doing so, however, we would observe that there is nothing remarkable in the character of this house or its operations, except in degree. Its history, in all its characteristics and incidents, is essentially that of manufacturing establishments generally, especially those which have been created and carried on by individual effort. It is peculiar only for its long duration and large extent, and for having had in its career greater vicissitudes, and having met them with more success than would be found perhaps in a majority of cases. It is, nevertheless, we shall insist, a fair sample of the manufacturing industry

of the country; and as such may be properly presented as an illustration of our subject.

What then has been the result of the operations of this concern to the community in which it is located, and the individuals by whose muscular power, aided by their ingenuity, all this has been realized?

And first, of the community—the town in which the establishment is situated. Its population has trebled, its valuation, or aggregate wealth, has increased tenfold, and a few scattered dwellings have become a large and handsome village with four churches, an extensive hotel, a town-house of ample dimensions, and other fine buildings, public and private.

Of the permanent workmen, many of whom have been in service twenty, thirty, or, in some cases, forty years, nearly all are in comfortable circumstances, most of them residing upon estates of their own of the value of three to five thousand dollars. Several have retired from employment with from twenty to forty thousand dollars of their accumulations, and none are in a condition approaching poverty, except in those cases (few in number) where vices have destroyed manhood, or unavoidable misfortune has overtaken them.

From this statement it is obvious that the workmen have been liberally dealt with; and it is well known that the proprietors from the very start have been generous to those in their employ, almost to a fault; and have enjoyed to a remarkable extent their goodwill and respect.

In the earlier period of this enterprise the workmen were the sons of the neighboring farmers, who engaged in it for the good reason that they could obtain higher wages than in any other employment, and at the same time secure a more agreeable occupation and the advantage of greater social privileges. The change on their part was entirely voluntary, leaving a good position for one they deemed better.

That they were well treated would seem to be proved by the fact that for near half a century no quarrel or unpleasant difficulty ever arose between the firm and its workmen. All has been harmony, mutual satisfaction, and peace. The only exception to this state of things is of recent occurrence. A Crispin Lodge was lately formed (according to the fashion of the day) amongst the *employés*. It included, to a large extent, the veteran workmen, but the new-comers were the most numerous, and the greater part of foreign birth.

With this association a difficulty arose in this wise. Several of the members of the Lodge, soon after its formation, became dissatisfied with its proceedings, and, after paying up their past dues, withdrew from it and desired to be dismissed. The Society, however, would not permit this, but insisted that no one could be absolved from the oaths or obligations he had taken, and therefore, if he left the association, must quit his present employment. The absenting members continuing to work as before, a deputation was sent to the proprietors demanding the expulsion of these men from "the shop."

As the firm would accede to no such request, a strike took place, and business was mostly suspended for some five or six days. Finding their employers firm in their determination, the workmen at length returned to their posts without any concession to their demands.

This episode can hardly be considered an exception to the statement that the workmen have been uniformly satisfied with the manner in which they have been treated, because the strike was not for higher wages, shorter hours of labor, or any oppressive act on the part of their employers.

We have already shown that the capital for commencing the operations of this firm was earned "on the bench" by the founder of the house. As he proceeded in his business he required credit to obtain what stock he needed in his manufacture. This he readily obtained to any extent, because known to be a man of good character, free from bad habits, industrious, efficient, frugal.

Something further, however, was wanted as the business became extended.

Fifty years since, a long time was necessary to make shoes and get them into market. The manufacturer, to carry on much business, must be able to realize the cash for his goods soon after they were made; yet, according to the practice of those days, he must sell on a credit of at least six months, often nine. Here was a dilemma, but with good credit it was easily overcome. The paper received for the articles sold was taken to a bank, which was quite ready to give the money for it (discounting the interest and exchange), provided the indorsement of the firm was made upon it. Here again the character of the house for honesty and ability was brought into requisition; for the bank depended, to a large extent, upon the indorsers. So high was the standing of this firm, even in the earliest days of its exist-

ence, that within the personal knowledge of the writer its paper was regularly discounted although there might be a great pressure for money, thus giving it, in fact, the use of a large amount of the bank's capital. There was no favoritism in all this. The firm was steady in demand for discounts, had good business paper, on which the banks could legally charge exchange—in short, was a profitable customer. Why then should it not be accommodated? It was so, to the mutual advantage of both parties.

If this capital, then, from first to last, was honestly and honorably acquired, has any one occasion to complain that large wealth has been realized by those who used it? In what respect would any reformer desire that this operation should have been prevented or modified in the interests of labor? At what point in its history should government have interfered by its enactments to procure a better result? Is there any element of despotism, monopoly, or oppression in all this?

It may still be urged, perhaps, that "however truthful these statements may be, the fact still remains, that a few have been made rich by the profits realized upon the industry of a large number of persons by whose labor all this has been achieved—that the disparity between the employers and the employed is very great."

True, but how could it well be otherwise? By what arrangement could a more favorable issue have been secured? To bring it about, the constant labor of the two original partners was required for a period of forty years. To this object they consecrated the morning of their days, pursued it with rare devotion and earnestness, and thus laid the foundation of a successful career, and an honorable, independent old age. This they had a right to do. Were they not wise in doing it?

But further, these men not only commenced with those economical habits indispensable to success, but retained them through life. Had they, as many often do, when a profitable business has been established, enlarged their personal expenditures proportionally, by building costly residences and setting up fashionable equipages, they would have been illy prepared to meet the great commercial crises through which they were obliged to pass. Their rigid economy had therefore as large a share in securing their success as their industry; and it is a matter worthy of honorable record, that one of the original partners, recently deceased, lived at the time of his death in the same house in which he commenced his married life.

It may perhaps still be asked whether this firm, in strict justice, ought not to have distributed a part of its profits annually to its workmen?

The sufficient answer to this is, that, had it done so to any considerable extent, it could never have discharged its indebtedness and resumed business effectively after the great revulsion of 1837, for, as it was, that appalling catastrophe swept off nearly everything the firm possessed, and it had little left but its reputation for integrity and capacity. The great monetary crisis of 1857, too, required all the capital previously accumulated to enable it to confront successfully that general suspension of the banks and the shock given to the credit of the country. Much the same may be said of the disastrous consequences of the late war. How, without a very large surplus, could this firm, with its immense amount of suspended and confiscated paper, have been able to recover itself and continue its operations successfully? The security of the laborer, in this as in all similar cases, depended upon a large accumulation of capital in the hands of his employer.

And here it is but just to call attention to the fact, that all of the reverses alluded to were occasioned by no fault on the part of those who suffered from them, but were the natural result of a defective monetary system in 1837 and 1857, and of a war in 1861, for neither of which, certainly, were business men responsible.

The question of the rate of profits is often started in connection with the relations of labor and capital. If profits are exorbitant, the laborer suffers; because he is a consumer as well as producer, and we may therefore properly inquire whether the firm whose business we are considering charged a higher rate than, in justice to other parties, was right and equal. The question, however, has been virtually answered already, since it clearly appears that if, to any considerable extent, a less profit had been realized, the house could not have met the terrific revulsions of 1837, 1857, and 1861, discharged their obligations, and continued their operations; and certainly every business firm is bound in honor to do all that, if possible. Besides this view of the matter, it is quite certain, from our knowledge of the case, that the average per centum of net profit realized during the period in question, say from 1821 to 1861, could not have been more than five per cent. on the business transacted, below which rate no one can be expected to incur the risks and responsibilities of trade. Since

the latter-mentioned period, especially from 1863 to 1868, profits have been unusually large as compared with any previous period, so that nominal accumulations have been greater under the present standard of value than previously. What they will be, however, when a normal condition of monetary affairs is restored, the future alone can disclose; certain it is, however, that, had the intervention of law compelled the payment of higher wages or a reduction of profits in the present case, the creditors of the concern must have suffered from the monetary revulsions to which we have referred, and have lost whatever the others had gained.

As the circumstances were, the workmen passed through these great revulsions unscathed, and were ready, when the storm was over, to commence again with all they had previously acquired. Not so with their employers, for, at the end of forty years from the commencement of their business, they had little left but the prestige of their high reputation and their widely-extended business connections. Of these none of the vicissitudes of trade could deprive them, and with these they have been enabled to enter upon an almost unexampled career of prosperity.

Besides the foregoing considerations, may we not well take notice of the obvious fact, that, while these employers may have amassed large wealth, the aggregate accumulations of those they employed amount to a sum at least equally great. Though impossible to get the precise data, the fact is patent, that the united properties of the *employés* must be quite equal to that of their employers. Both parties, labor and capital, have, in fact, been highly prosperous, notwithstanding the severe reverses to which the latter have been subjected. Each party was indispensable to the other—the one to manage the great machine, and take its risks; the other to attend its operations, and receive its compensation without hazard.

In what respect, then, can such a business firm be regarded as objectionable? It is indeed a vast concentration of power, yet it is but the simple result of individual enterprise and perseverance, the achievement, mainly, of two men who, while building up the immense establishment, never ignored or neglected their duties as good citizens, but cheerfully contributed to all objects of public or private charity.

Clearly, there is nothing of monopoly here, no antagonism between employers and employed, or between the interests of the many and the few. The success of these

men was as advantageous to the community around them as to themselves. The general wealth increased as greatly as that of the firm by whose enterprise, skill and perseverance its industry was directed. What was wrong in all this? By what legislation could a better result have been attained? This is the point at which we arrive, because it is the laboring point at the present day, when so much anxiety is felt in regard to the "encroachments of capital"—when so many propositions are made for a better "organization of labor" by force of law, and when property is declared to be "a theft—a crime."

But still it may be inquired, with just and fearful emphasis, has labor no cause for complaint? Have those who toil a just share of the general product? Have those by whose labor all wealth is produced as many of the good things of this life as they are entitled to? We answer, certainly not. They have good cause for dissatisfaction and disquietude; but that cause is not to be found in the natural business relations of labor and capital. It is extraneous to these.

The true issues are not at all between labor and capital, but between labor and society—between the workingman and the laws under which he lives and acts. These

oppress him, these bear with cruel effect upon him. When he sees this, his attention will be turned in the right direction for a remedy. At present he is on a wrong scent, and, until he discovers his mistake, must, like blind Samson, grind in the prison-house. When he does discover from what source his wrongs proceed, he will have no difficulty whatever in redressing them, for, under a popular government, the power is entirely with the majority, and that majority consists of the laboring producing classes, who can therefore certainly obtain everything they ask for that is truly for their interests; and their interests being in harmony with the interests of capital, and both being identical with those of the nation, the general welfare is certain to be secured whenever these relations come to be correctly understood. Nothing more is wanted.

We do not propose, at this time, to show what the social wrongs and oppressions of labor are. Our object has been to prove that labor and capital may work together with perfect harmony of interests, that the capitalist is not in virtue of his position, as some would make us believe, "A TYRANT," nor the laborer who receives wages, as many insist, "A SLAVE."

HEBE'S JUMBLES.

"TWELVE, thirteen, *fourteen*—just enough; Oh, I *am* so glad!" said Hebe Gladney, gathering up that fortunate number of pennies and giving them a miserly rattle. "A pound of white sugar will be just fourteen cents, and I can work out the eggs and flour."

Having made this satisfactory financial review, she addressed herself to the broken bit of looking-glass on the wall, and finished braiding her hair. Auburn braids look well, passed, circlet fashion, around a small head, brought close to the forehead and tied with a knot of blue ribbon. Hebe acknowledged it, and gave an innocent little sigh of satisfaction. She was very tired. Her cheeks had an uncomfortable flush, as different from their morning freshness as a pink morning-glory just opening, dewy, well-poised, responding to the lightest currents of air, is unlike its same pink drooping self at noon. She had weeded the garden and scrubbed the pantry-shelves from top to bottom, besides her ordinary round of kitchen work.

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"Aunt Liza knew I wanted to make something for the donation party, and she locked up the sugar and let the fire go out on purpose!" and Hebe gathered up the pennies, twitched her sun-bonnet from the wall, crept softly through the kitchen and garden, climbed the fence, and took the shortest cut to the village store.

Miss Liza Stebbins had not locked up the sugar accidentally; there was method in her madness always. As she turned the key that morning she said to herself, with grim satisfaction, "There! whether it's crullers, or waffles, or gooseberry-tarts that minx has got on her mind to make, I reckon they'll *stay* on her mind. Minister Bliss and his donation party ain't going to gorge on my buttery; when he's eat some of his own words to me, sauce and all, it will be time to think of coddling him like the other girls in the church," and Miss Stebbins tossed her head with a virtuous air that plainly admitted no compromise with the Delilahs of the parish; and, flouncing through the kitchen, she

scowled at her little grand-niece Hebe, who was up to her pretty elbows in flour over the kneading-bowl.

The painful inference here asserts itself, that Miss Stebbins was in a highly inflamed state of mind toward her spiritual shepherd. And yet time was when the new minister counted no disciple more ardent and devoted than Miss Stebbins. She paved his way to dyspepsia with pies of deadly pastry, and then deluged him with boneset-tea. She worked book-marks for him on ribbons of all imaginable hues, which taken collectively formed a complete concordance of the word *Love*; she was in herself a perennial donation party, until rumor had it that she was ready to donate herself and all her charms to the minister on the slightest provocation. It never came, however. On the contrary, Mr. Bliss cut himself off from further pastry tributes by making Miss Stebbins a pastoral call, and mildly reproving her for slandering Miss Marsh, the district-school teacher.

"Love thinketh no evil," said Mr. Bliss on that memorable call, as if suggesting a text for a book-mark, which she had overlooked.

"If some folks is minded to walk in blinders and tongue-tied all their life, they're welcome to,—I believe in seeing truth, and speaking truth," replied Miss Stebbins.

"My friend," said Mr. Bliss, with tender solemnity, "look into the hearts of men with eyes as clear and piercing as our Lord's, but beware of failing to see the good He saw, and beware of passing judgments less loving and charitable than His."

Four Sundays had passed, and Hebe was the only worshiper in Miss Stebbins's pew. She sat there with her soul in her eyes and her eyes on the minister, her round cheek flushing and paling as she joined in the hymns; and once, when she lifted her head after the last prayer, the minister himself remarked the tremulous lips and wet lashes, and wondered what they meant.

"I tell you, wife, I shouldn't be s'prised if the sperit was working in that young Heby," remarked Deacon Biddle, going home from church.

"Father, it's my belief it's an evil sperit, and that sperit is Liza Stebbins," replied his wife, emphatically.

Of course rumor was not dumb on the subject of Miss Stebbins's sudden withdrawal from sanctuary privileges; it made shrewd guesses at the truth, and it looked forward to the donation party as a test occasion: "If she holds out against That, we may as well give her up," was the village conclusion.

This was a wretched time for Hebe. She loved the meeting-house and minister with all her innocent heart, and she could not bear to feel that a shadow had fallen on their pew, excommunicating them, as it were, from the sunlight of God's favor.

And then to give up the party—all its fun and merry-making, the loaded table, the smell of coffee over the whole house, the dazzling brilliancy of lamps everywhere, the good old games of blind-man's-buff and fox-and-geese,—and then to put such an open slight on the minister! Oh, it was heart-breaking; and Hebe decided on her knees,—she had a way of solving such little problems of life in the middle of her prayers,—that go she would, and with full hands, too. Then she wound up with the petition,—hardly to be found in the prayer-book,—that Aunt Liza's heart might be moved to let her make some jumbles.

The next day, however, doubting whether Providence intended to interfere in the matter of the jumbles, Hebe came to the desperate resolve, as we have seen, of investing her entire worldly fortune in sugar. She came softly up the garden-walk, swinging her sun-bonnet by the strings, and carrying fourteen cents worth of sweetness under her apron. Her forces were quickly brought together and arranged on the buttery shelf—flour, sugar, milk, and great eggs with transparent shells. From that moment the jumbles were foregone conclusions. Looking at the preparations and the hands beating up the eggs so deftly, I should have said: There is the most delicious batch of jumbles you ever tasted! and if you had asked, Where?—I should have replied, chaotically but confidently: Oh, in the sugar and things, but mostly, I guess, in Hebe's fingers.

Through the open window came little puffs of air, faint and sweet as a baby's breath, and fooled with the rings of hair about her face, until she brushed them back with her floury hands, giving herself quite unconsciously the look of a modern belle.

The cakes came out of the oven, round and golden, spotted here and there with sugary eyes where sugar bubbles had burst. "There!" said Hebe, with a sigh of immense relief as she stacked up the cakes by the window and spread a white napkin over them; "its all come true—what Mr. Bliss says about God's using our fingers to answer our prayers with. I shouldn't wonder if He had put Aunt Stebbins asleep on purpose."

Aunt Stebbins at that moment was sniffing the fragrance of fresh-baked cake through a

crack in the kitchen door, and gaining all the baleful knowledge which that rather limited avenue of light afforded to one eye; and these were the words that fell slowly and vengefully from the thin lips—"I'll be even with her—the hussy!"

Hebe ran up to her little back room, a very poor place—until she entered it. She put back the curtain from the west window, and sat down on a stool, in the level sunshine. The sun was dropping towards the horizon through fathoms of misty blue and golden haze, and the tranquil air was sweet with old-fashioned pinks and flowering-currant. Hebe was sensitive to beauty always, wide-awake to the charms of common things; not that a flower or a sunset was of any commercial value to her, for she was absolutely incapable of tinging sentiment with the rose of a sunset or embalming it in the scent of a violet. But her instincts were fine and true, and they led her to appropriate, for their own sake, sweets of sound, scent, and color wherever she found them. Ordinarily, that is; at present, worn with the fatigue of the day, her head dropped on her crossed arms; and, as she slept, the old apple-tree just outside the window dropped a few of its wealth of blossoms on the auburn hair.

And as she slept, Miss Liza Stebbins down below was getting "even with her."

"Here comes Hebe Gladney, girls; and with a donation too, as you're alive!" whispered Cinthy Crane.

"Well now, Hebe, it's good to see your bonny face," said Mother Biddle, bustling forward, and giving her a comprehensive kiss that made you think of a sunflower smacking a peach-blossom. "And ain't Miss Stebbins come?" questioned Mrs. Biddle.

"No, ma'am," said Hebe, hesitating and sorrowful.

"There, girls; didn't I tell you Lizzy Stebbins was mortal mad at the minister?" said Miss Crane, not too softly for Hebe's ears.

"There's beauties, Mr. Bliss!" exclaimed Mrs. Biddle, cheerily, catching the minister's coat as he was passing, and lifting the napkin from Hebe's basket; "you can always count on something good from Miss Stebbins's oven."

Oh, how Hebe blessed the dear soul, in her heart, for that speech!

"Your aunt made 'em, dear?"

"N-no—I made them," said Hebe, devoutly wishing that the tip of Miss Stebbins's little finger had touched the dough, so that she might divide the honors with her.

"La! Mr. Bliss, off with you now, not a

jumble till supper-time," cried the good woman, holding the basket above her head;—"you must save your appetite for the substantives," she added, unconscious of the arid grammatical prospect to which she doomed a hungry man.

"Ah, if you knew on what small rations my housekeeper has kept me for the last week, starving me on anticipations of to-night," pleaded Mr. Bliss, pathetically, but Mother Biddle trotted off to the supper room, laughing and shaking a fat finger at him.

Oh, the jollity and good-fellowship attending an old-fashioned donation party—that compromise between meanness and generosity, that parody on justice, that raven-like method of feeding starving Elijahs! All day the goodly stores pour in: now a load of smooth-skinned hickory that made Squire Treat's eyes water in the loading; now a white hen whose glossy feathers some little maid kissed before sending it to the minister; now a barrel of flour, and a bag of coffee, and packages of groceries, until the parsonage appears to be in a stage of siege. Then the delightful bustle, the boiler of coffee, steaming up fragrance, the mothers in Israel, hanging over the groaning supper table and wedging in one more plate of goodies, where, to any eye but that of faith, there was not room for a fairy's tea-cup.

"Friends, we will ask what we all need—God's blessing." Mr. Bliss stood, with lifted hand, at the head of the table.

The hum of voices was hushed, the laugh and the joke died on the lips, and all heads, young and old, were reverently bowed while he prayed that Love might not be an absent guest, but that, sitting at one board, they all might be of one heart and of one mind.

"Now, Mr. Bliss, I know you're hankering after one of Hebe's jumbles," said Mrs. Biddle when the meal had reached a stage that justified an attack on the cake.

"Thank you; remembering past famine, I'll take two," said the minister, beaming on Hebe over Deacon Biddle's shoulder.

That little speech created a demand for jumbles that stopped only with the supply. But alas for Hebe! her eager eyes fastened on the minister, caught him in the act of making up the wryest of faces. At the same instant Deacon Biddle, who had taken at a bite two-thirds of a cake, turned purple, gurgling and sputtering alarmingly: "Bless the man!" cried his wife, promptly doubling him over one stout arm and thumping his back with all the strength of the other. A small boy between the Deacon's legs, concluding

that boys were fallen on evil times when vengeance was overtaking deacons, took a lightening review of his sins, gave himself up for lost, and sent up a lamentable wail.

"It's that horrid stuff!" cried several candid spirits, and fragments of the cake were dropped on floor and table with small ceremony.

"Who would have thought the young heart could be so desp'rit wicked as to salt donation jumbles!" sighed an old lady.

"It's worthy of a sheep in wolf's clothing, that it is," said Cinthy Crane, too righteously indignant to mind her metaphors.

Blind with shame and burning tears, Hebe slipped unnoticed through the door, picking up on the way a bit of the discarded cake,—it was as salt as Lot's wife! Hardly knowing where she went, she ran down the garden walk and flung herself into an old rustic seat:

"I see it all," she sobbed; "the hateful thing! she found them out when I was asleep, and made another batch just like excepting salt for sugar. And now she's eating up my cakes and crowing over me; and then to put such an insult on the minister;" and Hebe, frightened at the violence of her sobs and the catching pain at her heart, tried to still herself.

"Why, Hebe—my child—" and the minister laid a tender hand on her heaving shoulder. With a sense of disappointment in the girl and pity for the silly joke, as he thought it, he had searched the room for her, and as he stepped to the door for a moment's respite from the clamor of the supper room, her sobs betrayed her refuge to him.

"O sir, I will go home,—I ought to have gone at once," and Hebe sprang up and ran to the gate.

But the minister was at her side before she touched the latch: "Not till you have told me your trouble, dear child. I have a right to your confidence, as you have a right at all times to my love and sympathy."

"And you don't—hate me?" faltered Hebe, yielding a little cold palm into the minister's hand.

"Not altogether," he laughed.

He led her back to the seat,—the great syringa-bush over it was in its sweet white prime of flowering. There, nestling up to him like a grieved child, she told him the true story of the jumbles, omitting only the sacrifice of the fourteen cents.

"But to have everybody think that I meant to vex you,"—with a little catch in the breath—"when I love you better than any of them do—even old Deacon Biddle."

"Better than Deacon Biddle?"

"Oh, ever so much! I have wished," said Hebe, laughing softly in the fullness of her happy confidence, "fifty times, that I was your little daughter to dust your books, and pray for you all day long,—but I can do *that*, now."

"And do you, Hebe?" the minister's voice was broken.

"Yes, sir," said Hebe.

"If there ain't the minister settin' under the syringy-bush with Hebe Gladney," exclaimed Miss Crane, making a double-barreled spy-glass of her hands, and gazing out of the window as if the sight had a horrible fascination for her.

"Can't somethin' be done, Deacon Biddle?"

"Wa'al, yes," said the Deacon, squaring his elbow and indulging in that peculiarly mellow gurgle of his; "s'posin you take my arm, Miss Cinthy, and we'll walk down and take a swing on the gate to show them how ketching is a bad example. Shall we, ma?"

Whereat Mother Biddle laughed—a mellow laugh in its way, too—and said, "Don't mind his chaff, Cinthy," but Miss Crane had flounced away to sow the seeds of scandal in more congenial soil.

"And you will not go in with me, Hebe, and let me explain it to the people? I will shield your aunt as much as possible," urged Mr. Bliss.

But Hebe shrank from facing them again that night; and if he would be so good as to tell them, she would run home alone.

At the gate,—he followed her so far,—she said timidly, "I don't know how I dared to tell you all my heart, sir; but it was so full, and you were so kind—so kind;" the happy tears were glistening in Hebe's eyes.

"I understand you, little daughter."

As he stooped, the moonlight showed him a tremulous sweet mouth held innocently up to him, but he only kissed her forehead. "Good-night, little daughter," and he laid his hand in blessing on her head.

As she sped away down the narrow path—so narrow that her dress wiped the dew from the faces of daisies and dandelions—he watched her with a new warmth at his heart, and a sense of purity, as if the earth had taken a baptismal vow of holiness upon its lips, and the stars were registering it.

As for Hebe, she fairly flew homeward, too light-hearted to walk. The door was open. Miss Stebbins was wrapped in invisibility if not in slumber, and the child crept to her room and to bed, like a bird with a new song

in its throat, which it must wait till morning to practice. She tried to measure this new happiness, to assure herself of its reality, to feel again each thrill of utter comfort and content, from the first touch of his hand upon her shoulder—such a strong and gentle hand—to his fatherly kiss. And she was to be his little daughter, always! But suddenly her new happiness crumbled in her hands to dust,—the change came in a breath;—Hebe was only fifteen, but she blushed the blushes and wept the tears of twenty-one, as she hid her face in the pillow from the moonlight.

The next day Mr. Bliss and Miss Crane met upon Miss Stebbins's door-step; not by design,—far from it. However prone the minister might be to clandestine meetings under syringa bushes, Miss Crane could not accuse him of seeking *tête-à-têtes* with herself. It would be uncharitable to suspect that this made her a keener moral detective or sharpened her sense of virtue.

Hebe ushered them into Miss Stebbins's parlor, to which shortly descended that lady with an enigmatical expression on her face. She bowed frigidly to Mr. Bliss, who said with perfect cordiality:

"We missed you from our party last night, Miss Stebbins."

"I was cleaning the communion silver, Mr. Bliss. I may be unworthy of communion myself, but I hope I do my duty by the silver," replied the lady, severely.

The silver, which at Miss Stebbins's own request had been confided to her care for the year, was in danger of being refined quite away, for, according to her own account, its cleaning was the business and pleasure of her life.

"I thank you, on behalf of the church," said Mr. Bliss, and then conversation languished.

Miss Crane had come expressly to tell Miss Stebbins of the minister's "goings on" with Hebe. Miss Stebbins was burning to hear the results of her malice, for Hebe's lips had been sealed on the subject all day.

"Hebe," said the minister abruptly, "get your hat, please; I want your opinion about the parsonage flower-beds."

"Hebe's got an afternoon's ironing to do," said Miss Stebbins, sharply.

"Very well; my housekeeper will gladly come over and help you. I cannot wait, Hebe," turning to the girl, who stood in an agony of hope and fear in the door-way. That shade of authority gave wings to her feet as she mounted the stairs, and nerved

her to walk off with the minister under the indignant noses of the two maiden ladies.

"Well, I never!" ejaculated Miss Stebbins, peering through the blinds at the pair, and trembling with rage; "Of all owdacious men, a minister is the owdaciousest,—the minx! walkin' off under my very eyes."

"Ah, if you knew *all*, Lizzy," said Miss Crane, mournfully.

"All! If there's anything worse, I'd like to hear it," exclaimed the other, with unconscious sincerity.

"Don't ask me; if it was anybody but your own niece I might have the heart to tell it."

"O, I can bear it. I'm prepared for the worst."

"Well, what does Hebe do, when we was all at table, but sneak out o'doors, winking of course to Mr. Bliss on the way, and what does he do, in the middle of one of Deacon Biddle's stories, but foller her on; and *where*, do you suppose? To the *Syringy bush*! I never should have suspicioned such a thing myself, but when I see them setting there together it told the whole story. And there they set and they set, till folks were inquiring after the minister. I told all I could, as was my Christian duty, but not a sinner of 'em went out to put a stop to it. Bimeby they walked off down the walk, and stood mooning at the gate I s'pose, for of all shining faces that ever you saw, his was the shiniest when he come in. She went home, of course, being ashamed to show her face after such goings on."

Miss Stebbins's cup of bitterness was not quite brimmed,—she had yet to learn, as soon as Miss Crane recovered breath, that the cake plot was an utter failure, since Mr. Bliss had made a neat apology for the absent Hebe, which had called forth a hearty cheer from the company, led by the Deacon himself and effectively sustained by the small boy, who had recovered his spirits.

"The next time Hebe Gladney goes a-walkin' with Minister Bliss, she leaves my roof," said Miss Stebbins, with deadly emphasis.

Meantime the minister and Hebe had strolled to the parsonage gate—were passing it, indeed—when she said, timidly, "Your flower-beds, sir."

"Why, certainly," he answered; "we need not go in,"—leaning over the fence abstractedly. "What is your idea of a bed in the middle of that grass-plot?"

"Why, sir, you told me you had planted cypress-vine seeds there."

"So I did!" said the minister; and after a pause, "How would verbenas look climbing up the sides of the stoop?"

"O dear, very nice if they could, but they only *creep*," laughed Hebe.

"Well, well, I see I am not fit even to make suggestions. Just draw a little plan of two or three beds, with the varieties of flowers suited to them, and I will work it out. Now I want to walk you across the fields to the bend in the brook where there are more violets than you could press in my library."

It was a strange walk. Hebe thought of the times she had walked from Sunday-school with him, talking of the lesson and the little duties to which it pointed, and wondered why that should be so different from going to look at violets. The very grass had a strange feeling under her feet; and what a monstrous thing seemed a style to get over, when the minister, of whom one stands in so much awe for all his kindness, is holding out a helpful hand! At the second stile he stopped, ensconced Hebe in a sunny angle of the rail-fence, and said, in answer to her questioning look,

"Hebe, I must take it back—the name I gave you last night."

"Yes," said Hebe, "I know it."

An assent so ready, and given in a tone of such quiet, sad conviction, took him quite aback. Nature had stolen a march on the minister, and revealed this thing to the girl by one of those flashes of perception that reveal new truths so absolutely in all their bearings and sequences to the soul, that it accepts them without surprise.

"You know it, Hebe—how?"

"I feel it; I can't—tell—" said the girl, quivering, and peeling the lichens from the fence.

It was infinitely worse than saying the

catechism to him,—only the catechist himself seemed strangely at a loss for the next question.

"Shall I answer for you?—O child! if the little daughter of last night might some time—in years to come—be happy as my little wife—"

I think Hebe will never forget just how, when one is half blind with joy, the yellow disc of a dandelion swells into a golden mushroom, and how a lark lifts the happy heart to heaven on a thread of song.

For Spring was everywhere,—a tiny cupful of Spring in every buttercup,—a nestful of it wherever married birds were beginning life; but nowhere such radiant, perfect Spring as in Hebe's eyes.

"It is only a relic of college vanity, and has no associations but those we give it now," said the minister, slipping a thin gold ring from his finger to Hebe's; "large, isn't it? Well, it will stand the better for two things: that you can never get outside the circle of my love, and yet—you see how easily it slips off—it must never bind you to a mistake."

The small finger has been growing since then,—growing quite to the measure of the golden circle; and it has found out no mistake as yet. Only lately, walking through the same fields, Hebe said,

"See what a good fit it is!"

"Perfect," said the minister; "and this is a good quiet place to practice in. Let me see,—'With all my worldly goods I thee endow.'—"

"I'm glad I shall not have to promise that," broke in Hebe, with a mischievous twinkle.

"And why so, pray, Hebe Bliss?"

"Because I couldn't; didn't I put my last cent into those jumbles, sir?"

WHAT IS YOUR CULTURE TO ME?*

TWENTY-ONE years ago in this house I heard a voice, calling me to ascend the platform, and there to stand and deliver. The voice was the voice of President North; the language was an excellent imitation of that used by Cicero and Julius Caesar. I remember the flattering invitation—it is the classic tag that clings to the graduate long after he has forgotten the gender of the nouns that

end in *um*—*orator proximus*, the grateful voice said, *ascendat, videlicet*, and so forth. To be proclaimed an orator, and an ascending orator, in such a sonorous tongue, in the face of a world waiting for orators, stirred one's blood like the herald's trumpet when the lists are thrown open. Alas! for most of us, who crowded so eagerly into the arena, it was the last appearance as orators on any stage.

The facility of the world for swallowing up orators, and company after company of

* Delivered before the Alumni of Hamilton College, Clinton, N. Y., Wednesday, June 26.

educated young men, has been remarked. But it is almost incredible to me now that the class of 1851, with its classic sympathies and its many revolutionary ideas, disappeared in the flood of the world so soon and so silently, causing scarcely a ripple in the smoothly flowing stream. I suppose the phenomenon has been repeated for twenty years. Do the young gentlemen at Hamilton, I wonder, still carry on their ordinary conversation in the Latin tongue, and their familiar vacation correspondence in the language of Aristophanes? I hope so. I hope they are more proficient in such exercises than the young gentlemen of twenty years ago were, for I have still great faith in a culture that is so far from any sordid aspiration as to approach the ideal; although the young graduate is not long in learning that there is an indifference in the public mind with regard to the First Aorist that amounts nearly to apathy, and that millions of his fellow-creatures will probably live and die without the consolations of the Second Aorist. It is a melancholy fact that after a thousand years of missionary effort, the vast majority of civilized men do not know that *gerunds* are found only in the singular number.

I confess that this failure of the annual graduating class to make its expected impression on the world has its pathetic side. Youth is credulous—as it always ought to be—and full of hope—else the world were dead already—and the graduate steps out into life with an ingenuous self-confidence in his resources. It is to him an event, this turning point in the career of what he feels to be an important and immortal being. His entrance is public and with some dignity of display. For a day the world stops to see it; the newspapers spread abroad a report of it, and the modest scholar feels that the eyes of mankind are fixed on him in expectation and desire. Though modest, he is not insensible to the responsibility of his position. He has only packed away in his mind the wisdom of the ages, and he does not intend to be stingy about communicating it to the world which is awaiting his graduation. Fresh from the communion with great thoughts in great literatures, he is in haste to give mankind the benefit of them, and lead it on into new enthusiasm and new conquests.

The world, however, is not very much excited. The birth of a child is in itself marvelous, but it is so common. Over and over again, for hundreds of years, these young gentlemen have been coming forward with their specimens of learning tied up in neat

little parcels, all ready to administer, and warranted to be of the purest materials. The world is not unkind, it is not even indifferent, but it must be confessed that it does not act any longer as if it expected to be enlightened. It is generally so busy that it does not even ask the young gentlemen what they can do, but leaves them standing with their little parcels, wondering when the person will pass by who requires one of them, and when there will happen a little opening in the procession into which they can fall. They expected that way would be made for them with shouts of welcome, but they find themselves before long struggling to get even a standing-place in the crowd—it is only Kings, and the nobility, and those fortunates who dwell in the tropics, where bread grows on trees and clothing is unnecessary, who have reserved seats in this world.

To the majority of men, I fancy that literature is very much the same that history is; and history is presented as a museum of antiquities and curiosities, classified, arranged, and labelled. One may walk through it as he does through the Hotel de Cluny; he feels that he ought to be interested in it, but it is very tiresome. Learning is regarded in like manner as an accumulation of literature, gathered into great store-houses called libraries—the thought of which excites great respect in most minds, but is ineffably tedious. Year after year and age after age it accumulates—this evidence and monument of intellectual activity—piling itself up in vast collections, which it needs a lifetime even to catalogue, and through which the uncultured walk as the idle do through the British museum, with no very strong indignation against Omar who burnt the library at Alexandria.

To the popular mind this vast accumulation of learning in libraries or in brains, that do not visibly apply it, is much the same thing. The business of the scholar appears to be this sort of accumulation; and the young student, who comes to the world with a little portion of this treasure, dug out of some classic tomb or mediæval museum, is received with little more enthusiasm than is the miraculous handkerchief of St. Veronica by the crowd of Protestants to whom it is exhibited on Holy Week in St. Peter's. The historian must make his museum live again; the scholar must vivify his learning with a present purpose.

It is unnecessary for me to say that all this is only from the unsympathetic and worldly side. I should think myself a criminal if I said anything to chill the enthusiasm

of the young scholar, or to dash with any scepticism his longing and his hope. He has chosen the highest. His beautiful faith and his aspiration are the light of life. Without his fresh enthusiasm and his gallant devotion to learning, to art, to culture, the world would be dreary enough. Through him comes the ever-springing inspiration in affairs. Baffled at every turn and driven defeated from an hundred fields, he carries victory in himself. He belongs to a great and immortal army. Let him not be discouraged at his apparent little influence, even though every sally of every young life may seem like a forlorn hope. No man can see the whole of the battle. It must needs be that regiment after regiment, trained, accomplished, gay and high with hope, shall be sent into the field, marching on, into the smoke, into the fire, and be swept away. The battle swallows them, one after the other, and the foe is yet unyielding, and the ever-remorseless trumpet calls for more and more. But not in vain, for some day, and every day, along the line, there is a cry, "they fly, they fly," and the whole army advances, and the flag is planted on an ancient fortress where it never waved before. And, even if you never see this, better than inglorious camp-following is it to go in with the wasting regiment; to carry the colors up the slope of the enemy's works, though the next moment you fall and find a grave at the foot of the glacis.

What are the relations of culture to common life, of the scholar to the day-laborer? What is the value of this vast accumulation of higher learning, what is its point of contact with the mass of humanity, that toils and eats and sleeps and reproduces itself and dies, generation after generation, in an unvarying round, on an unvarying level? We have had discussed lately the relation of culture to religion. Mr. Froude, with a singular, reactionary ingenuity, has sought to prove that the progress of the century, so-called, with all its material alleviations, has done little in regard to a happy life, to the pleasure of existence, for the average individual Englishman. Into neither of these inquiries do I purpose to enter; but we may not unprofitably turn our attention to a subject closely connected with both of them.

It has not escaped your attention that there are indications everywhere of what may be called a ground-swell. There is not simply an inquiry as to the value of classic culture, a certain jealousy of the schools where it is obtained, a rough popular contempt for the

graces of learning, a failure to see any connection between the first aorist and the rolling of steel rails, but there is arising an angry protest against the conditions of a life which make one free of the serene heights of thought and give him range of all intellectual countries, and keep another at the spade and the loom, year after year, that he may earn food for the day and lodging for the night. In our day the demand here hinted at has taken more definite form and determinate aim, and goes on, visible to all men, to unsettle society and change social and political relations. The great movement of labor, extravagant and preposterous as are some of its demands, demagogic as are most of its leaders, fantastic as are many of its theories, is nevertheless real, and gigantic, and full of a certain primeval force, and with a certain justice in it that never sleeps in human affairs, but moves on, blindly often and destructively often, a movement cruel at once and credulous, deceived and betrayed, and revenging itself on friends and foes alike. Its strength is in the fact that it is natural and human; it might have been predicted from a mere knowledge of human nature, which is always restless in any relations it is possible to establish, which is always like the sea, seeking a level, and never so disappointed as when anything like a level is approximated.

What is the relation of the scholar to the present phase of this movement? What is the relation of culture to it? By scholar I mean the man who has had the advantages of such an institution as this. By culture I mean that fine product of opportunity and scholarship which is to mere knowledge what manners are to the gentleman. The world has a growing belief in the profit of knowledge, of information, but it has a suspicion of culture. There is a lingering notion in matters religious that something is lost by refinement, at least that there is danger that the plain, blunt, essential truths will be lost in æsthetic graces. The laborer is getting to consent that his son shall go to school, and learn how to build an undershot wheel or to assay metals; but why plant in his mind those principles of taste which will make him as sensitive to beauty as to pain, why open to him those realms of imagination with the illimitable horizons, the contours and colors of which can but fill him with indefinite longing?

It is not necessary for me in this presence to dwell upon the value of culture. I wish rather to have you notice the gulf that exists between what the majority want to know and

that fine fruit of knowledge concerning which there is so wide-spread an infidelity. Will culture aid a minister in a "protracted meeting?" Will the ability to read Chaucer assist a shopkeeper? Will the politician add to the "sweetness and light" of his lovely career if he can read the *Battle of the Frogs* and the *Mice* in the original? What has the farmer to do with the *Rose Garden* of Saadi?

I suppose it is not altogether the fault of the majority that the true relation of culture to common life is so misunderstood. The scholar is largely responsible for it; he is largely responsible for the isolation of his position, and the want of sympathy it begets. No man can influence his fellows with any power who retires into his own selfishness, and gives himself to a self-culture which has no further object. What is he that he should absorb the sweets of the universe, that he should hold all the claims of humanity second to the perfecting of himself? This effort to save his own soul was common to Goethe and Francis of Assisi; under different manifestations it was the same regard for self. And where it is an intellectual and not a spiritual greediness, I suppose it is what an old writer calls "laying up treasures in hell."

It is not an unreasonable demand of the majority that the few who have the advantages of the training of college and university, should exhibit the breadth and sweetness of a generous culture, and should shed everywhere that light which ennobles common things, and without which life is like one of the old landscapes in which the artist forgot to put sunlight. One of the reasons why the college-bred man does not meet this reasonable expectation is that his training, too often, has not been thorough and conscientious, it has not been of himself; he has acquired, but he is not educated. Another is that, if he is educated, he is not impressed with the intimacy of his relation to that which is below him as well as that which is above him, and his culture is out of sympathy with the great mass that needs it, and must have it, or it will remain a blind force in the world, the lever of demagogues who preach social anarchy and misname it progress. There is no culture so high, no taste so fastidious, no grace of learning so delicate, no refinement of art so exquisite, that it cannot at this hour find full play for itself in the broadest fields of humanity; since it is all needed to soften the attritions of common life, and guide to nobler aspirations the strong materialistic influences of our restless society.

One reason, as I said, for the gulf between

the majority and the select few to be educated is, that the college does not seldom disappoint the reasonable expectation concerning it. The graduate of the carpenter's shop knows how to use his tools—or used to in days before superficial training in trades became the rule. Does the college graduate know how to use his tools? Or has he to set about fitting himself for some employment, and gaining that culture, that training of himself, that utilization of his information which will make him necessary in the world? There has been a great deal of discussion whether a boy should be trained in the classics or mathematics or sciences or modern languages. I feel like saying "yes" to all the various propositions; for heaven's sake train him in something, so that he can handle himself, and have free and confident use of his powers. There isn't a more helpless creature in the universe than a scholar with a vast amount of information over which he has no control. He is like a man with a load of hay so badly put upon his cart that it all slides off before he can get to market. The influence of a man on the world is generally proportioned to his ability to do something. When Abraham Lincoln was running for the legislature the first time, on the platform of the improvement of the navigation of the Sangamon river, he went to secure the votes of thirty men who were cradling a wheat-field. They asked no questions about internal improvements, but only seemed curious whether Abraham had muscle enough to represent them in the legislature. The obliging man took up a cradle and led the gang round the field. The whole thirty voted for him.

What is scholarship? The learned Hindu can repeat I do not know how many thousands of lines from the Vedas, and perhaps backwards as well as forwards. I heard of an excellent old lady who had counted how many times the letter A occurs in the Holy Scriptures. The Chinese students who aspire to honors spend years in verbally memorizing the classics—Confucius and Mencius—and receive degrees and public advancement upon ability to transcribe from memory without the error of a point, or misplacement of a single tea-chest character, the whole of some book of morals. You do not wonder that China is to-day more like an herbarium than anything else. Learning is a kind of fetish, and it has no influence whatever upon the great inert mass of Chinese humanity.

I suppose it is possible for a young gentleman to be able to read—just think of it, after

ten years of grammar and lexicon, not to know Greek literature and have flexible command of all its richness and beauty, but to read it—it is possible, I suppose, for the graduate of college to be able to read all the Greek authors, and yet to have gone, in regard to his own culture, very little deeper than a surface reading of them; to know very little of that perfect architecture and what it expressed; nor of that marvelous sculpture and the conditions of its immortal beauty; nor of that artistic development which made the Acropolis to bud and bloom under the blue sky like the final flower of a perfect nature; nor of that philosophy, that politics, that society, nor of the life of that polished, crafty, joyous race, the springs of it and the far-reaching still unexpended effects of it.

Yet as surely as that nothing perishes, that the Providence of God is not a patchwork of uncontinued efforts, but a plan and a progress, as surely as the pilgrim embarkation at Delf Haven has a relation to the battle of Gettysburg, and to the civil rights bill giving the colored man permission to ride in a public conveyance, and to be buried in a public cemetery, so surely has the Parthenon some connection with your new State capital at Albany, and the daily life of the vine-dresser of the Peloponnesus some lesson for the American day-laborer. The scholar is said to be the torch-bearer, transmitting the increasing light from generation to generation, so that the feet of all, the humblest and the lowliest, may walk in the radiance and not stumble. But he very often carries a dark lantern.

Not what is the use of Greek, of any culture in art or literature, but what is the good to me of your knowing Greek, is the latest question of the ditch-digger to the scholar—what better off am I for your learning? And the question, in view of the inter-dependence of all members of society, is one that cannot be put away as idle. One reason why the scholar does not make the world of the past, the world of books, real to his fellows and serviceable to them, is that it is not real to himself, but a mere unsubstantial place of intellectual idleness, where he dallies some years before he begins his task in life. And another reason is, that while it may be real to him, while he is actually cultured and trained, he fails to see or to feel that his culture is not a thing apart, and that all the world has a right to share its blessed influence. Failing to see this, he is isolated, and, wanting his sympathy, the untutored world

mocks at his superfineness and takes its own rough way to rougher ends. Greek art was for the people, Greek poetry was for the people; Raphael painted his immortal frescoes where throngs could be lifted in thought and feeling by them; Michael Angelo hung the dome over St. Peter's so that the far-off peasant on the Campagna could see it, and the maiden kneeling by the shrine in the Alban hills. Do we often stop to think what influence, direct or other, the scholar, the man of high culture, has to-day upon the great mass of our people? Why do they ask, what is the use of your learning and your art?

The artist, in the retirement of his studio, finishes a charming, suggestive, historical picture. The rich man buys it and hangs it in his library, where the privileged few can see it. I do not deny that the average rich man needs all the refining influence the picture can exert on him, and that the picture is doing missionary work in his house; but it is nevertheless an example of an educating influence withdrawn and appropriated to narrow uses. But the engraver comes, and, by his mediating art, transfers it to a thousand sheets, and scatters its sweet influence far abroad. All the world, in its toil, its hunger, its sordidness, pauses a moment to look on it—that gray sea-coast, the receding *May-flower*, the two young Pilgrims in the foreground regarding it, with tender thoughts of the far home—all the world looks on it perhaps for a moment thoughtfully, perhaps tearfully, and is touched with the sentiment of it, is kindled into a glow of nobleness by the sight of that faith, and love, and resolute devotion, which have tinged our early history with the faint light of romance. So art is no longer the enjoyment of the few, but the help and solace of the many.

The scholar who is cultured by books, reflection, travel, by a refined society, consorts with his kind, and more and more removes himself from the sympathies of common life. I know how almost inevitable this is, how almost impossible it is to resist the segregation of classes according to the affinities of taste. But by what mediation shall the culture that is now the possession of the few, be made to leaven the world and to elevate and sweeten ordinary life? By books? Yes. By the newspaper? Yes. By the diffusion of works of art? Yes. But when all is done that can be done by such letters missive from one class to another, there remains the need of more personal contact, of a human sympathy, diffused and living. The world has had

enough of charities. It wants respect and consideration. We desire no longer to be legislated for, it says, we want to be legislated with. Why do you never come to see me but you bring me something? asks the sensitive and poor seamstress. Do you always give some charity to your friends? I want companionship, and not cold pieces; I want to be treated like a human being who has nerves and feelings, and tears too, and as much interest in the sunset, and in the birth of Christ, perhaps, as you. And the mass of uncared-for ignorance and brutality, finding a voice at length, bitterly repels the condescensions of charity; you have your culture, your libraries, your fine houses, your church, your religion, and your God, too; let us alone, we want none of them. In the bear-pit at Berne, the occupants, who are the wards of the city, have had meat thrown to them daily for I know not how long, but they are not tamed by this charity, and would probably eat up any careless person who fell into their clutches, without apology.

Do not impute to me Quixotic notions with regard to the duties of men and women of culture, or think that I undervalue the difficulties in the way, the fastidiousness on the one side, or the jealousies on the other. It is by no means easy to an active participant to define the drift of his own age; but I seem to see plainly that unless the culture of the age finds means to diffuse itself, working downward and reconciling antagonisms by a commonness of thought and feeling and aim in life, society must more and more separate itself into jarring classes, with mutual misunderstandings and hatred and war. To suggest remedies is much more difficult than to see evils; but the comprehension of dangers is the first step towards mastering them. The problem of our own time—the reconciliation of the interests of classes—is as yet very illy defined. This great movement of labor, for instance, does not know definitely what it wants, and those who are spectators do not know what their relations are to it. The first thing to be done is for them to try to understand each other. One class sees that the other has lighter or at least different labor, opportunities of travel, a more liberal supply of the luxuries of life, a higher enjoyment and a keener relish of the beautiful, the immaterial. Looking only at external conditions, it concludes that all it needs to come into this better place is wealth, and so it organizes war upon the rich, and it makes demands of freedom from toil and of compensation which it is in no man's power to give

it, and which would not, if granted over and over again, lift it into that condition it desires. It is a tale in the Gulistan, that a king placed his son with a preceptor, and said,—“This is your son; educate him in the same manner as your own.” The preceptor took pains with him for a year, but without success, whilst his own sons were completed in learning and accomplishments. The king reproved the preceptor, and said,—“You have broken your promise, and not acted faithfully.” He replied,—“O king, the education was the same, but the capacities are different. Although silver and gold are produced from a stone, yet these metals are not to be found in every stone. The star Canopus shines all over the world, but the scented leather comes only from Yemen.” “’Tis an absolute, and, as it were, a divine perfection,” says Montaigne, “for a man to know how loyally to enjoy his being. We seek other conditions, by reason we do not understand the use of our own; and go out of ourselves, because we know not how there to reside.”

But nevertheless it becomes a necessity for us to understand the wishes of those who demand a change of condition, and it is necessary that they should understand the compensations as well as the limitations of every condition. The dervish congratulated himself that although the only monument of his grave would be a brick, he should at the last day arrive at and enter the gate of Paradise, before the king had got from under the heavy stones of his costly tomb. Nothing will bring us into this desirable mutual understanding except sympathy and personal contact. Laws will not do it; institutions of charity and relief will not do it.

We must believe, for one thing, that the graces of culture will not be thrown away if exercised among the humblest and the least cultured; it is found out that flowers are often more welcome in the squalid tenement-houses of Boston than loaves of bread. It is difficult to say exactly how culture can extend its influence into places uncongenial and to people indifferent to it, but I will try and illustrate what I mean, by an example or two.

Criminals in this country, when the law took hold of them, used to be turned over to the care of men who often had more sympathy with the crime than with the criminal, or at least to those who were almost as coarse in feeling and as brutal in speech as their charges. There have been some changes of late years in the care of criminals, but does public opinion yet everywhere demand that

jailers and prison-keepers and executioners of the penal law should be men of refinement, of high character, of any degree of culture? I do not know any class more needing the best direct personal influence of the best civilization than the criminal. The problem of its proper treatment and reformation is one of the most pressing, and it needs practically the aid of our best men and women. I should have great hope of any prison establishment at the head of which was a gentleman of fine education, the purest tastes, the most elevated morality and lively sympathy with men as such, provided he had also will and the power of command. I do not know what might not be done for the viciously inclined and the transgressors, if they could come under the influence of refined men and women. And yet you know that a boy or a girl may be arrested for crime, and pass from officer to keeper, and jailer to warden, and spend years in a career of vice and imprisonment, and never once see any man or woman, officially, who has tastes, or sympathies, or aspirations much above that vulgar level whence the criminals came. Anybody who is honest and vigilant is considered good enough to take charge of prison birds.

The age is merciful and abounds in charities; houses of refuge for poor women, societies for the conservation of the exposed and the reclamation of the lost. It is willing to pay liberally for their support, and to hire ministers and distributors of its benefactions. But it is beginning to see that it cannot hire the distribution of love, nor buy brotherly feeling. The most encouraging thing I have seen lately is an experiment in one of our cities. In the thick of the town the ladies of the city have furnished and opened a reading-room, sewing-room, conversation-room, or what not, where young girls, who work for a living and have no opportunity for any culture, at home or elsewhere, may spend their evenings. They meet there always some of the ladies I have spoken of, whose unostentatious duty and pleasure it is to pass the evening with them, in reading or music or the use of the needle, and the exchange of the courtesies of life in conversation. Whatever grace and kindness and refinement of manner they carry there, I do not suppose is wasted. These are some of the ways in which culture can serve men. And I take it that one of the chief evidences of our progress in this century is the recognition of the truth that there is no selfishness so supreme—not even that in the possession of wealth—as that which retires into itself with all the

accomplishments of liberal learning and rare opportunities, and looks upon the intellectual poverty of the world without a wish to relieve it. "As often as I have been among men," says Seneca, "I have returned less a man." And Thomas à Kempis declared that "the greatest saints avoided the company of men as much as they could, and chose to live to God in secret." The Christian philosophy was no improvement upon the pagan in this respect, and was exactly at variance with the teaching and practice of Jesus of Nazareth.

The American scholar cannot afford to live for himself, nor merely for scholarship and the delights of learning. He must make himself more felt in the material life of this country. I am aware that it is said that the culture of the age is itself materialistic, and that its refinements are sensual; that there is little to choose between the coarse excesses of poverty and the polished and more decorous animality of the more fortunate. Without entering directly upon the consideration of this much-talked-of tendency, I should like to notice the influence upon our present and probable future of the bounty, fertility, and extraordinary opportunities of this still new land.

The American grows and develops himself with few restraints. Foreigners used to describe him as a lean, hungry, nervous animal, gaunt, inquisitive, inventive, restless, and certain to shrivel into physical inferiority in his dry and highly oxygenated atmosphere. The apprehension is not well founded. It is quieted by his achievements the continent over, his virile enterprises, his endurance in war and in the most difficult explorations, his resistance of the influence of great cities towards effeminacy and loss of physical vigor. If ever man took large and eager hold of earthly things and appropriated them to his own use, it is the American. We are gross eaters, we are great drinkers. We shall excel the English when we have as long practice as they. I am filled with a kind of dismay when I see the great stock-yards of Chicago and Cincinnati, through which flow the vast herds and droves of the prairies, marching straight down the throats of Eastern people. Thousands are always sowing and reaping and brewing and distilling, to slake the immortal thirst of the country. We take, indeed, strong hold of the earth; we absorb its fatness. When Leicester entertained Elizabeth at Kenilworth, the clock in the great tower was set perpetually at twelve, the hour of feasting. It is always dinner-time in America. I do not know how much land it

takes to raise an average citizen, but I should say a quarter section. He spreads himself abroad, he riots in abundance; above all things he must have profusion, and he wants things that are solid and strong.

On the Sorrentine promontory, and on the island of Capri, the hardy husbandman and fisherman draws his subsistence from the sea and from a scant patch of ground. One may feast on a fish and a handful of olives. The dinner of the laborer is a dish of polenta, a few figs, some cheese, a glass of thin wine. His wants are few and easily supplied. He is not overfed, his diet is not stimulating; I should say that he would pay little to the physician, that familiar of other countries whose family office is to counteract the effects of over-eating. He is temperate, frugal, content, and apparently draws not more of his life from the earth or the sea than from the genial sky. He would never build a Pacific railway, nor write an hundred volumes of commentary on the Scriptures; but he is an example of how little a man actually needs of the gross products of the earth.

I suppose that life was never fuller in certain ways than it is here in America. If a civilization is judged by its wants, we are certainly highly civilized. We cannot get land enough, nor clothes enough, nor houses enough, nor food enough. A Bedouin tribe would fare sumptuously on what one American family consumes and wastes. The revenue required for the wardrobe of one woman of fashion would suffice to convert the inhabitants of I know not how many square miles in Africa. It absorbs the income of a province to bring up a baby. We riot in prodigality, we vie with each other in material accumulation and expense. Our thoughts are mainly on how to increase the products of the world, and get them into our own possession.

I think this gross material tendency is strong in America, and more likely to get the mastery over the spiritual and the intellectual here than elsewhere, because of our exhaustless resources. Let us not mistake the nature of a real civilization, nor suppose we have it because we can convert crude iron into the most delicate mechanism, or transport ourselves sixty miles an hour, or even if we shall refine our carnal tastes so as to be satisfied at dinner with the tongues of ortolans and the breasts of singing-birds.

Plato banished the musicians from his feasts because he would not have the charms of conversation interfered with. By comparison, music was to him a sensuous enjoyment.

In any society the ideal must be the banishment of the more sensuous; the refinement of it will only repeat the continued experiment of history—the end of a civilization in a polished materialism, and its speedy fall from that into grossness.

I am sure that the scholar, trained to "plain living and high thinking," knows that the prosperous life consists in the culture of the man, and not in the refinement and accumulation of the material. The word culture is often used to signify that dainty intellectualism which is merely a sensuous pampering of the mind, as distinguishable from the healthy training of the mind as is the education of the body in athletic exercises from the petting of it by luxurious baths and unguents. Culture is the blossom of knowledge, but it is a fruit blossom, the ornament of the age but the seed of the future. The so-called culture, a mere fastidiousness of taste, is a barren flower.

You would expect spurious culture to stand aloof from common life, as it does, to extend its charities at the end of a pole, to make of religion a mere *cultus*, to construct for its heaven a sort of Paris, where all the inhabitants dress becomingly, and where there are no Communists. Culture, like fine manners, is not always the result of wealth or position. When monsieur the archbishop makes his rare tour through the Swiss mountains, the simple peasants do not crowd upon him with boorish impudence, but strew his stony path with flowers, and receive him with joyous but modest sincerity. When the Russian Prince made his landing in America the determined staring of a bevy of accomplished American women nearly swept the young man off the deck of the vessel. One cannot but respect that tremulous sensitiveness which caused the maiden lady to shrink from staring at the moon when she heard there was a man in it.

The materialistic drift of this age, that is, its devotion to material development, is frequently deplored. I suppose it is like all other ages in that respect, but there appears to be a more determined demand for change of condition than ever before, and a deeper movement for equalization. Here in America this is, in great part, a movement for merely physical or material equalization. The idea seems to be well-nigh universal that the millennium is to come by a great deal less work and a great deal more pay. It seems to me that the millennium is to come by an infusion into all society of a truer culture, which is neither of poverty nor of

wealth, but is the beautiful fruit of the development of the higher part of man's nature.

And the thought I wish to leave with you, as scholars and men who can command the best culture, is that it is all needed to shape and control the strong growth of material development here, to guide the blind instincts

of the mass of men who are struggling for a freer place and a breath of fresh air; that you cannot stand aloof in a class isolation; that your power is in a personal sympathy with the humanity which is ignorant but discontented; and that the question which the man with the spade asks about the use of your culture to him, is a menace.

THE CANOE:—HOW TO BUILD AND HOW TO MANAGE IT.

CANOEES IN GENERAL.

HEINRICH HEINE, when contemplating a monograph on the "Feet of the Women of Göttingen," announced that he should discuss, first, "feet in general;" second, "feet among the ancients;" third, the "feet of elephants;" and fourth, the "feet of the women of Göttingen." In discussing the modern cruising canoe, it will be necessary to speak of canoes in general, and of canoes among the early imitators of Macgregor, whose first canoe, though now only ten years old, represents the extreme antiquity of the modern canoe.

At the outset, disabuse your mind of the idea that the civilized canoe has any possible resemblance to the birch or savage canoe except in name. It is true that both are paddled. So, in point of fact, is the side-wheel steamboat; but neither the steamboat nor the civilized canoe is therefore properly to be classed with the savage canoe. Indeed, the canoe with which this treatise is concerned is not a canoe at all, but a cheap and portable yacht; derived remotely from the savage canoe, but resembling it rather less than Mr. Darwin resembles his ancestral ape.

The canoe is a solution of the problem "to find a vessel perfectly adapted for one person to cruise in." Now the man who proposes to travel alone from New York to the Thousand Islands, by way of the Hudson River and Lake Champlain, wants a boat in which he can sleep and carry provisions and stores; which can be propelled by sails when there is an available wind, or by the paddle—which is easier to handle than the oar—when the sails cannot be used. It must also be light enough to be taken out of the water and dragged over short land portages by a single pair of hands,—or else his cruise must be abandoned, or he must call on the casual countrymen for help.

The ordinary sail-boat will not answer

these demands, for the reason that it is so heavy that a yoke of oxen is required to drag it out of the water. The Whitehall row-boat is also too heavy to be dragged over the shortest portage by one or even two men. Moreover the row-boat has no cabin in which to sleep, can carry but little sail, and must be rowed—instead of paddled—when there is no wind. Neither the sail-boat nor the row-boat will then answer the purpose of the solitary voyager. The canoe, however, will perfectly meet his demands. It is so light that he can carry it under one arm; it has ample cabin accommodation; it can be sailed or paddled, and it is a better sea-boat than the best metallic surf-boat ever yet built. Compare this commodious, handy little craft with the birch or dug-out canoe of the savage, and you see at once that it has really nothing in common with that moist, unpleasant, and dangerous affair.

CANOEES AMONG THE ANCIENTS.

The canoe—and by that term will hereafter be meant only the civilized clinker-built canoe-yacht—may be said to have been invented by Mr. J. Macgregor, an English barrister (doubtless of Scottish origin), and the author of several books describing the voyages made in his canoe, the *Rob Roy*. Strictly speaking, Mr. Macgregor is the man who made the canoe a success, just as Fulton made the steamboat a success; and hence he, like Fulton, is entitled to be called an inventor, though canoes and steamboats were designed and built before either Macgregor or Fulton troubled themselves with paddles or paddle-wheels. The pattern of the *Rob Roy*, the first successful cruising canoe, has been so greatly improved upon that it may now be considered practically obsolete. Its dimensions are given here, however, partly because they may please the fancy of the conservative canoeist, and partly as a matter of interest to the antiquarian. Dimensions of *Rob Roy* No. 1: Length, 15 feet; beam,

2 feet 4 inches; depth, 9 inches; keel, 1 inch; draught, 3 inches; weight, 80 pounds.

The original *Rob Roy* was built of oak with a cedar deck, and rigged with a sprit-sail set on a five-foot mast. Her midship section was nearly semicircular, so that she was excessively crank. Moreover she had no sheer, and hence would run her nose under water when there was any sea on. The well-hole, in which the canoeist sat, was elliptical in form, and fifty-four inches in length by twenty in breadth. It was a feat, second only in difficulty to the contortions of a professional trapeze gymnast, to "go below" at night in this canoe. Yet ticklish, uncomfortable, and heavy as she was, Mr. Macgregor traveled hundreds of miles in her on the rivers of Germany, diffusing cheerfulness and evangelical tracts wherever he went.

The latest of Mr. Macgregor's canoes, the *Rob Roy* No 4, in which he made a cruise down the Jordan a year or two ago, was somewhat of an improvement on the first *Rob Roy*. Its dimensions were as follows: Length, 14 feet; beam, 2 feet 2 inches; depth, 1 foot. It was built of the same materials as the first *Rob Roy*, but the well-hole was larger, and the weight was eight pounds less. Still it was crank, heavy, uncomfortable, and a poor sailer. It represents, however, the best model of the *Rob Roy* type—a type of canoe which is, as has already been said, greatly inferior to later models. The republication in this country of Mr. Macgregor's books has given the *Rob Roy* an unfortunate notoriety: unfortunate, because the young American who wishes a canoe is very apt to build or import a *Rob Roy*, with which he is sure to become greatly discontented, and in consequence bitterly prejudiced against the canoe in any form.

There are other poor canoes besides those of the *Rob Roy* class, the least objectionable of which is the *Ringleader* type. These should be known only to be shunned, and the young canoeist should build or buy no canoe but one which is constructed upon the general model of Mr. Baden-Powell's *Nautilus* No. 3.

THE PERFECT CANOE.

Mr. Baden-Powell is an English gentleman, who has invented a canoe that for cruising purposes may be considered perfect. This canoe is known in England as the *Nautilus* canoe, and, from the model of the third *Nautilus* built by the inventor, the

New York Canoe Club has built, with slight modifications—chief among which is the straight stern-post—its entire fleet.

The *Rob Roy* had but little "bearings," no sheer, and no water-tight compartments. The *Nautilus* has two water-tight compartments sufficiently large to float her and her owner, even when the canoe is full of water. She has plenty of "bearings," and hence can carry a heavy press of sail. Her immense sheer keeps her dry when running before the wind, and makes her self-righting when capsized. She has abundant cabin room, and, when built of white cedar, weighs only about fifty-seven pounds. No better canoe could be desired.

The dimensions of this canoe, when intended for a canoeist under five feet ten inches in height, and weighing one hundred and sixty pounds or less, are as follows:

Length, 14 feet; beam, at bottom of top-streak, 2 feet 4 inches; depth amidships, from top of top-streak to bottom of keel, 10½ inches; height of stem-post above level of keel, 1 foot 10½ inches; height of stern-post, 1 foot 7½ inches; camber, 2 inches; depth of keel, 1½ inch.

By reference to accompanying diagrams, the model of the canoe will be more easily understood. It is, as has been already said, a clinker-built boat.



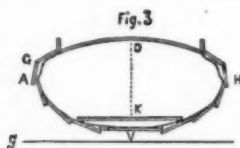
From *A* to *B*, 14 feet; *C* to *D*, 10½ inches; *A* to *E*, 1 foot 10½ inches; *B* to *F*, 1 foot 7½ inches.



Beam amidships at bottom of top-streak, 2 feet 4 inches; beam at mast-hole, 2 feet; beam at dandy-mast hole, 1 foot 8 inches.

B and *b* are water-tight bulkheads; *S* is a movable bulkhead which can be taken out at night to increase the cabin accommodations. The octagonal figure in the middle of the boat is the well-hole in which the canoeist sits, and is provided with hatches at each end, moving upon hinges.

From *A* to *b*, 3 feet 5 inches; *F* to *B*, 4 feet; *F* to *M*, 4 feet 3 inches; *A* to *m*, 3 feet 7 inches; length of well-hole, 5 feet; greatest breadth of well-hole, 1 foot 8 inches; depth of hatch-combing, 1½ inch.



From *A* to *H* (greatest beam), 2 feet 4 inches; *G* to *g* (depth from gunwale), 10½ inches; *D* to *K* (depth inside), 1 foot; camber, 2 inches; the top-streak is 3½ inches deep, and the other planks 4½ inches. The floor-boards should be 5 feet in length, and 1 foot 4 inches wide amidships. The timbers should be 5 inches apart, except in the water-tight compartments, where they may be 8 or 10 inches apart. The timbers are, of course, made very light, being mere withes of oak, but, if placed near together and properly fastened, they will make the boat as strong as she need be. Should the canoeist weigh over one hundred and sixty pounds, the canoe should be lengthened in the proportion of five inches to every twenty pounds of additional weight. The width should, however, always remain the same.

OF THE MATERIAL TO BE USED.

The Englishmen build their canoes chiefly of oak, for the reason that they have no light wood of sufficient strength. Fortunately, we have the white cedar, which is abundantly strong, while it is a little more than half the weight of oak. Build your canoe of white cedar, and if any conservative Briton tells you that cedar is too weak, understand that he is talking of Spanish cedar—a very different wood from white cedar.

The planks of the canoe are then to be made of ½ inch white cedar. The keel should be of oak and the stem and stern-posts of spruce. The timbers and knees must also be oak, the carlines (or deck beams) of pine, and the deck of Spanish cedar. Pine will also be used for floor-boards, back-board, and bulkheads. The deck should be strong enough to bear the weight of the owner, and should be made of four planks free from knots. Around the gunwale should run a narrow beading of rosewood, black walnut or oak, and a smaller beading of the same material should be fitted around the bottom of the hatch-combing. The hatches are, of course, of the same material as the deck, but may be lighter, since no weight can come upon them.

The stern-post should be straight, inclined at an angle of, say, 70° to the keel, and provided with a rudder. The rudder may be

managed either with yoke-lines or by a tiller made to be worked with the feet. In the latter case, lead the tiller-ropes under the deck, or you will find them in the way of your running rigging. The exact position of the stretchers for the feet must, of course, depend upon the length of individual legs.

Step your mainmast in a copper tube 1½ inch in diameter, made fast to the keelson. If not stepped in a tube, the first time you are capsized, and try to unship your mast, the strain upon the deck will rip up the light planks and practically dismast you. The dandy or after-mast should be shipped in a square wooden tube, one inch in diameter. I could tell you the reason why this tube should be square, but if mentioned here it would conflict with the systematic arrangement of this treatise.

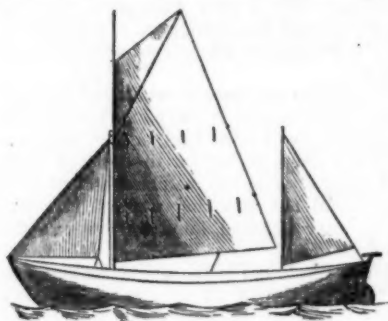
Your stem and stern-post will be armed with a strip of copper, and the canoe will, of course, be copper-fastened. Your back-board, against which you lean when sailing or paddling, may be made to please your individual fancy. It should be hung by a leather strap to a hook on the after-side of the sliding bulkhead, so as to allow it plenty of play as you move about in paddling.

RIGS, GOOD AND BAD.

A canoe may be rigged in a dozen different ways. Limit yourself, however, to one of the three best rigs, the standing lug, the sliding gunter, and the sliding sprit.

The standing lug necessitates a small jib, which is the chief objection to it. The mainmast, with this rig, should be 7 feet from the masthead to the deck, and the yard 6 feet in length. The dimensions of the sail should be—leach, 9 feet; foot, 6 feet; luff, 4 feet 5 inches; and head, 6 feet. The yard must be hooked to a traveler on the mast, so that it will work smoothly and rapidly. It is, of course, hoisted with halyards and is brailled up with a double-topping lift. The main-sail should have two reefs. The size of the jib is determined by the space required for the forward end of the yard. The dandy-sail should equal in square inches the size of the jib.

The sliding gunter is a handier and safer rig, but does not hold the wind quite as well as the square-headed lug. It derives its name from the sliding gunter brass in which the topmast ships—though whence the sliding gunter brass derives its name no rational man thinks of inquiring. The upper and lower parts of the brass are 6 inches apart, the square part is 1 inch in diameter, and

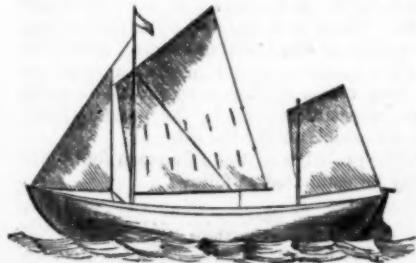


SLIDING SPRIT.

the round part $1\frac{1}{2}$ inch in diameter. The round piece slides up and down the lower mast, and the square part holds the topmast.

The lower mast should be 4 feet 3 inches from deck to head, the topmast 4 feet. The boom should be 6 feet long, and the dandy-mast 4 feet 4 inches from deck to head. The boom may be attached to the mast either with "jaws" and a lashing in the usual way of most sloops and schooners, or by a brass band fitting loosely around the mast, and to which two projecting pieces of brass are soldered so as to form a socket. The end of the boom is provided with a ring-bolt which fits into the socket and is held with a screw. By withdrawing this screw the boom can be unshipped at a moment's notice. To these spars the sails must be accurately fitted, and it is therefore unnecessary to give their exact measurements here,—since a slight change in the rake of either mast will alter the cut of each sail.

But by far the best rig of all is the sliding gunter, which is simply the sliding gunter with the addition of a sprit to hold up the head of the mainsail. The spars should be of the same size as in the sliding gunter rig, the sprit, the lower end of which ships in a loop made fast to the gunter brass, being 6 feet



STANDING LEE.

long. The following are the largest sails that should be carried:

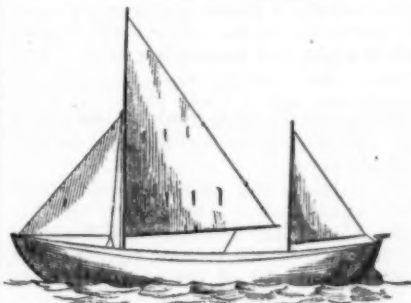
Mainsail.—Luff, 6 feet—of which three feet are laced to the topmast; leach, 9 feet; foot, 6 feet; head, 3 feet.

Jib.—Luff, 6 feet; leach, 4 feet; foot, 4 feet.

Dandy.—Luff, 4 feet 2 inches; leach, 4 feet; foot, 3 feet.

The mainsail has two reefs, and the sail may be still further shortened by removing the sprit. The chief use of the dandy is to keep the boat's head to the wind. She will, however, work well under jib and dandy alone, when the wind is on the quarter. The main-boom and topmast can be unshipped, and the dandy-mast shipped in the place of the topmast. A small sail for trolling purposes is thus obtained. You now behold the object of shipping the dandy-mast in a square tube. All spars should be made of spruce.

THE SAILS AND RIGGING.



SLIDING GUNTER.

Assuming that you adopt the sliding-sprit rig, you will first buy five yards of light unbleached cotton, six feet wide. Cut out your mainsail so as to leave the selvage on the leach of the sail, and let the selvage also form the leach of the jib and dandy. Rope the remaining side of each sail with the smallest size of untarred hemp rope. Put six eyelet-holes in the upper half of the luff of the mainsail, in order to lace it to the topmast. Six other eyelet-holes should be put in the foot of the sail, and four in the luff of the dandy. Put four reef-points in the lower reef, and three in the upper, with reef-thimbles on leach and luff of sail. When reefing make your after-easing fast to the end of the boom. The first reef tack is made fast to the forward end of the boom, and the close-reef tack to the heel of the topmast. The halyards are made fast to the gunter brass, and run through a block at the mast-

head and a fair-leader at the foot of the mast. The double-topping lift should be worked in the same way. The jib may be hoisted by halyards, or the loop at the head may be placed over a hook on the masthead by the aid of the boat-hook. The tack may be made fast to the painter, which is rove through the stern, and the painter hauled taut when the sail is set. A double sheet is required for the jib, so that it can be hauled to windward when tacking. The dandy is laced to the mast and is reefed by being wound around the mast. The sheet is rove through a block in the stern-post and is led forward within reach. This sail will work better if provided with a light boom, the after-end of which is placed in the loop at the after-corner of the sail, and the forward end lashed to the mast so that the boom can be unshipped in case of reefing.

Have your blocks made of brass, and if you want to avoid the trouble of cleaning them, have them nickel-plated. You need eight deck-cleets placed within reach when you are sitting in the canoe. Have them also of brass, and nickel-plate them if you choose. The best pattern of cleet has the foot circular, with a screw projecting downwards through the deck and fastened with a nut. These cleets are not for sale, but can be made to order.

For halyards and mainsheet use woven cord, which neither parts, stretches, nor kinks. Small laid cotton cord will answer for the rest of the running rigging. The painter should be of hemp; and a spare painter, to be rove through the stern-post, should be kept on board for emergencies. Soak your sail-cloth, and cotton cordage in water before using them, in order to provide against shrinkage.

THE PADDLE, AND OTHER THINGS.

Your paddle must be of spruce or pine, 7 feet long, double-bladed and jointed with brass ferules in the middle, so that it can be stowed below. Make it of the following dimensions: Length, 7 feet; depth of blade, 7 inches; length of blade, 1 foot 6 inches; circumference of shaft, 4 inches. For a long cruise, when the paddle is much used, an 8 or even 8½ foot paddle is preferable. An india-rubber ring outside of the hand on each side will keep the water from dripping inboard. To use it, grasp it with both hands about as far apart as the width of the shoulders, and bring the blade when in the water as close as possible to the side of the canoe. Practice alone can teach the art of elegant

paddling. When your sails are furled the rudder should be unshipped, if possible, as it is a hindrance when you wish to back water.

The canoe will beat to windward, but will make considerable lee-way. This may be prevented by a false keel, 4 feet long and 4 inches deep, bolted on to the true keel, and capable of being readily detached. Or that useful but annoying make-shift, a lee-board, may be used, hung by loops to the lee deck-cleets.

Have a hole cut in the sliding bulkhead so that you can stow all your spars and sails below. A small pump with an india-rubber tube, led under the floor-boards, is a very useful affair. In heavy weather button an india-rubber apron around the fore end and sides of the hatchway and tuck it around your waist.

While cruising, you need to make a bed for the canoe when she is hauled ashore at night. Otherwise your weight will strain her. Before turning in, lash your paddle or boat-hook from one mast to the other, about a foot from the deck. Put an india-rubber blanket over this, and fasten the sides to the deck-cleets after you have gone below. Have an india-rubber air-mattress, 4 feet long by 1 foot 4 inches in width to sleep on. You will thus be dry, and sleep as comfortably as the musquitoes, in their capricious kindness, will permit.

When capsized—as you probably will be upon your first attempt to handle the canoe under sail—slide yourself carefully out, unship the masts, put the stern-post between your legs, and climb on board by a sort of leap-frog motion, and bail the canoe out. While under sail you need to carry about fifty pounds of ballast. Water, in tin-cans, is the best sort of ballast, since it does not sink the canoe, as sand or stones might do, when she is full of water; but it occupies an uncommonly large space.

Do not paint the canoe, but varnish her with shellac and afterwards with coach varnish. Make your flag and signals of bunting, the color of which will not "run" when wet.

The rudder is rather in the way when on a long cruise in shallow water. The canoe can be easily steered by the paddle resting in a rowlock on the lee side.

The probable cost of a fourteen foot canoe may be estimated as follows:

Canoe and spars.....	\$34.00
Sails, and making them.....	5.00
Paddle.....	5.00
5 brass blocks.....	1.00

Gunter brass.....	\$2.00
6 cleets	4.20
Cordage.....	1.50
Varnishing	5.00
	\$107.70

The Secretary of the New York Canoe Club, Dr. J. S. Mosher, of Tompkinsville, Staten Island, is one of those patient and long-suffering officers who are never weary of answering questions.

THE SONG OF A SUMMER.

I PLUCKED an apple from off a tree,
Golden and rosy, and fair to see—
The sunshine had fed it with warmth and light—
The dews had freshened it night by night,
And high on the topmost bough it grew,
Where the winds of heaven about it blew,
And while the mornings were soft and young
The wild-birds circled, and soared, and sung—
There, in the storm, and calm, and shine,
It ripened and brightened, this apple of mine,
Till the day I plucked it from off the tree,
Golden, and rosy, and fair to see.

How could I guess, 'neath that daintiest rind,
That the core of sweetness I hoped to find,—
The innermost, hidden heart of the bliss
Which dews and winds and the sunshine's kiss
Had tended and fostered by day and night,—
Was black with mildew and bitter with blight :
Golden and rosy, and fair of skin,
Nothing but ashes and ruin within ?
Ah ! never again with toil and pain
Will I strive the topmost bough to gain—
Though its wind-swung apples are fair to see,
On a lower branch is the fruit for me.

SHANE FINAGLE'S STATION.

THE peculiar flexibility of the Catholic religion is nowhere more remarkably displayed than in Ireland; a country in which its hold has been strong for centuries, and where the character of the people is such as to place them at the mercy of the priesthood. The Irishman is eminently a man of strong passions. Of a fiery temper, easily aroused, ardent, impulsive, quick to resent a conceived injury, and equally sensitive to strong attachments; delighting in everything pertaining to a row, and esteeming a fight as good as a feast, he is, at the same time, largely tinctured with superstition, and easily governed by humoring his whims or exciting his fears. No nation on earth has livelier sensibilities; none more abounds in genuine humor. Equally devoted to pathos and poteen, both flow in a continuous stream

(the former down his cheeks, the latter down his throat); and he exemplifies the truth of the ancient proverb, that "when wine is in, wit is out." The Catholic clergy make the foibles of humanity a careful study; and obtaining as they do, through means of the confessional, an acquaintance with the thoughts and the deeds of their worshippers, worming their way into all their secrets, they can, at their pleasure, place their hands upon the springs of action of each individual, and exert over him a control which he is powerless to resist. No class of men understand better than the priests of the Romish Church how to control and govern the masses; and in proportion to the ignorance of their credulous believers is the extent of their sway, as the servility and tremulousness with which it is

submitted to. The ignorant worshiper is governed through his fears. Lacking the power which knowledge confers, he is helpless when in contact with educated minds, and his ignorance aids to fasten upon him the chains of bondage. In proportion as he dares to think for himself he throws off the yoke of heavy oppression; and the ultimate hope for the elevation of Ireland is the education of its people, and the subjection of their passions to the control of reason.

The Irish priest, trained to deal with Irish worshippers, is a man of versatile accomplishments and talents. His learning is generally of an inferior stamp, and consists chiefly in a slipshod acquaintance with the Latin language, a pretty thorough knowledge of the dogmas of the church, and a genius for adapting the ministration of its offices to his own convenience, the support of his dignity, and the replenishment of his purse as well as his stomach. Rarely a man of high moral principle, his conscience is elastic and his integrity questionable. Often addicted to hard drinking, and always a lover of good living, he is unscrupulous in his methods of securing these indulgences, and fertile in expedients for gratifying his tastes. Instead of seeking to elevate his people, he is more inclined to descend to their level, and glories in excelling them in shrewdness and cunning. If his jests are more scurrilous, his potations deeper, his blarney richer, and his adroitness at cudgeling unsurpassed, mightily is he pleased at his superiority; and these racy qualities are ardently admired, and make him a hail-fellow-well-met with all.

These are his carnal weapons of warfare. His spiritual weapons are derived from his priesthood; and, when superadded to the former, these make him, in the eyes of the people, almost a god. It is difficult for a stranger to comprehend the influence exerted by the priesthood over their subjects. It is almost unbounded, inexplicable, and absolute. Body and soul are surrendered to their sway, and not unfrequently the lash is fearlessly employed to extort obedience and enforce submission.

The Catholic Irishman is an implicit believer in the divine origin of the Church of Rome, the infallibility of the Pope, and the impeccableness of the priesthood. The priest, to him, is more than a man; he is the representative of God. He holds him in as high and as superstitious regard as the Blessed Trinity, and the Virgin Mary, the Mother of God. He cringes before him as a slave to his master, trembles at his voice,

and deprecates his displeasure. He has no will but the will of the priest; obeys him implicitly, and submits unmurmuringly to all his decrees. Such power, in the hands of the unscrupulous, is certainly dangerous, yet it is rarely used against the interests of the priests themselves, but always to strengthen their own position and the supremacy of the church. The vices of the clergy, apparent as they are, are subordinated to this end; and in every step which they venture to take they are vigilant to guard their own office, and to preserve unstained the vestments of their order. Conduct which in Protestants would be unhesitatingly condemned is excused in them, or tolerated because of the sacredness of their office; and if any reflections at all are made they are cast upon the weakness of poor humanity, and not upon the honor and dignity of the church. That is preserved at all hazards, and all things conspire to uphold its influence and perpetuate its sway.

We propose to sketch briefly in this paper a scene often witnessed in Catholic Ireland, in order to illustrate the position of the clergy, their personal character, and the manner of discharging the duties of their office; and to do this effectually, the reader will suppose himself transported for the nonce into one of those hamlets a little remote from the centers of travel, and away from the shadows of the great cathedral. We will call it, if you please, the parish of Tillietuddlem, and the priest is the Rev. Patrick McQuade.

It is a bright September day, and his reverence stands upon the altar of his chapel, after having gone through the canon of Mass, with his face turned towards his congregation. He is a remarkable man, and his portly presence is singularly formidable. Indeed, so enormously fat is he that, should he happen to die, the angels would find it rather hard work to waft him to Paradise, and might, in despair, stop half way and drop his obesity in the regions of Purgatory. His well-shaven crown glistens in the light which pours in through the window, and his cranium is adorned with bumps enough to strike a follower of Spurzheim speechless. His rubicund nose is aglow with the blazonry of numerous potations of fiery usquebaugh, and his rounded paunch shows his devotion to capons and chops. He is clad in robes of tarnished glory; and having nothing more of the service to perform than the usual prayers which close the ceremony, he lifts up his voice in the following notices:

"There will be five stations the coming week. The first, on Monday, at Phelim O'Donnell's, of Craigshaw burn. Are ye there, Phelim?"

"Ay, ay, your Riverence; I'm the boy."

"And you're here, are you? Surprising, indade! It isn't often you're out to Mass. I'm thinking the world must be coming to an end. But you know the old proverb, Phelim; or if you don't I do, which is all the same,—*'Risum teneatis amicitia'*—'not every day can you dine on roast beef;' so if you're here, Phelim, see that you do your duty, my boy."

"Never you fear; never you fear, your Riverence. The grazing is good at Craigshaw burn; an' if it were not, it's me that knows where to get the good cuts."

"Well, to do you justice, Phelim, your beef is always tender and good; but to make assurance doubly sure, let Teddy O'Graffe have the handling of your bullock this time; he knows how to kill, if any one does; then it will have the right smack."

"All right, your Riverence; it shall be as you say."

"On Tuesday, at Pat Rafferty's, at Pad-dleshaw Common. Are ye there, Pat?"

"To the fore, your Riverence," cries Pat, with a loud voice.

"Well, well, I'm not deaf, my boy, so you needn't hollar. But I like to have you spake prompt. You're always here, Pat, and that's more than I can say of all of my parish. Ha! Pat, I suppose you know that Michaelmas is coming?"

"An' if I didn't, your Riverence, I'm not likely to forgit it. But never you fear; the geese are fat,—so fat they are scarce able to wag; and Bridget, you must know, has marked two of the swatest,—ilegant young craturs,—this year's fowls,—and she's been cramming them to the full for more than a month."

"That's right, Pat; that's right. It's you're the boy knows how things should be done. And you'll remember me to Bridget, and tell her she knows how to honor the Prastehood."

"On Wednesday, at Denis O'Donaghul Slane's. Are ye there, Denis?"

No answer.

"Denis! Are ye there?"

No answer.

"Tim McGolighul?"

"Here, your Riverence."

"Here, is it? An' where's Denis, Tim?"

"An' sure, your Riverence, it's me that don't know."

"Don't know? An' I'd like to know what keeps him from Mass. He's setting a bad example to you all. Tell him from me, Tim, I'll be after him with the lash if he don't obsearve his duty better. And tell him, too, I'll hold a station at his house on Wednesday next."

"Ay, ay, your Riverence! I'll tell him, sure."

"On Thursday, at Shane McRoaragin Finagle's. Are ye there, Shane?"

"Here, your Riverence."

"Here, is it? Well, it's well for you you're here. And where have you been this six months, Shane?"

"An' sure, your Riverence, it's been hard work to care for the childers, and Katy's been ailin, and me own head's been whom-mocking round."

"Ah! Shane! you drink too hard, my boy, and fight too much. Stick to your work, and take things asier."

"Ay, ay, your Riverence; but a fellow must have a crack now and thin; and a belly-full of bateing is sometimes as good as a belly-full of bafe."

"Have a care, Shane, or you'll get your head cracked one of these days. Is the mutton good this year? And have you a drop of the best made on the sly? I have a slight weakness for these things, you know."

"An' shure, your Riverence, the mutton's ilegant; and as to the whisky, a single dhrop of it would bring a tear to a young widow's eye that had lost a bad husband."

"Well, Shane, we must be thankful for our blessings. On Thursday, airly; don't forget."

"Ay, ay, your Riverence; I'll not forget."

"On Friday, at Ned Murtagh's, of Hitem-sosly. Are ye there, Ned?"

"An' it's I that's here; all that's left of me."

"Well, Ned, how goes butter?"

"On the rise, your Riverence; on the rise. The short fade has giv it a start."

"And where's your brother, Ned? I haven't seen him for a long time."

"Sorrow a bit do I know, your Riverence; I'm afraid he's gone up."

"What! the gauger been after him?"

"I fear it, your Riverence; but he'll sup sorrow for it afore he's much older."

"And who's been so base as to inform against him?"

"I wish I knew, your Riverence."

"And I wish I knew, too. If I thought any miscreant here"—looking round sternly

—"would be an informer, I'd make an example of him now, on the spot. Well, Ned, I suppose there's some left yet in the old locker?"

"Ay, ay, your Riverence; five gallons of the best."

"That will do! That will do! We musn't think too much of carnal things, though whisky is good, if taken moderately."

The notices being given, his Reverence cracked a few jokes with the "boys," which were laughed at uproariously throughout the house; and then, turning suddenly, he resumed the performance of his regular duties, while his flock smoothed their faces, and fingered their beads, and became as grave as a row of coffins.

Mass being finished, and holy water sprinkled out of a tub carried by the mass-server from bench to bench, the priest pronounced a Latin benediction, and his congregation dispersed.

We cannot, of course, follow him in his rounds to each of the places where a station was to be held; nor is it necessary to do so, as a description of one will answer for all, the performances at each being substantially alike. We will go with him, therefore, to Shane McRoaragin Finagle's, whose wife Katy had been "ailin'" so long, but whose mutton was good, and who had a drop of the best, made on the sly.

Thursday has come, and it is a lovely day. The glorious sun shines as brightly as if it had been dancing a hornpipe on Easter Sunday; and the brilliant moon, which is at the full, promises to shine as brightly at night, and to sail through the heavens as proudly as a peacock in a new halo head-dress. The traveling is good; but the Rev. Patrick McQuade is in no hurry to start for his place of destination, for he knows that his assistant, Reverend Barney O'Byrne, will take the brunt of the initiatory ceremonies, which will allow him the privilege of following at his leisure, in time for the breakfast, which will be between nine and ten, for the dinner at four, and for the orgies of the evening, which will be kept up to a late hour, with abundant supplies.

So Barney O'Byrne starts on in advance, and reaches the house at a quite early hour. He is in season to hear a few confessions before breakfast; and these he attends to by way of an appetizer,—taking care, before he begins, to have a peep into the adjacent pantry, to see what is stored there for the good of his inward man. And a nice array

of edibles he beholds. There was plenty of bacon, and an abundance of cabbages, eggs without number, and oaten and wheat bread stacked in piles; turkeys and geese, as fat as aldermen, with plenty of chickens, and a fine haunch of mutton; cream as thick as the scum on a mud-puddle, and three gallons of poteen, a sparkle of which would lay a man's hair as smooth as a seal's. All this he sees at a single glance, and the cockles of his heart begin to expand; his nose curls with kindness; his eyes sparkle; his voice grows genial; and with something between a grunt and a growl, he signifies his willingness to commence his duties.

By this time a motley assembly is gathered at the door, which has been arriving for an hour or more by twos and threes. Shane's children have washed at the bench, using a trencher of oatmeal for soap; his girls have curled their flowing locks with a rusty fork heated at the fire; the brogues of the boys have been greased by squeezing the fat from a lump of raw pork with the red-hot tongs, and laying it on with a woolen rag; and all are dressed in new suits of home-made frieze, got up by the tailor, dapper Teddy Dolan, a sharp little fellow, who has cut the boys' hair to the quick with his scissors. You would have laughed had you seen this collection of worthies; and in the expression of their faces before they had confessed, terror, awe, guilt, and reverence might easily be traced, while their memories were busy in running over the catalogue of crimes as they are to be found in the prayer-books, under the ten commandments, the seven deadly sins, the commandments of the church, the four sins that cry to heaven for vengeance, and the seven sins against the Holy Ghost.

Wherever a station is held in Ireland, a crowd of mendicants and strolling impostors is sure to attend; and a train of this description was present to-day. This included both sexes, some seated on loose stones, others on stools, which were scattered about, with their blankets rolled up under them; others on their knees, hard at prayer, which they uttered in a voice which they meant should be heard, jabbering the words and running them together, regardless of reason as well as of rhyme. A little to one side was an old woman, with bleared eyes and gobbered lips, mumbling to herself; and near by was a sturdy beggar, with a brace of tattered urchins slung at his back, secured with a blanket pinned with an iron skewer, their heads just visible over his shoulders, munching away at a piece of

wheat bread; while the father, on his knees, with a wooden cross in his hands, repeated his aves and pater-nosters, with an eye slyly glancing at the open door, to catch the first signs of the appearance of breakfast. It was a curious collection of specimens of humanity,—such as is to be seen only in the Emerald Isle.

Barney O'Byrne stands in his tribunal, ready to hear the confessions of his children, a crowd of whom are struggling and fighting to get the first chance to enter his presence.

"Katy Finagle," he says to Shane's wife, "I'll hear you first, as you have most to do;" and Katy steps forward, and the door is closed.

"Can you repeat the Confiteor?" queries the priest.

"An' sure, your Riverence, it's not the likes of me can do it, bein's I've not had a school eddication."

"Well, then, say after me;" and he goes on until he comes to the words, "*mea culpa, mea culpa, mea maxima culpa*," which Katy repeats thus:—

"*Mare sculp her, mare sculp her, mare makes his mar sculp her.*"

"Very well, Katy; that will do. Now confess;" and Katy commences the rehearsal of her sins,—hard words spoken to Shane when she was mad with him; omissions to repeat her Aves and Pater Nosters, and to count her beads; a tough spat she had recently had with Rory O'Fluke's wife; and a drunk, which had lasted two or three days;—and having thus eased and disburdened her mind, she received absolution, and turned away with light heart and limber tongue to resume the duties of her neglected cuisine.

Katy was followed by several others, upon each of whom the door was closed; and they stood trembling before his Reverence, who questioned them closely about their quarrels and feuds, and the inmost thoughts and intentions of their souls; and after each had confessed, and paid his dues, he received absolution, and stepped aside.

By this time breakfast was about ready; and pushing his way through the gathered crowd, Father O'Byrne came into the kitchen to make preparations for celebrating mass. Old Molly Bettes, the vestment woman, or itinerant sacristan, had fortunately arrived with the priest's robes and other appurtenances; and having donned his surplice, Teddy Glinn, the mass-server, in whom the priest placed unlimited confidence, with a face charged with due solemnity,

answered the Father stoutly in Latin, which he repeated as glibly and as understandingly as a parrot. Those who had confessed now communicated, a swab of rags tied to a stick being dipped in the vessel and touched to the lips successively; after which, each drank from a jug which was handed round from one to another. This ceremony being closed, those who had partaken of the sacrament, and who designed to leave, filled their bottles with holy water, and wended their way to their different homes.

In the interval of this celebration, and before it was finished, Father McQuade rode up to the door, and giving his horse in charge to a boy who stood ready to receive him, with orders to serve him to a half-bushel of oats, he strode into the house, sniffing the good things as he crossed the threshold, and uttering the usual salutations. Breakfast was laid in Katy's best style, and the arrangements for the meal were quite original. Two tables had been spread in the kitchen; and at the head of one sat Father McQuade, with his back to the fire, like an enormous ox roasting for a barbecue; on his right sat his curate, Father O'Byrne; on his left was Shane, the giver of the feast; and in due succession those who had been invited, each taking precedence according to his means or station in life. At the other board sat the youngsters of the family, and a few others, all in rollicking humor, and bursting with fun, which would gush out in half-suppressed flurries and jets, notwithstanding their awe of the priest and the curate.

The breakfast itself was superabundant. The tea was as black and as palatable as bog water; eggs of various kinds—hen, turkey, and goose—were piled in the trenchers; plates of toast soaked with butter were scattered on every hand; and at each corner of the table was a bottle of whisky, "made on the sly." Father McQuade blessed the "mate," and then fell to, with a hearty good relish, demolishing platefuls of toast and eggs, and helping himself liberally to the contents of the bottle. A sprightly conversation was soon struck up, brimful of humor and roystering with fun; healths were drunk with all the honors; and the laugh and the jest circulated merrily.

"Arrah! what's tay," cried Shane, in the excess of his glee, after they had been seated awhile. "It's a few dirty laves wid a drap of water on 'em. Here's the thrue drink," and he held up one of the bottles of

whisky. "Tay's good enough for wimmin; but you might boil down Paykin' and it wouldn't make poteen. Let's have the whisky;" and, suiting the action to the word, he filled to the brim, and drank the good health of all the company.

At last breakfast was over; the tables were cleared; and Father McQuade prepared to perform his part of the ceremonies. His "confessional" was a massive oaken chair, of ample breadth to receive his person, and in this he sat in all his majesty, wiping his chops and mopping his brow with a huge bandana, while one after another appeared before him. The crowd was dense, every one eager to get the first turn; and as they elbowed their way along, and trod on each other's shins, his Reverence cried out:

"Where's your manners, you spalpeens? Why do you press and push so eagerly? Time enough for you all. Can't you stand back, and behave yourselves decently? Let them gals alone. Don't crowd them so. Where's my whip?"—and seizing that implement, which was handed to him by his mass-server, Teddy McGlinn, he flourished it a few times round his head, and then commenced cutting about him right and left, until they fell back in terror, and made a clear space in which one could breathe.

"Come, now, Kavanagh," said he to a tall fellow whom he saw standing near; "step up quick, and answer me honestly. Are you fully prepared for the two blessed sacraments of Penance and the Eucharist?"

"I hope I am," was the brief reply.

"Can you read, sir?"

"An' is it me that can read? No, no, your Riverence; it's my brother's the scholar, not me."

"Well, at all events, I hope you know your Christian doctrine. Let me hear you repeat the Confiteor;" and Kavanagh began: "*Confetur Dimniportenti, batchy Mary, semplar Virginy, batchy Mickletoe Archy Angelo, batchy Johnny Bartisty, sanctis postlis, Petrum hit Paulum, omnium sanctis, et tabby pasture, quay a pixarit coglety ashy honey, verbum et offer him, smaxy quilla, smaxy quilla, smaxy maxin in quilla.*"

"Very well, Kavanagh, very well indeed; all but the pronouncing, which would hardly pass muster at Maynooth, I fear. However, we'll make it do. And now, how many kinds of commandments are there?"

"Two, your Riverence."

"And what are they?"

"God's and the Church's."

"Repeat God's share of them."

Kavanagh repeated the first commandment, according to his catechism.

"That will do. Now repeat the commandments of the Church. How many are there?"

"Eight, your Riverence."

"And what are they?"

"First. Sundays and holidays, mass thou shalt sartinly hear."

"Second. All holidays sanctificate throughout the whole year."

"Third. Lent, Ember days, and Virgins, thou shalt be sartain to fast."

"Fourth. Fridays and Saturdays, flesh, good, bad, or indifferent, thou shalt not taste."

"Fifth. In Lent and Advent, nuptial fastes gallantly forbear."

"Sixth. Confess your sins dacently and soberly at laste once a year."

"Seventh. Resave your God at confession about great Easter day."

"Eighth. And to his church and frolicsome clargy neglect not tides to pay."

"That will do, Kavanagh. Now tell me honestly, do you understand them?"

"I hope so, your Riverence; and the three thriptological vartues, too."

"*Theological*, you spalpeen; *theological*."

"*Theojollyological*. And the four sins that cry to Heaven for vingece; the five carnal vartues—prudence, justice, timptation, and solitude; the seven deadly sins; the eight grey attitudes."

"Stop! stop! You're making a botch of it. *Grey* attitudes, you rascal! What's that? Don't you know better, you ass? *Bay* attitudes, not *grey* attitudes."

"The eight bay attitudes; the nine ways of being guilty of another's shins; the tin commandments; the twelve fruits of a Christian; the fourteen stations of the Cross; the fifteen mystheries of the passion—"

"There! there! Hold on, my boy! you getting out of your teens at a rollicking rate." And his Reverence laughed heartily at his own joke. "I can't say, Kavanagh, but you've answered pretty well, so far as the *repeating* of them goes; but do you *understand* them?"

"I think I do, sir."

"And what does the eighth commandment mean?"

"Pay tides to the lawful pasterns of the church."

"*Pasterns*! you ass! *Pasterns*! you base, contemptible, crawling rascal! As if we trampled you under our hoofs, like cattle,

you scruff of the earth! *Pastors*, not *pasterns*."

"Pastures of the church."

"And now tell me, Kavanagh, do you pay your tithes?"

"I do, your Riverence."

"You lie, you spalpeen!" with a flourish of the whip; "you lie, you knave! Where's your dues?"

"Here, your Riverence," and he quickly handed him the sum required.

"That will do, sir; you may stand aside." And Kavanagh retired.

Thus the Father proceeded with his duties, contriving to un-sin them with an alacrity that was marvelous; and long before the dinner-hour he had managed to perform a considerable stroke of work. True, there were some hard cases, and several keen encounters of wit; but his Reverence enjoyed it, was equal to the task, and pocketed his dues with wonderful relish—helping himself occasionally to a glass from the bottle which stood at his elbow, when his voice grew husky, and his throat wanted clearing.

Four o'clock had now arrived, and his Reverence, whose devotion to his internal interests equaled if not excelled his devotion to the Church, heard the summons to dinner as a criminal his reprieve from the gallows, and smacked his chops, while he ambled about with a jolly leer upon his shining face, anticipating the good cheer in which he was to indulge. Both tables had been set for the second time, and both were filled with the smoking viands. At the head of the first was a pair of geese, done to a turn, of that delicate brown which charms the epicure. These were flanked by a huge turkey, a pair of roast chickens, and a haunch of mutton; while adown the sides were set other dishes, with piles of cabbage, potatoes, and pork. The wheaten bread was stacked on plates, and the golden butter, made by fair hands into fanciful shape, emitted a fragrance almost as charming as a nosegay in June. Bottles of whisky stood near every plate; and Shane had been liberal in furnishing his supplies, for this was the first station held at his house, and he meant it should redound to the fame of his hospitality. He had purchased, too, half a dozen bottles of wine, which were to be served with the dessert, and help to wind up the evening's carouse.

It would be difficult to find a motlier company than was assembled at Shane's board on this pleasant occasion. Father McQuade was there, in all his glory, his rubicund

face glowing with delight; Father Barney O'Byrne, though a little more quiet, and far less demonstrative, was equally devoted to the duties of the trencher; a nephew of McQuade's, named Paddy McDavitt, who was a student at Maynooth, soon to enter upon holy orders, was also there, egged with conceit, and looking upon himself as the equal of the priest; Shane's landlord, Squire McKinney, had condescended to honor him with his presence, for the sake of enjoying a chat with the priest; and several of Shane's neighbors, men of substance, and in good repute, had also been invited to share in the feast. Added to these were a dozen others, of a less favored class, awkward in appearance and uncouth in manners, who could not well be pushed aside, some of whom were noted for their boisterous wit, and others served as butts for all jokes.

The chair was occupied by Father McQuade, and it creaked and groaned under the burden of his dignity. He was none of your super-sancitimonious priests, who think it a sin to jest or to smile, but prided himself on his versatile accomplishments, and, with an excellent voice, could sing a song with as much *abandon* and an enjoyment of its license as keen as the jolliest Friar Tuck. He was dressed in a coat which had large double breasts, with the lappels hanging loosely on each side; a double-breasted waistcoat, with similar lappels; blue small-clothes, adorned at the knee with huge silver buckles; and below these, extending to his gaiters, appeared a pair of lamb's wool socks, originally white, but now somewhat tarnished and yellowed by wear. Father Barney O'Byrne was a man of a different stamp, lank and angular, with a long-favored countenance and a sharp-pointed chin. His black hair was cropped close, except a thin portion of it, which was trained evenly across his eye-brows. His body was encased in a suit much too large for him, and which looked as if it might once have belonged to his superior. The elbows of his coat were a trifle threadbare, and as he carried his arms stuck out akimbo, he looked as if he had been accustomed in his earlier days to carrying kegs of whisky under them, and the crook they had acquired had never been straightened. His boots were long, and reached above his knees, like those of a dragoon; and as he clattered about in them in shuffling over the floor, you feared every moment they would interfere, like the hind legs of a horse, and throw him to the ground. He was a much graver man than Father

McQuade, and had been chosen for his faithfulness and willingness to serve—qualities in which he somewhat excelled his superior, who cared more for capons than for beads or for books.

"Fill up your glasses all," cried Shane, as they seated themselves, "an' I'll give you a toast. A drink is good for us at the opening of the faste."

"With all my heart," replied Father McQuade. "Good spirits, like good wine, cheer the heart and brighten the eye." And so they filled all round.

"Here's health to you all," cried Shane as they filled; "and from the veins of my heart you're welcome here."

The toast was drunk with due honor; and for an hour or more the clatter of dishes and of tongues was heard, as cut after cut of the fowls disappeared, and joke after joke was cracked by the eaters. The influence of the bottle was very soon felt, and the conversation became uproarious, joined with shrill, hearty laughter, an occasional song, and a tough argument on some knotty point. There was sharp skirmishing between Father McQuade and Squire McKinney, with flashes of wit and spirts of humor which would have been loudly cheered at a more fashionable banquet; and still the clatter of tongues was kept up, and still the bottle passed merrily round.

"A song!" cried Shane, at this stage of their proceedings. "A song! come, Ned Dolan, give us a song."

"Yes, Ned," chimed in the rest, and Ned complied.

"I give you 'Peggy my Dear,'" said Ned, when they were ready; and tuning up, he sang as follows:—

Ah! a nice little girl was Peggy my dear,
Wid a nose that was red, and an eye with a leer;
My troth! it was she was her mother's own daughter,
That never cried boo, or gave any one quarter.
So whammocking, lammocking, going it strong,
Whoppocking, loppocking, pass her along!
Rareaby, dareaby, it's not she that's slow,
Thunderkin', blunderkin', hit her my Joe.

Oh, she's tall and she's stout, she's smart and she's bright,
And a deil of a fellow can twist her in fight;
She dances away like mad Tim O'Larey,
And no one can bate her but Captain O'Blarey.
So whammocking, lammocking, going it strong,
Whoppocking, loppocking, pass her along,
Rareaby, dareaby, it's not she's that's slow,
Thunderkin', blunderkin', hit her my Joe.

Round her nice little waist I threw my right arm,
O! say, Mr. Praste, do you see any harm?

And I gave her a kiss on her lips that were red,
And on my stout shoulders she rested her head.
So whammocking, lammocking, going it strong,
Whoppocking, loppocking, pass her along;
Rareaby, dareaby, it's not she's that's slow,
Thunderkin', blunderkin', hit her my Joe.

O Peggy, my dear, I'll be after you soon,
And on your neat futs put a pair of new shoon;
We'll go to the Praste, the knot shall be tied,
And sweet little Peggy shall be my own bride.
So whammocking, lammocking, going it strong,
Whoppocking, loppocking, pass her along;
Rareaby, dareaby, it's not she's that's slow,
Thunderkin', blunderkin', hit her my Joe.

Roars of laughter greeted this song, and when it was ended Shane was in a mood of exalted beneficence; and, proud of his position as the giver of the feast, he overflowed with gayety, and said to his Reverence—

"An' I will say for you, Father McQuade, you're an elegant gentleman, and the most able-bodied I ever engaged with; and it's the likes of me that feels the honor of your presence this night. And you too, Father O'Byrne; I shake hands to you, and drink your good health. Long may you live, and when you die, may you go strate to heaven! And all of you, my neighbors and friends! It does me good to see you here,—not forgetting your Riverence's nevue, Paddy McDavitt; and I hope soon to see him with the robes on his back, and to hear him prache us a good sarmen."

Thus the carousal was kept up for several hours, until the silver moon had risen to the zenith, and admonished them it was time to think of leaving. Every soul was mellowed with drink, and all declared they had had a good time.

"Katy," said the Reverend Barney O'Byrne, as he rose to take leave; "Katy, *mayourneen*, ye've done well; and it's me that gives you praise for it. An' now, Katy, you'd better, I think, get two of your men to go home with Father McQuade, for, though the night is clear, his eyes, you see, are none of the best; he's getting a little blind, and don't see his way very well after dark. Poor man! we should all be sorry to have anything happen to him."

"Wid all my heart! Wid all my heart! Here, you spalpeens!" turning to two who were lingering at the door; "Go ye quick, and git his Riverence's horse; and when he is mounted, go ye on with him till he's up at his home."

"Good night!" said the Father, as he gallantly mounted; "good night to ye all:" and the cavalcade left, his Reverence supported on each side by a servant.

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

Strike, but Hear.

WE suppose that there is nothing simpler than simple addition, excepting, perhaps, those people who have no talent for it, of whom, unfortunately, there is a considerable number, especially among the striking craftsmen. If it were to be announced to-day that ten dollars will hereafter be the average price of a day's labor, among all the trades, we do not doubt that it would be regarded by the toiling multitude as the gladdest and grandest event that had ever occurred in the history of the national industry. Let us see, then, if we can, what the effect of such an advance in the price of labor would be. This is a rich country; and every rich country has a multitude of artificial wants. To supply these wants, there have been organized a large number of productive industries; and hundreds of thousands of laborers are fed by them. The first effect of a doubling of the price of labor would be to destroy all those industries which are engaged in producing things that men and women can do without. When the price of the necessities of life is raised, the use of luxuries is reduced in a corresponding degree. This law is just as unvarying in its operation as the law of gravitation. A man who spends \$10,000 a year, giving \$2,000 of it to luxuries, drops his luxuries, and spends his \$10,000 on a smaller number of people. He dismisses a servant, and gives up his carriage. He stops buying flowers and giving entertainments. Every man and woman who had anything to do in feeding his artificial wants loses his patronage; and thus whole classes of people would, by such an advance in the price of labor, be thrown out of employment and into distress. This, however, would be only an indirect or incidental damage to the laboring interest, though it would be a damage to that interest alone. The rich would really suffer very little by it.

There are certain things that we must all have—the rich and the poor alike—houses to live in, clothes to wear, and bread and meat to eat. What effect would such a change have upon these? A house that cost \$3,000 to build yesterday, will cost \$6,000 to-morrow. The brickmaker, the stone-cutter, the mason, the carpenter, all working at double wages, would, by that very fact, advance the price of their own rent in a corresponding degree. The tenement that rents for \$250 to-day will rent for \$500 to-morrow, and if it cannot be rented for that sum, it will not be built at all. The same thing will be true concerning what are called the necessities of life. If it costs twice as much money to produce a barrel of flour to-day as it did yesterday, it will double in price. Every article of produce, every garment that we buy for ourselves or our children, will have added to its price exactly what has been added to the cost of its production or manufacture; and when this excess has been added to the excess of rent, the laborer will find himself at the end of his first year no whit benefited by

what seemed to hold the promise of a fortune. We cannot imagine a man with common-sense enough to labor intelligently who will be unable to see at a glance that our conclusions on this point are inevitable.

Now there is beyond this direct result of a doubling of the price of labor an indirect effect upon the price of real estate, which greatly enhances the trouble of the laborer. The destruction of various branches of industry, and the rendering of other branches either precarious or insufficient in their profits, would inevitably concentrate capital, so far as possible, upon real estate. Idle or poorly-employed capital is always seeking for an investment; and if banking and manufacturing and trade become unprofitable, through a disturbance of just relations between labor and capital, the man who has money puts it into real estate. Under this stimulus real estate rises at once. It already feels this stimulus in this country, and it is destined to feel it still more and more. If the price of labor were doubled, the advance in rents from this cause alone would not only be appreciable but decidedly onerous. The inevitable tendency of every strike is to drive capital out of manufacturing into real estate, to raise the price of real estate, and to raise the laborer's rent.

We have supposed this extreme case in order to show the laborer, as we could do in no other way, the tendency of his measures to secure large wages by arbitrary means. That there is a point beyond which it is not safe for him to go, is just as demonstrable as any problem in mathematics. There is a point beyond which it is not safe for him to push his demand for increased wages, or for fewer hours of labor, which is the same thing. Our impression is that he has reached that point, and we are speaking in his interest entirely. The present high and increasing price of real estate, and the buoyancy of railroad and fancy stocks, show that money seeks to get away from manufactures, and all those enterprises where capital is compelled to deal much with labor. This is a sad thing for labor—the saddest that can happen. The labor market should always be in that condition which tends to draw capital away from real estate. Then rents will be low, provisions will stand at a reasonable price, every hand will find sufficient employment with sufficient pay, and labor and capital be mutually dependent friends. We sympathize with every effort of the laborer to better his condition, and our simple wish is to warn him against supposing that increased wages beyond a certain point, which he seems already to have reached, will be of the slightest use to him. There is an average price for a day's labor which capital can afford to pay, and which alone labor can afford to receive. Beyond this all is disorder, injustice, and pecuniary adversity and loss to every class. The extorted dollar which capital cannot afford to give to labor is a curse to the hand that receives it.

The Wine Question in Society.

It is universally admitted among sensible and candid people that drunkenness is the great curse of our social and national life. It is not characteristically American, for the same may be said with greater emphasis of the social and national life of Great Britain; but it is one of those things about which there is no doubt. Cholera and small-pox bring smaller fatality, and almost infinitely smaller sorrow. There are fathers and mothers, and sisters and wives, and innocent and wondering children, within every circle that embraces a hundred lives, who grieve to-day over some hopeless victim of the seductive destroyer. In the city and in the country—North, East, South and West—there are men and women who cannot be trusted with wine in their hands—men and women who are conscious, too, that they are going to destruction, and who have ceased to fight an appetite that has the power to transform every soul and every home it occupies into a hell. Oh, the wild prayers for help that go up from a hundred thousand despairing slaves of strong drink to-day! Oh, the shame, the disappointment, the fear, the disgust, the awful pity, the mad protests that rise from a hundred thousand homes! And still the smoke of the everlasting torment rises, and still we discuss the "wine question," and the "grape culture," and live on as if we had no share in the responsibility for so much sin and shame and suffering.

Society bids us furnish wine at our feasts, and we furnish it just as generously as if we did not know that a certain percentage of all the men who drink it will die miserable drunkards, and inflict lives of pitiful suffering upon those who are closely associated with them. There are literally hundreds of thousands of people in polite life in America who would not dare to give a dinner, or a party, without wine, notwithstanding the fact that in many instances they can select the very guests who will drink too much on every occasion that gives them an opportunity. There are old men and women who invite young men to their feasts, whom they know cannot drink the wine they propose to furnish without danger to themselves and disgrace to their companions and friends. They do this sadly, often, but under the compulsions of social usage. Now we understand the power of this influence; and every sensitive man must feel it keenly. Wine has stood so long as an emblem and representative of good cheer and generous hospitality, that it seems stingy to shut it away from our festivities, and deny it to our guests. Then again it is so generally offered at the tables of our friends, and it is so difficult, apparently, for those who are accustomed to it to make a dinner without it, that we hesitate to offer water to them. It has a niggardly—almost an unfriendly—seeming; yet what shall a man do who wishes to throw what influence he has on the side of temperance?

The question is not new. It has been up for an answer every year and every moment since men

thought or talked about temperance at all. We know of but one answer to make to it. A man cannot, without stultifying and morally debasing himself, fight in public that which he tolerates in private. We have heard of such things as writing temperance addresses with a demijohn under the table; and society has learned by heart the old talk against drinking too much—"the excess of the thing, you know"—by those who have the power of drinking a little, but who would sooner part with their right eye than with that little. A man who talks temperance with a wine-glass in his hand is simply trying to brace himself so that he can hold it without shame. We do not deny that many men have self-control, or that they can drink wine through life without suffering, to themselves or others. It may seem hard that they should be deprived of a comfort or a pleasure because others are less fortunate in their temperament or their power of will. But the question is whether a man is willing to sell his power to do good to a great multitude for a glass of wine at dinner. That is the question in its plainest terms. If he is, then he has very little benevolence, or a very inadequate apprehension of the evils of intemperance.

What we need in our metropolitan society is a declaration of independence. There are a great many good men and women in New York who lament the drinking habits of society most sincerely. Let these all declare that they will minister no longer at the social altars of the great destroyer. Let them declare that the indiscriminate offer of wine at dinners and social assemblies is not only criminal but vulgar, as it undoubtedly is. Let them declare that for the sake of the young, the weak, the vicious—for the sake of personal character, and family peace, and social purity, and national strength—they will discard wine from their feasts from this time forth and forever, and the work will be done. Let them declare that it shall be vulgar—as it undeniably is—for a man to quarrel with his dinner because his host fails to furnish wine. This can be done now, and it needs to be done now, for it is becoming every day more difficult to do it. The habit of wine-drinking at dinner is quite prevalent already. European travel is doing much to make it universal; and if we go on extending it at the present rate, we shall soon arrive at the European indifference to the whole subject. There are many clergymen in New York who have wine upon their tables and who furnish it to their guests. We keep no man's conscience, but we are compelled to say that they sell influence at a shamefully cheap rate. What can they do in the great fight with this tremendous evil? They can do nothing, and are counted upon to do nothing.

If the men and women of good society wish to have less drinking to excess, let them stop drinking moderately. If they are not willing to break off the indulgence of a feeble appetite for the sake of doing a great good to a great many people, how can they expect a poor, broken-down wretch to deny an ap-

petite that is stronger than the love of wife and children, and even life itself? The punishment for the failure to do duty in this business is sickening to contemplate. The sacrifice of life and peace and wealth will go on. Every year young men will rush wildly to the devil, middle-aged men will booze away into apoplexy, and old men will swell up with the sweet poison and become disgusting idiots. What will become of the women? We should think that they had suffered enough from this evil to hold it under everlasting ban, yet there are drunken women as well as drinking clergymen. Society, however, has a great advantage in the fact that it is vulgar for a woman to drink. There are some things that a woman may not do, and maintain her social standing. Let her not quarrel with the fact that society demands more of her than it does of men. It is her safeguard in many ways.

Novel-Reading.

THE novel has become, for good or for evil, the daily food of the civilized world. It is given to youngest childhood in Mother Goose and other extravagant and grotesque inventions, it is placed in the hands of older childhood and youth through the distributing agencies of a hundred thousand publishing houses and Sunday-school libraries, and prepared for the eyes of the adult world by every magazine and weekly newspaper that finds its way into Christian homes. Among all peoples and all sorts of people, of every age and of every religious and social school, it is the only universally-accepted form of literature. History, poetry, philosophy, science, social ethics and religion are accepted respectively by classes of readers, larger or smaller; but the novel is read by multitudes among all these classes, and by the great multitude outside of them, who rarely look into anything else. The serial novel is now an invariable component of the magazine in America and England; the French *feuilleton* has been so long established as to be regarded as a necessary element in the newspaper; while in Germany, the land of scholars and philosophers and scientific explorers, the story-tellers are among the most ingenious and prolific in the world.

It all comes of the interest which the human mind takes in human life. If history and biography are less read than the novel, it is because the life found in them is less interesting or in a less interesting form. The details of individual experience and of social life are far more engaging to ordinary minds than the proceedings of parliaments and the intercourse of nations. From these latter the life of the great masses is far removed. The men and women whom one meets at a social gathering, and the dramatic by-play and personal experience of such an occasion, will absorb a multitude of minds far beyond the proceedings of a Board of Arbitration that holds in its hands the relations of two great nations, and possibly the peace of the world.

The daily life of the people is not in politics, or

philosophy, or religious discussion. They eat and drink, they buy and sell, they lose and gain, they love and hate, they plot and counterplot; their lives are filled with doubts and fears and hopes, and realizations or disappointments of hope; and when they read, they choose to read of these. It is in these experiences that all classes meet on common ground, and this is the ground of the novel. In truth, the novel is social history, personal biography, religion, morals, and philosophy, realized or idealized, all in one. Nay, more: it is the only social history we have. If the social history of the last hundred years in England and America has not been written in the novels of the last fifty, it has not been written at all. In the proportion that these novels have been accepted and successful have their plots, characters, spirit, properties and belongings been taken from real life. There is no form of literature in which the people have been more inexorably determined to have truthfulness than in that of fiction. History, under the foul influence of partisanship, has often won success by lying, but fiction never. Under the inspirations of ideality, it has presented to us some of the very purest forms of truth which we possess.

So universally accepted is the novel that it has become one of the favorite instruments of reform. If a great wrong is to be righted, the sentiments, convictions and efforts of the people are directed against it through the means of a novel. It is mightier to this end than conventions, speeches, editorials and popular rebellions. If a social iniquity is to be uncovered that it may be cured, the pen of the novelist is the power employed. The adventurer, the drunkard, the libertine, the devotee of fashion and folly, are all punctured and impaled by the same instrument, and held up to the condemnation or contempt of the world. At the same time, we are compelled to look to our novels rather than to our histories and biographies for our finest and purest idealizations of human character and human society. There is nothing more real and nothing more inspiring in all history and cognate literature, than the characters which fiction, by the hands of its masters, has presented to the world.

There was a time when the church was afraid of the novel; and it is not to be denied that there are bad novels—novels which ought not to be read, and which are read simply because there are people as bad as the novels are; but the church itself is now the most industrious producer of the novel. It is found next to impossible to induce a child to read anything but stories; and therefore the shelves of our Sunday-school libraries are full of them. These stories might be better, yet they undoubtedly contain the best presentation of religious truth that has been made to the infantile mind. The pictures of character and life that are to be found in a multitude of these books cannot fail of giving direction and inspiration to those for whom they are painted. Among much that is silly and preposterous and dissipating,

there is an abundance that is wholesome and supremely valuable. Religious novels, too, have become a large and tolerably distinct class of books of very wide acceptance and usefulness in the hands of men and women. The church, least of all estates, perhaps, could now afford to dispense with the novel, because it is found that the novel will be produced and universally consumed.

The trash that is poured out by certain portions of the press will continue to be produced, we suppose, while it finds a market. The regret is that such stuff can find a market, but tastes will be crude and morals low in this imperfect world for some time to come.

THE OLD CABINET.

I SHOULD like to live in a community where every man's face would represent his idea of himself. Even as it is, there is not a countenance in the wide world so homely that its owner does not find in it a grace unseen by others. It is this consciousness of at least an approach toward the beloved ideal that makes ugly folks quite as much given to throwing sheep's eyes at themselves in mirrors as handsome people are. Photographic albums abundantly record this pathetic striving after ideals—shown in every case where the artist has not posed and retouched subject and negative out of all individuality and expression.

But it is not merely at the photographer's that people endeavor to impress upon others their own conception of themselves. We go through life trying to do it. And oh, what a hard time some of us have! Think of a man with a brain that feels broad and towering, and a narrowing forehead, at an angle of forty-five degrees; imagine another with a Wellington heart and a turn-up nose, or a girl whose idea of herself is something like Mrs. Browning, and who stands six feet in her stockings. A youth of my acquaintance, who affects the appearance of a rake, is miserably baffled by a goody style of countenance; to judge from his face one might suppose that he had attended the recent 'American Derby' for the purpose of distributing tracts.

You apprehend at once how this accounts for a great many things in life that seem ludicrous on the surface. The clustering curls and shrinking ways, for instance, of the large young lady above mentioned would not seem at all incongruous could we behold the girl as she appears to herself.

THERE is something touching in the attachment that everybody has for his own countenance. Is not that one of the tenderest things in Dickens—Charlie's hiding the looking-glass from poor disfigured little Dame Durden. I am certain that a sudden change, though for the better, in the face of the plainest person I know would make him homesick.

I confess to a subtle satisfaction in my last photo-

graph, which I am very well aware is not shared by any of the friends to whom I have presented copies. They talk about the position being forced or natural; or the eyebrows not being brushed; or the hair being too formal; or the picture flattering me a little; or not flattering me at all; or its being too light; or too dark; or too festive; or too solemn; or about its being a capital likeness; or an abominable one—according to variance in prints, moods, and notions. But what interests me in it—they have no souls for. I wonder if I am as inappreciative in the matter of other people's photographs. I declare I shall look through the next photograph album with new eyes.

As unsatisfactory as they are in the main, photographs show a man to himself in some respects better than the looking-glass does. For in the looking-glass you are always met by that frightening point-blank stare. On the other hand, you can gaze upon your own photograph just as composedly as upon that of the King of Siam.

There is no social custom more widely observed than that already alluded to, of looking sidewise at one's self in mirrors. Scarcely one adult passenger in a hundred fails in the observance while passing through the ladies' cabins of the J-y C-y ferry-boats: and ninety-eight of the ninety-nine do it on the sly. The strange part of it is that, while everybody knows precisely what his file leader is about, everybody imagines that he himself has never been caught in the act. It is one of the delusions to which humankind is subject.—Why cannot we be frank about it? Suppose we try to be frank about it to-morrow!

DID you never catch a glimpse of yourself unexpectedly in a looking-glass, and think at first it was a stranger approaching? And did you never get a sudden view of your own personality by means of a psychic accident such as that? A friend of mine, who is as unconceited as any man I know, told me that he once saw his own character, that way, and it brought tears to his eyes. It was only for an instant,—a flash of lightning in a dark night,—but he was confident it

made a better man of him. It gave him firmer faith in his friends. It manifested what there was in him that it was possible for them to love. It made him happy and humble. He knew that those about him did not see all; but he strove ever after to be true to that gracious vision of himself.

It is a pitiable thing for a man to base his idea of himself on a chance likeness to some famous person. I wonder how many lives have been wrecked on the rock of a personal resemblance to Edwin Booth. A fine young fellow from New York, who had "frequently been mistaken for Mr. Booth," made his *début* in Ourltown, a few years ago, in the character of Hamlet. Having heard something about him, I called upon him at the hotel during the afternoon preceding the first performance. His enthusiasm was beautiful. He had never rehearsed upon a stage, but he had gone through the play over and over again in his own room, using the chairs to represent Ophelia, Horatio, and the rest. He knew it was a bold venture, but he hadn't the slightest fear, he said.

Ghost of Shakespeare, what a Hamlet it was! I could not blame the gallery for insisting upon regarding the entertainment throughout as light comedy. The tragedy lay too deep for their ken.

Another Booth-bedeveloped youth used to haunt in melancholy attitudes the corridors of the Winter Garden while his illustrious double was playing Hamlet there. After the tragedian cut his hair, and developed into a prosperous and cheerful-faced manager, the fellow must have looked more like Booth than Booth did himself.

Perhaps you have reason to remember that amiable young man, not unknown in this neighborhood, who was distracted from a useful and honorable career, by an unfortunate resemblance to the Chandos portrait. Ah me! there was an excellent—let me say tailor ruined to make a villainous poet. The last time I saw him was at the unavailing of Ward's wonderful statue at the Central Park. His hat was pushed back from his forehead, and (after he had run his fingers casually through his hair once or twice) the likeness to that noble bronze head was really remarkable. But I had a great pity for the young lady who was sitting by him, and to whom they say he is engaged.

A frightful example of the evil that may be wrought by personal resemblance, such as we have been noticing, is furnished by that ancient wandering mountebank whose indubitable likeness to most of the extant portraits of the Father of his Country leads the beholder to acknowledge a certain fitness in his anachronistic attire,—knee-breeches, cocked hat, canary-

colored waistcoat, and all,—and to look with charity upon the assumption of the easily-suggested title—'Spirit of '76.' But it is when the hoary-headed rogue adds to this patriotic cognomen that of the 'Great Matrimonial Promoter,' vends cheap photographs at excellent profits, and with his little electrical apparatus pretends to work miracles upon the human system, adding the beguilement of a 'free grab in the bag,' that you discover the Spirit of '72, and wonder how many of the old sinner's lies are to be laid at the door of his immaculate prototype.

It is fortunate that there are some who can master the illusions of resemblance. There is my friend Brown, the well-known publisher; notwithstanding he is constantly bowed to on Broadway and in the Park, under the supposition that it is none other than a certain illustrious statesman who shall be nameless, he steadfastly declines to consider himself a great man, and has gone no farther into politics than to allow his name to be used in a respectable list of forty vice-presidents at a late political 'demonstration.' An obscure Shakespeare of whom we wot, has never permitted himself so much as a sonnet, and to-day is making excellent cheese in a Western State; and a village Booth, of the genuine type, had the manliness to spoil the likeness by raising a moustache and entering upon the scientific cultivation of vegetables and small-fruits.

I SHOULD sincerely like to be famous, if it were only for a fortnight. I am sure that fame would not spoil me a bit. I would carry myself so unpretendingly, and with such thought for others, that men would say—behold the gentleness and simplicity of true greatness!

I do not think that famous men live up to their privileges. Remember how much pleasure they have it in their power to confer, to the sure enhancement of their own happiness. We do hear of Washington's occasionally taking Revolutionary babies into his lap, or patting small boys on the head; and I could name a noted person, still living, who makes a point of giving large apples to little children. But—in the matter of autographs for instance—how common it is to send nothing but one's name: how few of our great men preface even so little as *Faithfully yours*; and there is hardly one in a score who will copy a passage from his celebrated poem, or throw in a characteristic impromptu phrase.

Some of our rich mén, by the way, do not get all the credit to which they are entitled. It strikes me as requiring no little heroism to refuse to take advantage of so many opportunities for making one's self happy by doing good to other people.

NATURE AND SCIENCE.

The Month of Earthquakes.

THE month of April, 1872, will for long be remembered and will occupy an important position in geological history as the month of earthquakes and volcanoes. The series of disturbances in question commenced on March 26th with an earthquake at Independence, Inyo County, California, and lasted for five hours, during which time "the earth was never for a moment perfectly quiet, and every few moments heavy shocks, of a few seconds duration, were occurring: in all, there were more than fifty heavy shocks." During the disturbance, flashes of light were seen to issue from the Black Rock, a volcano of the Sierra Nevada range about fourteen miles distant.

On April 3d the terrible earthquake of Antioch laid that ancient city in ruins. In this commotion the earth was disturbed over a considerable extent, the shocks being severely felt from Aleppo to Orfa, beyond the Euphrates, and occurring at intervals for more than a week.

On April 14th and 15th violent shocks of earthquake were felt at Accra, on the Gold coast of Africa, and these were attended by a hurricane which wrecked nearly every vessel in the harbor of Zanzibar.

On April 24th Vesuvius again burst her bonds and became more active than at any time since the eruption that overwhelmed Herculaneum and Pompeii.

Europe, Asia, Africa, America,—four, out of the five great divisions of the globe, showing serious disturbance of their surface at almost the same time. It is as if Mother Earth were shaking the finger of admonition at those who deny the old geological doctrines, and advance the hypothesis that the globe is not fluid in its interior, but is solid through and through.

Eccentricity.

THE following singular instance of eccentricity, illustrating the close connection of this condition of the mind with insanity, is related by Professor Hammond in his work on diseases of the nervous system.

A lady had since her childhood shown a singularity of conduct as regarded her table furniture, which she would have of no other material than copper. She carried this fancy to such an extent that even the knives were made of copper. People laughed at her, and tried to reason her out of her whim, but in vain. In no other respect was there any evidence of mental aberration. She was intelligent, by no means excitable, and in the enjoyment of excellent health. An uncle had, however, died insane. A trifling circumstance started in her a new train of thought, and excited emotions which she could not control. She read in the morning paper that a Mr. Kopperman had arrived at one of the hotels, and she announced her determination to call on him. Her friends endeavored to dissuade her, but without avail. She went to the hotel and was told that he had just left

for Chicago. Without returning to her home, she bought a ticket for Chicago, and actually started on the next train for that city. The telegraph, however, overtook her, and she was brought back from Rochester raving of her love for a man whom she had never seen, and whose name alone had been associated in her mind with her fancy for copper table-furniture. She died of acute mania within a month.

Mental Power in Men and Women.

REGARDING this oft-discussed question, Professor Maudsley says: It has been affirmed by some philosophers that there is no essential difference between the mind of a woman and that of a man; and that if a girl were subjected to the same education as a boy she would resemble him in tastes, feelings, pursuits, and powers. To my mind it would not be one whit more absurd to affirm that the antlers of the stag, the human beard, and the cockscomb are effects of education; or that by putting a girl to the same education as a boy she could be sexually transformed into one. The physical and mental differences between the sexes intimate themselves very early in life, and declare themselves most distinctly at puberty. If the person is hermaphrodite, the mental character, like the physical, participates equally in that of both sexes. If either sex is mutilated, it approaches in character the opposite sex. While woman preserves her sex, she will necessarily be feebler than man, and, having her special bodily and mental characters, will have, to a certain extent, her own sphere of activity. When she has pretty well divested herself of her sex, she may then take his ground and do his work; but she will have lost her feminine attractions, and probably also her chief feminine functions.

The Doctrine of Signatures.

DURING the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries the belief in the doctrine of signatures was at its zenith. It rested on the idea that plants possessed some visible trait, mark or signature which indicated their fitness to be used for the cure of diseases in certain parts of the body. The walnut, for example, was regarded as presenting a perfect signature of the head, the outer husk or green covering representing the pericranium or outer skin of the skull; therefore preparations of this were used in treating wounds of the scalp. The inner hard shell, its thin yellow skin, and the kernel, in their turn representing the bones of the skull, the dura mater, and the substance of the brain, were highly esteemed in the treatment of diseases of each of these parts.

In like manner pith of elder, since it pits when pressed on, as do the legs of a dropsical person, was used in treating dropsy. And to illustrate by a few quotations from a work on this curious subject—"Lady's thistle has many prickles, hence it is used in stitches of the side. The scales of pine cones resemble the front teeth, hence when boiled in vinegar

they make a gargle which soothes the toothache. White coral is very like teeth, therefore it helpeth infants to breed their teeth, their gums being rubbed therewith."

The Theory of Fermentation.

Is fermentation a process of Life or of Death? Liebig holds that it is a phenomenon connected with death, and that all substances, and especially those which are albuminoid, as albumen, fibrin, casein; or, liquids, as blood and milk, have the property in the presence of air of initiating such movements in the molecules of organic bodies as to cause them to take on new forms. According to Pasteur all fermentations are processes connected with life, and fermentable matter never undergoes fermentation without an incessant interchange of molecules between it and living cells, which grow or multiply in assimilating a portion of the fermentable matter itself.

In the souring of wine, M. Pasteur holds that a growth which he calls *Mycoderma Aceti* forms on the surface of the liquid. This little microscopic vegetable, he says, has the power of condensing the oxygen of the air after the fashion of platinum black, or of blood globules, and conveying it to the liquid on which it rests. Liebig denies this, saying that alcohol diluted with water does not contain the elements for the formation of the *Mycoderma Aceti*, and yet it is convertible into vinegar. Pasteur replies that the water used to dilute the alcohol contains everything necessary for the development of the vegetable, and reasserts the truth of his theory, adding that if the vessels in which acetification of alcoholic solutions occurs (as in wine and beer making) are steamed or filled with boiling water for a sufficient time, vinegar will not again form; at least not until a new crop of *Mycoderma Aceti* has been produced.

Aphasia.

THIS disease of the memory or impairment of the idea or power of expressing language may be illustrated by the following instances. A gentleman of seventy years, when wishing for anything, constantly employed some inappropriate word. If he desired bread, he asked for his boots, yet would be furious when these were brought. If he wished a tumbler to drink from, he would call for an utterly unsuitable vessel, and *vice versa*. Yet he was conscious that he used the wrong word, for if another person suggested the proper word he at once adopted it. Sometimes the substitution is applied to a single letter. An instance of this occurred in a learned patient of Dr. Crichton's who substituted the letter *s* for *f*, and, if he desired (*Kaffee*) or coffee, asked for (*Kutse*) a cat. A singular case was that of Madame Hennert, who asked for a table when she wanted a chair, and for a book when she desired a glass, and even when the proper word was suggested she could not pronounce it, yet she conducted her household affairs with accuracy and regularity.

Not only does the defect in question affect the
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power of speech, but it also extends to the act of writing. The person may articulate fluently and rapidly, using strange words that he has coined, or substituting unsuitable words. He may even know that he is talking nonsense, yet when he attempts to express his ideas by writing he will either write his words in conformation to his use of them or he will write an unintelligible scrawl.

Among other odd examples of this defect is one related by Professor Hammond, in which the person always made the answer *tois* to any question implying the use of figures, though he would correct himself by holding up the right number of fingers. For example, if he meant two, he would say *tois* and hold up two fingers; if he meant seven, he would say *tois* and hold up seven fingers; if he meant eighty-four, he would say *tois*, hold up eight fingers and then four. Another gentleman could not recollect the names of his friends, but always designated them by their ages.

Human Equality.

PERHAPS of all the erroneous notions concerning mind which the science of metaphysics has engendered or abetted, there is none more fallacious than that which tacitly assumes or explicitly declares that men are born with equal original mental capacity, opportunities and educations determining the differences of subsequent development. The opinion is as cruel as it is false. What man can by taking thought add one cubit either to his mental or to his bodily stature? Multitudes of human beings come into the world weighted with a destiny against which they have neither the will nor the power to contend; they are the step-children of Nature, and groan under the worst of all tyrannies, the tyranny of a bad organization. Men differ, indeed, in the fundamental characters of their minds as they do in the features of their countenances or in the habits of their bodies; and between those who are born with the potentiality of a full and complete mental development, under favorable circumstances, and those who are born with an innate incapacity of mental development, under any circumstances, there exists every gradation. What teaching could ever raise the congenital idiot to the common level of human intelligence? What teaching could ever keep the inspired mind of the man of genius at that level?

Photographing the Heart's Action.

THE movements of liquids in the Barometer and Thermometer, the passage of spots across the Sun, the indications of the Spectroscope, are registered daily by the photograph. We now add to the many other duties performed by this hand-maiden of Science, that of registering the action of the human heart.

The device by which this result is attained is the invention of Dr. Ozanam. It consists of a thin india-rubber bag to which a short glass tube is attached. Sufficient mercury is poured into the apparatus to fill the bag and a portion of the tube, and the instrument

is placed over the heart of the person to be examined. Thus arranged, every pulsation of the heart is indicated by a corresponding movement of the mercury in the tube, and by suitable photographic apparatus, provided with a moving sensitive slip of paper, a perfect registration of the extent and rate of the pulsations is obtained.

As an earnest of the discoveries this ingenious device is to yield, we are told that the photographic image thus obtained shows "that the column of mercury (representing, of course, the blood in the arteries) bounded with one leap to the top of the scale, and then descended again to its original level by three or four successive falls. Four descriptions of dirotism have in this way been proved to exist, the fall of the pulse sometimes taking place in successive horizontal lines and sometimes in ascendant lines, the column reascending two or three times before falling altogether."

The Earth of Tantah.

TANTAH is a village on the delta of the Nile where for ages the inhabitants have constructed their dwellings out of the mud or ooze brought down by the river. As these mud huts have succumbed to the attacks of time, new habitations have been constructed on the débris of those that have fallen, until at last each hut is mounted on the apex of a small mound formed out of many generations of huts. The occupants of these primitive edifices have from time immemorial been the family of the builder, together with the cows, asses, and other animals that ministered to his wants. Living together thus in the closest communion, and differing but little in relative position in the scale of animality, all the occupants have discharged their excreta on the floor of the habitation until the earth composing it has become exceedingly rich in organic matter and highly valued as a fertilizer.

This fertilizing earth has been recently analyzed by Auguste Houzeau, who finds that though the earth at the surface contains almost precisely the same amount of nitrogen as that taken at a depth of many feet, they differ essentially in that the nitrogen is all in the form of nitrate of ammonia in the latter, while in the former it is in the condition of uric acid, urea, and similar organic substances. The organic matters have, therefore, in the slow lapse of time, been converted into nitric acid and ammonia by the agency of the air acting through a suitable medium; and though we may despise the lowly Egyptian and abhor the manner in which he lives, we must nevertheless give him credit for utilitarianism, since he has discovered the greater fertilizing power of the older deposits, and will never employ the new if he can obtain the old earth of Tantah.

Tea Drunkards.

DR. ARLIDGE, one of the Pottery Inspectors in Staffordshire, has put forth a sensible protest against a very pernicious custom which rarely receives sufficient attention either from the medical profession or from

the public. He says that the women of the working classes make tea a principal article of diet instead of an occasional beverage; they drink it several times a day, and the result is a lamentable amount of sickness. This is no doubt the case, and, as Dr. Arlidge remarks, a portion of the reforming zeal which keeps up such a lively warfare against intoxicating drinks might advantageously be diverted to the repression of this very serious evil of tea-tipping among the poorer classes. Tea in anything beyond moderate quantities is as distinctly a narcotic poison as is opium or alcohol. It is capable of ruining the digestion, of enfeebling and disordering the heart's action, and of generally shattering the nerves.

Comets and their Tails.

IN discussing these erratic bodies Professor Zöllner starts with the fact that fluids as water, mercury, and solids of nearly all kinds, give off vapor of low tension, though in too small a quantity to be recognized by any tests with which we are at present acquainted. It therefore follows that the masses of matter scattered throughout space are ultimately surrounded with an atmosphere of their own vapor. If the volume of such masses is too small to exert sufficient attractive force to retain this vapor, the whole mass ultimately assumes the vaporous state. Professor Zöllner thinks that many of the small comets are such masses of vapor, while others are fluid, consisting of water or perhaps of liquid hydrocarbons, an idea which is fortified by the character of the spectra of certain nebulae as well as of some of the smaller comets.

Regarding the self-luminosity of comets and the formation of their trains, Professor Zöllner says, there are but two causes which can produce the first of these results, viz., elevation of temperature and electric action. Setting the first aside as being utterly inadequate under the circumstances, the author thinks that the electricity developed by the solar rays, either in the process of evaporation or by the mechanical and molecular disturbances they produce, is amply sufficient to cause the luminosity and also to form the train. The explanation here given of the formation of the tails or trains of comets is exceedingly ingenious, for it not only applies in those instances in which the train is directed from the sun, acting under these circumstances by repulsion, but it also accounts for the fact that in some instances the tail is directed toward the sun, there being under these circumstances electrical attraction instead of repulsion.

Memoranda.

CONCERNING American asphaltum, Professor J. S. Newberry says: All my observations on asphalts have resulted in the conviction that, without exception, they are more or less perfectly solidified residual products of the spontaneous evaporation of petroleum. In many instances the process of the formation of asphalt may be witnessed as it takes place in nature, and in our oil-stills we are constantly producing varie-

ties of asphalt. These are, in some instances, indistinguishable from the natural ones, and in general differ from them only because our rapid artificial distillation at a high temperature differs from the similar but far slower distillation that takes place spontaneously at a low temperature.

The plague of flies at present raging in Paris, and which has been attributed by some to the great number of bodies of animals and men that remained for long unburied during the siege, is now the subject of discussion among the French entomologists. M. Blanchard, of the Academy of Sciences, says they are vegetable and not animal feeders, and thinks their enormous increase is owing to the destruction during the siege of the birds that formerly fed on them and their eggs.

The salts of platinum and iridium furnish an indelible ink for writing or designing on paper, wood, or other similar surfaces, when used as follows: The writing or design, having been executed by a pen, is submitted to the action of vapor of mercury, which throws the metal into a state in which it resists all chemical agents except a few which would also destroy the organic surface on which the writing or design is executed. (A. Merget.)

The oxygen light of Tessie du Motay, which has been for some time past in operation upon some of the principal boulevards of Paris, has been found unsatisfactory in several particulars, and we are informed that the lights have been removed. In addition to the use of burning gas with oxygen, this process requires the introduction of a super-carburetted apparatus. It would seem that practical difficulties other than the cheap preparation of oxygen gas must be overcome before an oxygen light can be made successful.—(*Journal of the Franklin Institute.*)

The sweet exudation that appears on the leaves of the alder, maple, rose, and some other trees, has been examined by M. Boussingault, who finds that it is composed of about 55 per cent. of cane sugar, 25 of inverted sugar, and 20 of dextrine. In the healthy state the sugars elaborated by the leaves of these trees, under the influence of light and warmth, pass into the tissues of the plant by the descending sap, but in certain diseased conditions these saccharine products accumulate on the upper surface of the leaves, either because they are produced in excessive quantity, or because the movement of the sap is hindered by the presence of an excess of dextrine. This diseased state, M. Boussingault thinks, is not the result solely of meteorological conditions, though they exert a certain influence; neither is it produced by the puncture of the leaves by insects, since the most careful watching failed to detect their presence until after the exudation had commenced.

A gunpowder pile-driver has been used in the construction of a new wharf at League Island. From the account of its performances it appears to have

given perfect satisfaction. It is constructed in such a manner as to utilize both the projectile force and recoil.

A new and powerful thermo-electric battery has been invented by Noë, of Vienna. The alloys used are as yet kept secret. It is stated that ten of the elements of this battery are equal to one Daniell cell, and twenty equal one Bunsen cell. Seventy-two elements arranged for intensity decompose water rapidly, two series of thirty-six each operate a Ruhmkorff coil, and four series of eighteen produce powerful electro-magnets. If all that is said of it be true, we have at last arrived at the time when electricity may be turned on like steam, water, gas, or any other agent in common use.

A remarkable instance of tolerance by the human system of the excessive use of tobacco is afforded in the case of Mr. Klaës, of Rotterdam. This gentleman, who was known as the "King of Smokers," has just died in his eightieth year, and is said to have consumed during his long life more than four tons of tobacco. The ruling passion was apparent in the will of the deceased, and in his eccentric request that his oak coffin might be lined with the cedar of his old cigar-boxes, and that a box of French corporal and a package of old Dutch tobacco might be placed at its foot, and by the side of his body his favorite pipe, together with matches, flint and steel, and tinder.—(*Lancet.*)

Old iron ships are patched up with cements and thus made to appear as good as new, but fortunate is the voyager who lands safely from such a vessel when she is heavily laden.

A new mill has been invented by Mr. T. Carr of Bristol, England, for pulverizing various substances. It consists of a cylindrical iron box provided with a rotating axis to which projecting radii are attached. The material to be pulverized is dropped through the box, and in its transit, being frequently struck by these rapidly moving radii, it is broken into fine fragments or powder just as a mass of dry earth is broken when we toss it into the air and strike it with a stick as it falls. Clays, ores, and various minerals are by this means pulverized to any required degree of fineness. The machine has also been adapted to the manufacture of flour, which is said to be superior to ordinary flour in that it is not "killed" by the squeezing and pressure to which it is submitted in an ordinary mill.

Lithofracteur is an improved form of dynamite in which the latter is mixed in certain proportions with other explosives, the character of which is not yet known.

At a recent meeting of the Anthropological Institute in London, Mr. J. Bononi exhibited and described a new instrument for measuring the proportions of the human body. The instrument is said to be specially applicable to the identification of criminals.

Washerwomen spoil everything with soda, and nothing is more common than to see the delicate tints of lawns and percales turned into dark blotches and muddy streaks by the ignorance and vandalism of a laundress. It is worth while for ladies to pay attention to this and insist upon having their summer dresses washed according to the directions which they should be prepared to give the laundresses themselves. In the first place, the water should be tepid, the soap should not be allowed to touch the fabric; it should be washed and rinsed quickly, turned upon the wrong side, and hung in the shade to dry. When starched

in thin-boiled but *not* boiling starch, it should be folded in sheets or towels and ironed on the wrong side as soon as possible.—(*Scientific American*.)

The lignites of Monte Bamboli in Italy have furnished evidences of the existence of another fossil ape forming a link between the gorilla and the baboons.

The knowledge and power of man are coincident; for, whilst ignorant of causes, he can produce no effects, nor is Nature to be conquered but by submission. (Lord Bacon.)

HOME AND SOCIETY.

Domestic Ethics.

It is a sad but a terribly common thing, whether in material or spiritual forces, to waste power. Whatever be true in the physical world, we see this waste going on in moral dynamics every day and all about us. In religious asceticism, for instance, what a wondrous amount of laudable but barren effort, self-denial, perseverance, and all heroic virtues has been laid out by ill-judging saints in denying themselves essentially innocent comforts or pleasures, or forcing themselves to as essentially useless or hurtful practices. The evil is the greater when it attacks our forming period, and perverts not only our habitual actions but the underlying tendencies and mental tone which shape them. It is of the last importance, in early training, to get all the moral force of the growing character concentrated on vital distinctions and essential rights and wrongs. No energy should be wasted in changing the accommodation power, so to speak, of our mental vision, and magnifying matters of mere convention or accidental relation into inherent duties. Yet this is what we do every day with our own children. Setting aside the radically false or foolish tendency of much of the theoretically religious and ethical teaching of the home circle—due to mental limitation or moral perversity on the part of the elders—there is still grave fault to be found with a great many very virtuous and right-thinking parents. The artificial tone of modern life has introduced an artificial standard into domestic ethics. Very rare is the family whose sliding scale of duties, especially for the young folks, is radically healthy and rational, whose system of obligation and merit, reward and punishment, is not sadly conventional and modeled for the most part on a mere regard for the personal and material convenience of the family. The consequence is that little and in themselves unimportant things get raised factitiously to the rank of grave moral virtues or faults; really important tendencies or phenomena get neglected or winked out of sight. The worst of it is that the very outcroppings of youthful temperament which are the most normal and

promising, if rightly directed, are often most apt to get nipped in the bud and parentally clapper-clawed because they interfere with the convenience of older people. Baby Anna,—restless, prying, merry, delightful little midget!—is at this moment busily occupied in hauling out all my papers from a drawer of my desk, and presently, her curiosity satisfied in this direction, will give a tug at books, or tablecloth or something which will make wreck of my writing apparatus and illustrate Hood's idea of "the source of the Niger" with a spilt inkstand on the parlor carpet. If I am a blockhead I shall scold and perhaps punish the evil-doer. Good sense will bid me wipe up the spot, and pick up the papers, thankful and cheerful for the strong vitality which fills all the little limbs with happy life and for the active observant temperament which, God willing, shall some day make her a blessing to her children, her dependents, her readers, or her fellow-laborers in all good works. Neddie has just come home with shockingly muddy boots gained in racing "cross lots" on the way from school, and a woeful rent in his trowsers from shinnying up the apple-tree in the front yard. Mamma's neat soul is outraged at the one, and the parental pocket aches at thought of the "V" needed to make good the other. But what shall we care about boots and trowsers when the full-grown lad is winning honor and doing his duty on Western plains, tracing iron arteries through the heart of the continent, or seeing God's wonders face to face on the dizzy crests of the Sierras?

On the other hand, how much of petty vanity, or meanness, or sensuality, or trickery, or malice, or sloth, either gets entirely passed over in the little people's training, or assumes some shape so pleasing to the parental heart as to win actual praise and reward. And how often do we find others—how often are we ourselves—wise enough to take absolute stand-points and broad views, and praise or punish according to that which is really good or hurtful for the youngster's nature, and not merely for our own pitiful comfort, vanity, or convenience?

Tent Awnings.

To live in a "new place" in the country where your newly-purchased trees are in bulk and stature as the useful but unornamental bean-pole, to see your tender grass scorch and your springing vines shrink in the August heats, to be driven into the house from the veranda whose ten feet of projecting roof seems scarcely to shut off one javelin of the sun, this is to melt in longings for the flesh-pots of Egypt—the thick brick walls and watered streets of the city whose dust you shook off when you bought your rustic paradise. For Nature is so slow in her processes in these latitudes. In three years, she gives you turf; in six years, a hedge; in ten or twelve or twenty years, trees. But in those twenty years baby grows up, and you are a grandmother, and these things seem of less consequence.

Now see how ingenuity shall circumvent nature, and cheat time, and make naught of money. An awning and virtue are happiness below. Nor needs it one of those fine, frippery, floating canopies that must be furled in a tempest, and treated with much respect, and that cost a hundred dollars or so, which few of us can afford to spend for canvas and iron rods. No, send first to your woods for a dozen cedar-posts, and, if you have no woods, send to your neighbor's. A cedar-post will be no more than a mullein-stalk to him, and he should be grateful to you for clearing them out. Have these posts firmly set in the ground four feet outside your veranda-posts, four or five feet apart, and four feet shorter than the height of the veranda. Buy Amoskeag awning of a lovely cool blue and white, at thirty cents a yard, and maroon awning bindings at a dollar a piece of interminable yards. Measure the breadths long enough to reach from the plate above the veranda-posts to the top of the awning-posts, and to that length add sixteen inches more for the flap. Cut this flap into deep scallops which the wind will catch and flutter, and bind them with the red braid. Sixteen inches from the bottom run a small seam the whole length of the awning, binding it with the braid. To the under side of this seam sew carpet-rings here and there, through which a large wire should pass to be fastened at every awning-post, and to hold in position the lower edge of the awning above the flap. Face the upper edge an inch deep with strong ticking, through which work out eyelet-holes which must be passed over hooks screwed twelve inches apart in the plate above the veranda-posts—and there is your awning, done! It must be confessed that the corners will at first seem "scarers." But much laying on of paper patterns, and turning of breadths end for end, and fitting the crosswise seam to a stay of wood nailed from veranda-post to awning-post, will result in a neater corner than Wall street knows.

The flesh-and-blood awning, so to speak, which is the text of this homily, is forty-five feet long, fourteen feet broad (covering the front and ends of a large veranda) and seven feet deep: a giant of awnings.

Yet it was made on the sewing-machine in two days, and the whole cost was less than twenty-five dollars. And for that sum what was not gained? To the cottage a suite of rooms was added, and the luster of the mornings, the hush of golden noons, the splendor of sunsets. For there was no hour of the day and no day in the week when that broad shaded veranda was not habitable. Always a breeze stirred there. The tender vines, that had been blighted by the fierce sun, took heart in the protection of the friendly canopy, and out of very gratitude climbed like Jack's beanstalk, clothing every post and rail of the veranda with green luxuriance. Between the floating, ever-changing line of the awning and the delicate border of trembling leaves, the far-off woods and nearer meadows always lay framed, a lovely picture. The stout, plain home-made shelter defied sun to fade it, or storm to shrink it, or wind to tear it. For four months of every year it was the comfort of a household which could not have afforded a costly umbrage while it waited, like a thousand others, for its trees to grow.

Our great poet made a lovely rhyme which he called "The Planting of the Apple-tree." But "The Planting of the Awning-posts" is a subject not a whit less poetic, for what gracious living may not follow it? And if a great harvest of tent-awnings grows next summer from this little seed, doubtless the singer will come who shall celebrate the gain to mankind.

Croquet.—III.

THE want of uniformity in the rules has already been referred to in these columns. There is, moreover, a great lack of appreciation of the fine points of the game. To rush one's own ball through bridge after bridge as rapidly as possible, without regard to the relative positions of the balls of friends or foes, is far from good playing. While the necessary imperfections in the majority of grounds prevent that accuracy of execution which is possible in billiards, the combinations of numerous opportunities for aiding a friend or discommoding an enemy demand an amount of mental activity much greater than is required to see all the good shots on a billiard table.

A player should always look before taking a croquet to see how the balls will be left for the next player.

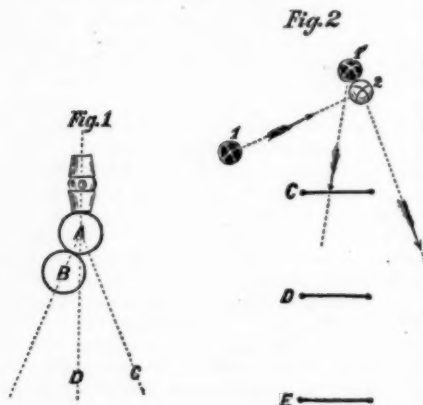
It is a good plan to always keep your friends together and enemies separated as much as possible. Never place an opponent near one of your partners if the opponent plays before the partner; but on the other hand, whenever it is convenient, give your partners some opposing ball to work with.

No good player having a poor player for a partner will under ordinary circumstances run the bridges faster than his partner; but will rather aid the partner in every possible way, and use any spare playing in bothering opponents.

Probably no one stroke is as useful to an expert as the splitting stroke in loose croquet: so, for the benefit of such as may not fully understand it and its uses,

we present a diagram illustrating the principles of the blow and some applications of it.

Oftentimes it is desirable in taking roquet-croquet or loose croquet to give to the two balls motions in directions diverging from each other, in order to do, which it is necessary to know exactly what blows of the mallet will give these directions. In fig. 1 A is



the playing ball and B the secondary ball. As a fact, B will follow a line passing through the centers of both balls; hence the playing ball must be placed accordingly. Next, having in mind the direction A C in which A is to move, strike a blow with the mallet about in a line dividing the angle B A C equally—as represented by A D, which is a little nearer in the direction of the line A B.

A simple application of the splitting stroke may be seen in fig. 2. Balls 1 and 2 are both in position for bridge C, and 1 is to play. 1 roquets 2 lightly, then roquet-croquets with 2 by a splitting stroke, and runs the bridge, carrying 2 outside and beyond it. 1 again roquets 2 and gains the privilege of another roquet-croquet, when, as the splitting stroke is unnecessary now, 2 not being for bridge D, both balls can be driven through the bridge together, and the operation of roquet and roquet-croquet repeated as long as the player can play with success. The same result may be accomplished by croqueting 2 on one side of the bridge, and then running the bridge with 1; but the splitting stroke, if properly executed, is generally most advantageous, as it often gives the player a continuance of play not otherwise to be secured.

Fig. 3 illustrates a case that often occurs in slightly varied forms, but which is frequently overlooked. Ball No. 1 having run bridge C is in position for D. It roquets 2, sending it to 2', and at the same blow runs D and comes to position 1', from which E cannot be run. 1 being roqueted, 2 may take a roquet-croquet for the purpose of gaining position; and if such an attempt should not prove successful 1 may roquet and roquet-croquet 2 again before running

E, because the first roquet was made previous to running bridge D, and hence there is no rule to forbid it.

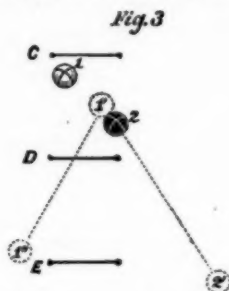
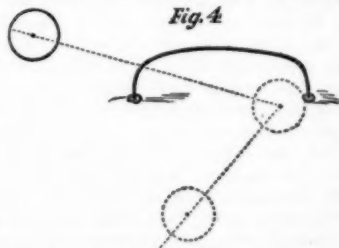


Fig. 4. It often happens that it is desirable to run a bridge with a ball so situated that there is not sufficient space between the piers of the bridge for the ball to pass obliquely. This may be accomplished by playing on to the more distant pier and depending on the rebound to carry it through as seen in fig. 4. This can only be done with certainty when the bridge is upright



and rigidly fixed in the ground, which, frequently, is not the case in light soil. The uprightness and firmness of the bridges is very ingeniously secured by the adoption of sockets, now offered in the market, consisting of wooden pins having a hole in the top of each to receive the iron bridge. The increased size of the pin gives a bearing in the ground so great as to secure permanence; and with this device the bridges may be readily removed and replaced.

Other Games.

THE game of lawn bowls does not require separate apparatus, as it may be played by using two sets of croquet balls when there are four players; or, if only two play, they may have a very good game with one set. Suppose a game of four players on a large ground. Place an odd croquet ball, or any block approximating in form to a ball, in the center of the ground, for a hub; divide the sixteen croquet balls equally among the players, giving the eight dark balls to two on one side, and the light balls to the other two.

Let the players take positions on four sides of the hub ball, equally distant from it, the partners opposite to each other, and bowl one ball at a time in turn at the hub.

All the balls having been bowled, the score is counted by the position of the balls with relation to the hub, wherever it may rest at the end of the bowling. Each light ball that is nearer the hub ball than any dark ball counting one on the score of the light side, and *vice versa*. Only one side can score anything on the same bowling, and as many bowlings may constitute a game as the company agree upon.

The scoring and general principles are similar to the well-known game of "Squalls," which is played on a large table with small disks of wood. For a merry round game at the sea-side or mountains nothing is more enjoyable than squalls, and no other active game of equal merit is nearly as compact, it being all contained in a small box a few inches square.

In order to make the game most enjoyable the disks should be made of some material as heavy as boxwood or ebony, in which case a set will cost about \$2.00. There are cheap sets, made of light soft wood, sold for 50 cents, but they are not very satisfactory.

Gardening for the Month.

DURING August the flower gardens are in the height of their glory—Annuals, Perennials and Bedding-out plants vying with each other in grace of form and beauty of coloring. The sub-tropical plants, and all the ornamental-leaved are very popular in every country and produce a charming effect when grown *en masse*.

The *Coleus* are the most gorgeous of all the variegated tribe, and are so easily grown and so rapidly increased by hybridization that each new year brings us something more beautiful than the one preceding.

"Her Majesty" well deserves its title. Its leaves are of a distinct bronzy red with a narrow golden margin, and its growth is more vigorous than that of many other varieties. "Baroness Rothschild" is also very beautiful.

Our own florists have been very successful in raising new *Coleus*, and the varieties offered this season are quite numerous. For ornamental purposes there are no plants that surpass them, and as pot plants they are magnificent.

August is the best month in which to start cuttings of them for window gardens. Make the cuttings of two, three, or four joints, and remove all but the two or three upper leaves; then place them in clear sand, which must be kept moist all the time. If possible, cover them with a glass shade. Thus treated they will grow rapidly, and, by the time they are moved into the house, will make fine plants.

Begonias, *Cannas*, *Achyranthes*, *Centaureas*, and all plants of the succulent species can be easily multiplied in this manner. *Heliotropes*, *Geraniums*, *Salvias*, *Monthly Rosas*, *Carnations*, and all the desirable plants for in-door decoration can be made to strike root at this season.

If Annuals, like *Balsams*, *Zinnias*, *Stocks*, etc., are pruned now, pinched in, and trained to stakes, their beauty will be greatly increased. *Asters*, also, can be made to grow into finely-shaped plants by pinching off all the little shoots towards the bottom of the stems, and then mulching the roots with stable litter, and giving them a weekly dose of liquid manure. Under this treatment the flowers will be much larger, and the colors brighter. *Zinnias* and *Balsams* are both inclined to run to stalks and leaves, but judicious pruning will remedy all this, and improve the quality of the seeds.

Succulents are the latest fashion in plants. They are well adapted to withstand the heat and drouth of our summers; and, when arranged in oval or oblong beds, they present a very attractive appearance. The *Echeverias* possess great beauty of form and color of foliage, and the indescribable color of *Echeveria metallica* is very attractive. The old-fashioned *House-leek* belongs to this class of plants. The *Sempervivums* and *Sedums* are also of the same family.

All of these plants are tender, and would not survive a hard winter. But at the South they would produce a pleasing effect during the whole year, and, after being set out, would require no care, excepting to divide the roots occasionally as the bed became too full for healthy growth.

These plants are as yet but little employed in fancy gardening, it being only a year or two since they were first introduced to the notice of amateur gardeners.

CULTURE AND PROGRESS.

The Jubilee.

THE Boston Jubilee of 1872 will be, we are assured on all hands, the last of its race. The statement seems quite probable. The evils and inconveniences of these monster undertakings are evident enough—expense of time, money, and pains, excitement, confusion, interruption of ordinary and more legitimate business, the unfair prominence given to clever and energetic but not artistically significant people, and the unpleasant air of charlatanism or vulgarity which indirectly and unfairly comes thereby to attach to mu-

sical enterprises in general. These, we repeat, are the patent evils of the Jubilee. It may be well, in justice to the managers, to recapitulate some of its advantages as noticed in the few opening days of the celebration. First and most important, because most durable, is the influence on musical interest and enthusiasm among our people. This influence is palpable, important, and, we are inclined to think, thoroughly normal and good. Any intelligent inhabitant of the pretty outlying towns near Boston can tell how the young people of his district have been for a year past,

if not since the last Jubilee, steadily practicing, by sections and in associated choirs, under competent leaders, and in good solid music—no flummery, but honest Bach and Handel, Mendelssohn and Haydn. "In our district," said a young man, the other day, as the long and heavily-burdened evening excursion train crept slowly homeward towards the Auburndale hills, "there were, before the first Jubilee, but about twenty choral unions—now there are over one hundred and ninety, and these have steadily kept up their organization and increased their membership since the last festival." He added, too, that the testimony of the Boston music publishers went to show an immense increase in the sale of the best choral and oratorio music, not of lighter material. "These young people," said Mr. Gilmore, "came down from the country to hear the anvil chorus, but when they went back they took with them the score of 'He, watching over Israel.'"

So much for practical influence and popular culture. In the matter of abstract art, the festival cannot, in the nature of things, help showing many glaring weaknesses and mistakes, yet some results, we must think, have been gained. Admitting all the idleness, and remissness, and incompetence, which can be charged on the chorus,—granting, as asserted by one correspondent, that half of them are wasted by their cramped position away off in low-browed and distant corners of the building, or, as stated by another, that immense numbers spend their time in flirting and munching in the corridors, or sitting idly talking and gazing on the chorus benches, it is still clear, at least it was to us, when we heard the "Feste Burg" and the "Marseillaise," that a well-drilled chorus, counted by thousands, in a more rationally arranged auditorium, is, or could be, capable of producing results in majesty and breadth of effect, in richness, smoothness, and splendid color of tone, which can be reached in no other way, and are worth great pains and cost to secure. Spite of all the criticism passed on the orchestra, we persist in thinking their work a most enjoyable element of the jubilee. It is the first time we have ever heard an orchestra one thousand strong, but we hope sincerely it may not be the last. In this case multiplication of instruments has results undeniably fruitful in artistic beauty. Dynamically speaking, it has not much effect. Thomas's orchestra of fifty, in its confined recess or apse at the "Garden," makes more noise than Zerrahn's thousand fiddlers in the Coliseum. In precision and "snap," too, it must be confessed that the New York Maestro, with his merry men close about him—within striking range almost of his baton—has the advantage. But then the tone, the fiery-sweet yet smooth and unctuous quality of those two hundred first violins—the massive, solid, but thoroughly integral quality of the *fortissimo* and the *tutti*! *Quando adspiciam*, says the poet; when shall we hear again just that indescribable, penetrative, yet mellow quality which wailed and throbbled in the "Tannhauser," or sighed and laughed alternately in the sensuous melancholy of the Strauss waltzes? And

even in the more technical regards of time and accent, how wonderfully the fiery little Viennese carried them through his famous "pizzicato," the quick staccato notes, picked out, guitar fashion, by all the strings in the band, yet each as clear, brilliant and distinct as a shower of pearl-drops from a broken thread.

We might, if space allowed, speak in detail of the foreign bands and the soloists, of Abt and Leutner and Godfrey and Bendel—but these are good things which run at large; we might have them, and probably may, in New York or San Francisco, London or Paris. The Jubilee, as a monster choral and orchestral gathering, we shall not so easily have again. We wish it might be done over again, with all the light of past experience, with less speculation and claptrap, with more conscientious, enlightened art, and careful maturity of preparation. For in the element of size, properly utilized, we believe there inheres an influence favorable, if not essential, to grandeur of effect, and we cannot avoid a lingering hope that "somehow, somewhere," we may see the experiment of 1872 tried over with all its good results and far better, and without any of its blunders.

Two Modes of Prison Management.

THE late report of the Special Commissioners on State Prison matters in Connecticut brings into clear relief two distinct modes of prison management under what is essentially the same system—the system known as the congregate in distinction from the solitary—the system by which men are congregated for labor in the day-time, and separated in cells at night.

These two modes are exemplified in the State Prison at Wethersfield, and the House of Correction in charge of Mr. Z. R. Brockway, at Detroit. In both these the men labor together in shops in the day-time, and are locked in single cells at night. In both good order is maintained; and in neither is seen the effects of crowding and of political jobbery which Sing Sing exhibits. But here resemblance ends; for the managements are conducted in very different expectations of results. The first thing to be sought in any prison is discipline, subordination; without it there can be neither peace nor progress. But the discipline may be merely that of repression, by the application of physical or moral force without, or it may be the result in good part of self-control. The discipline of a well-ordered regiment is largely that of self-control.

The prisoners at Wethersfield are kept in good order, they are made to work steadily, they are secure, they are fed very well, and very rarely suffer corporal punishment. The main objects are their security, their maintenance in health, and the getting from them labor enough to make the prison self-supporting. The reformation or elevation of the men is little considered. In the first place they are clothed in a parti-colored dress, an unnecessary humiliation in a prison so well guarded. They are confined in cells three feet and a half wide by seven feet long and seven feet high; some of them damp, none of them ventilated,

except by the grated door; none of them light enough. The cells are warmed in winter by stoves in the corridor. There is gas-light in the corridor, but it is not sufficient to give light enough for reading at night in the cells; even in the cells most favored the prisoner needs to stand at the grated door and hold up his book to be able to read. The gas, except a few burners, is turned off at eight o'clock. The daily life of the prisoner, in winter say, is as follows: He is aroused when it is fairly light, takes his night-bucket, falls into line, lock-step with his file, carries his bucket to the yard, goes to the shop to wash, and returns to his cell to breakfast; marches again, always with eyes cast on the ground and in silence, to his work, works in silence and with eyes cast down; goes to dinner in his cell, back to the shop again in the same order, until, before dark, he is locked into his cell for the night. There he must remain, in winter, from half-past four to five o'clock in the afternoon till seven o'clock the next morning; all those weary hours in a small cell, the air of which must be frightful before morning, with scarcely any opportunity to read, if he desires to read. This is the daily and hopeless round. On Sunday the men go to the chapel for one service, and a few of them for a Bible lesson. There is a small library, and every noon the chaplain goes round to distribute books, and then and on Sunday converses with those who wish to talk with him. But it will be seen that in this routine there is little mental occupation, little to arouse the intellect or moral nature, and much to degrade the man and make him sullen and merely doggedly obedient. The aspect of the prison is hopeless, and the men have the real "hang-dog," "prison-bird" air.

The Detroit House of Correction is not what a prison should be, but it is an improvement on the one at Wethersfield, and its whole moral atmosphere is in striking contrast to the other. The prison itself is better ventilated and more wholesome. There is a gas-burner in each cell, and the inmates are permitted to read till nine o'clock. They do not wear a parti-colored uniform. Their hair is not cropped. General silence is enforced, but neither in marching nor at work are they compelled to look down. Care is taken not to destroy any self-respect that remains in them. A few men work at shoemaking under a contract, but it is drawn to suit the warden; and the men are perfectly under his control, and not under the control of the contractor. The majority of them work at chair-making, which business the warden himself carries on. There are two large shops, full of buzzing, whirling, and noisy machinery, in which are eighty men each, with only one overseer in a shop. The men speak to each other when necessary about their work, and to the passing observer appear very much like a shopful of any mechanics busy with and interested in their work. They seem to work cheerfully. It is the warden's aim, in the shop and out of it, to teach them self-control. The women of the institution work in separate shops at chair-bottoming. It

should be said that the prison is not only self-supporting, but that it pays yearly a handsome surplus, which is expended in improving the prison, and in adding to the means of reforming the inmates.

There is a large chapel, with seats above for the women and below for the men, so arranged that the sexes cannot see each other, but all can see the speaker's platform. The only exercise in which all join is that of singing. There is preaching in the chapel every Sunday morning by different clergymen, so that variety is insured and the attention of the prisoners is engaged. In the afternoon there are Bible classes in the same place, in which most of the inmates take part, the exercises being made interesting by volunteer teachers from town. Two evenings in the week there is a school in the chapel, curtains being drawn above and below, dividing the prisoners into classes. There is a general school-teacher and a singing-master. The instruction is by officers of the prison, and partly by the competent prisoners. The elements of learning are taught to the ignorant, but to teach reading merely is not the object. The object is to awaken the dormant intellect, to busy it with new thought, to give it food for something else besides recollection of old crime and the plotting of new. Thus self-discipline is gained by keeping body and mind in profitable activity; employment induces cheerfulness, and a spirit of progress is aroused. The classes are instructed in reading, spelling, arithmetic, algebra, grammar, and even in geology. On one evening in the week there is a writing-school; occasionally lectures are given, or readings from good authors. Every Saturday at five o'clock all quit work and assemble in the chapel to listen to a lecture. During the past winter a course was given in mental philosophy, with blackboard illustrations, which was keenly enjoyed. There is a very good library, and the spare time of the prisoners is largely devoted to reading and study. The discipline is strict, the fare is varied, the cells and workshops are well ventilated. It is a prison, but one managed with high and Christian ideas. Thus the establishment is a place of industry and of study. The whole week is a busy one. To occupy mind and body both so wholesomely is to insure good order and cheerful obedience, and to bring the prisoners into a condition where they will be susceptible to good influences.

The women, in their department, are specially cared for, both as to the amount of work and the sort of discipline and instruction fit for each person. It is sought to waken feminine tastes in these degraded creatures. For example, they have, besides their working dress, a citizen's dress, with suitable personal adornments, to be worn on Sunday and on other public occasions. It teaches them cleanliness and cultivates personal respect.

Ruined women are sent to this institution from the city and six neighboring counties under a sentence of three years. For their reformation a House of Shelter has been built opposite the prison, a pretty

cottage, without bolts, bars, or cells, which will accommodate twenty inmates, and is under care of a matron. Promising girls are transferred from the prison to this house, and, if they behave well, places are found for them in respectable families. They learn there to do housework, sewing, to sing and to behave. Their fare is plain but good. The table service, including napkins, is like that of a well-kept boarding-house. They also have readings once a week at least, and receptions occasionally, at which ladies from town are present, and some of the well-behaved girls from the prison. The life they lead in the House is natural, simple, and under the kindest, most encouraging influences. Escapes are very seldom; occasionally a girl will run away to the city, but return, finding her old, low haunts and associates disgusting to her awakened sense of decency and refinement. The incorrigible are returned to the prison. A large per cent. are reformed.

Of course many of the prisoners are on short sentences for minor crimes, and return again and again. A large number of them are those—as the United States convicts—on long sentences and for the gravest crimes. The short-sentenced men and women are the most difficult to deal with, and make as a rule the least improvement. The warden favors indeterminate sentences. "So firmly convinced am I," Mr. Brockway says, "of the necessity of different sentences for the reformation of prisoners or restraint of crime, that, were all hope of securing the change cut off, I would resign my office and enter upon some other occupation at once."

The New Life of Abraham Lincoln.

WHEN, at the close of our great civil war, the man who had been the central figure of that four years' history, came to his tragical end by the bullet of an assassin, his name was already one of the most famous in the world, and his character and the romance of his life familiar as a household word in many lands. But his sudden and dreadful death, at the very summit of his greatness and in the moment of his most wonderful success, increased the popular eagerness to know him, and secured for every incident with which he was never so remotely connected a ready audience and credence. There was never such a chance for a biographer or eulogist who wished to turn an honest penny by a timely literary venture, or to make a momentary fame by linking his own name with that illustrious one the immortality of which was sure already. And hardly ever was there an atmosphere so suited to the generation of mere myths and unreliable traditions. Every editor, every politician, every minister was, from the necessity of the case, a biographer, eager to say something new or something more about the great man for whom the world was mourning. Writers of very diverse gifts "went for him" as a subject, and dealt with him according to their several ability and will. One or two of the works written at that time survive as having perma-

nent fitness and value. But even these did not pretend to be complete. And every year which has elapsed has made more evident what was acknowledged, by at least one writer, at the time, that the figure of Lincoln must stand in better historical perspective before it could be perfectly appreciated and rightly drawn. History cannot be written by short-hand reporters. Biography, especially, cannot be written till the life which is the subject of it has been still long enough for men to recognize its value, and to measure its significance by its withdrawal from the scenes of earth and time.

There was room, therefore, in due time for a new life of Abraham Lincoln, to be written by dispassionate and honest hands. And if it seemed to Colonel Ward H. Lamon and his literary and friendly advisers that the due time had come, and that his were the hands that ought to write the story, he certainly had some justification for so thinking. There had been time enough for history to furnish some useful and effective contrasts, against which as a background the portrait could be placed. And the development of the new political ideas, to which the civil war and its results had given prominence if not origin, had furnished occasion for a more careful study of the administration under which the war was carried on, and of the character of the man who guided and controlled that administration. It had become more and more evident that, great as were the subordinates of the President (and some of them were very great), he was himself far greater than them all—chief not in name alone, but in reality. And those who had been near his person, in any office howsoever inconsiderable, might be pardoned for a disposition to magnify their office, and to conceive that what they did not know about the famous President was not worth knowing. It is often to be noticed that, with the lapse of time, an oracle which at first claimed only to be respectable and interesting, will set up a claim to be exclusive and infallible.

And so it is not difficult to see, how Colonel Lamon, who during Mr. Lincoln's Presidency held an office in the District of Columbia which must have brought him into somewhat frequent intercourse with the President, and who, indeed, had come with him from Springfield to the Capitol, should feel that there rested on him a certain biographical duty. And certainly he was in possession of a mass of material so voluminous, so original, and so fresh, that in this respect, at least, his fitness for the work was remarkably complete. Moreover, Mr. W. H. Herndon, who was Mr. Lincoln's partner in the practice of the law at Springfield, and was of course closely intimate with his partner in a business way, until the beginning of his Presidential career (when the intimacy was evidently interrupted), added to Colonel Lamon's material the valuable documents which he had himself collected, and the memoranda which, with painstaking and lawyer-like ability, he had recorded from the oral testimony of living witnesses. Mr. Herndon, indeed, is accredited by

Colonel Lamon with a share in the authorship of this volume which makes it very largely his own. To which of these gentlemen the literary merits of the volume, which are striking and in many ways admirable, are due, is not apparent. But it will be to many persons a surprise that either the military or the legal profession should have produced a fitness for purely literary work of such singular excellence.

We have endeavored to give the fullest credit to this volume for its merits. As far as the story of Mr. Lincoln's childhood and early life is concerned, down to the time when his political life began, it has never been told so fully, with such spirit and zest, and with such evident accuracy, as by Colonel Lamon. The story loses nothing of effectiveness from being told sometimes in the very words and letters of the men who shared with Mr. Lincoln the back-woods experience of his early manhood. Mr. Dennis Hanks, for instance, is introduced with so much unadorned simplicity of style, and indeed is so openly made game of by the author, that one cannot help wondering what Mr. Hanks himself will say to it. The book treats him with that kind of freedom of which, if a newspaper should be guilty, it would become "the fighting editor" to be on his guard expectant of a hostile visit from the enraged and disappointed victim.

One reminiscence of the same period (during the Black Hawk Campaign), deserves to be quoted, not because it has the least connection with the biography, but as an altogether unique and enjoyable illustration of an unstudied and unaffected literary style. "One night in Warren county," says Mr. Lamon's correspondent, "a white hog—a young sow—came into our lines, which showed more good sense, to my mind, than any hog I ever saw. This hog swam creeks and rivers, and went with us clear through to, I think, the mouth of Fox River: and there the boys killed it, or it would doubtless have come home with us. If it got behind in daylight as we were marching, which it did sometimes, it would follow on the track and come to us at night. It was naturally the cleverest, friendly-disposed hog any man ever saw, and its untimely death was by many of us greatly deplored, for we all liked the hog for its friendly disposition and good manners; for it never molested anything, and kept its proper place."

But Colonel Lamon's accuracy is sometimes more apparent than real; and an occasional inconsistency on one page is contradicted by statements on another. We quote, for example (from page 3), the somewhat petulant exception taken to an assertion made by one of Mr. Lincoln's biographers, who "has entered most extensively into the genealogy of the family," and who says "that the father of Thomas was named Abraham; but he gives no authority for his statement, and it is as likely to be wrong as to be right." If Colonel Lamon had been anxious for an authority, he might have turned with advantage to the appendix of his own volume, where a biographical sketch is given in fac-simile of Mr. Lincoln's own handwriting, in which

he refers to "my paternal grandfather, Abraham Lincoln." The point is wholly unimportant. But it may be useful as a corrective to the tone of patronizing infallibility in which Colonel Lamon sometimes indulges. But, on the whole, the life among half-savage frontiersmen, in a malarious wilderness, remote from any elegancies and sometimes from many of the decencies of civilization, is pictured so that we can perfectly appreciate it. The details of it, even, are so suggested that they cease to be picturesque and romantic, and become realistically repulsive and forlorn. Sorrowful as the picture is, it is impossible to doubt that it is essentially true. The society in which the foremost man of recent history passed his childhood, had doubtless some of the worst characteristics of that described (for example) in Mr. Eggleston's *Hoosier Schoolmaster*, or caricatured in the "Pike" literature of which Colonel John Hay's ballads are the best-known examples. It was not merely rude, it was in some respects savage and vicious. Now and then were to be found men and women like Mrs. Sarah Lincoln, the step-mother of the President,—characters of rugged strength and religious devoutness and native delicacy; but, on the whole, the society was such that it is by a kind of miracle that Abraham Lincoln could grow up, out of it, to manhood with a soul so little stained and disfigured by these early associations. Once or twice a lame attempt is made to glorify the generous virtues of the "Clary's Grove boys," and the Armstrongs and the Offatts, of whom the young Lincoln was an intimate companion. Mr. Herndon expressly assures us that they were a "jovial, healthful, generous, social, true and manly set of people." His testimony, however, is somewhat impaired in value when we discover more exactly his own ideal of healthfulness and truth. "They were skeptics all," he assures us blandly, "scoffers some. These scoffers were good men, and their scoffs were protests against theology,—loud protests against the follies of Christianity. . . . Being bold, brave men, they uttered their thoughts freely: they declared that Jesus was an illegitimate child. . . . They riddled all divines, and not unfrequently made them skeptics, disbelievers as bad as themselves." But while we cannot refuse to Mr. Herndon the comfort of his own persuasion, and while of course we must admit that there were some admirable characteristics to be discovered even in such gangs of coarse and frolicsome barbarians as he describes, yet we must doubt if, on the whole, they were the safest schools of virtue. The goodness and greatness of the President who graduated from them were in spite of, and not in consequence of, their discipline. To argue that such bad discipline must produce such good result, is as unsound as, on the other hand, to argue (as Colonel Lamon seems disposed to) that the result could not have been good because the discipline was bad; and that the coarseness and profaneness of the boy could not have been changed into that manly and religious soberness, as of a conscious instrument of the providence

of God, of which the world has been the admiring witness.

And this brings us to the chief objections which must be made against this biography, and we regret to say that they are very grave objections. Colonel Lamont, though complaining of the ideal portraits of Lincoln, as painted to represent some preconceived opinion which the biographer had formed, is evidently working out a prejudice of which he is himself the victim. The Lincoln whom he knew, or fancied that he knew, was such an one as the education of New Salem and Springfield, and associations with Armstrongs and Hankses and Herndons ought logically to have produced—a more or less vulgar, ambitious, scheming politician, with a melodramatic conviction of the hollowness of the world ever since “the only woman whom he ever loved” died out of it, and a Byronic unbelief in the distinctive truths of the Christian revelation; a man without “the enthusiasm of humanity,” and with a mocking hypocrisy of conduct, from the restraint of which he was glad to find relief in a more congenial ribaldry and open skepticism. The most mournful part of the business, too, is the evident sincerity with which the author paints his picture. “Thou thoughtest that he was altogether such an one as thyself,” is the remonstrance with which a just and thoughtful criticism must rebuke the biographer.

Fortunately, however, the great figure with which Colonel Lamont has concerned himself, refuses to conform to the portrait as he has painted it. Even on his own showing the attempt to make of Lincoln a half-lunatic infidel is a failure. It defeats itself. If Colonel Lamont and Mr. Herndon had been content to argue such things of the Lincoln whom they knew fifteen or twenty years ago in Illinois, it might have been difficult to disprove their argument. When they assert them of the Lincoln whom the world knew for five years at Washington (and of whom the world was as competent to judge as they are), they attempt too much. It is easier to disbelieve their judgment, however honestly they may hold it, than it is to disbelieve the evidence of his public life, lived as it was under the almost omniscient scrutiny of the eyes of the whole world. What Abraham Lincoln was when he lived at New Salem and wrote an anti-Christian tract (which the friend to whom he showed it, somewhat violently but most judiciously, put in the fire) is one thing, and it may be necessary for an impartial historian to record it. What he was when he died at Washington with those most Christian words of the Second Inaugural upon his lips, and that most Christian record of five years of patient tenderness and charity behind him, is quite another thing. Evidently there is no room in the philosophy which underlies this volume (the philosophy of Colonel Lamont and of Mr. Herndon—the philosophy which these gentlemen would persuade us was the controlling power of Mr. Lincoln's life) for any such radical change of character as would explain this transformation, and make of the free-thinking at-

torney of an Illinois village the religious statesman of the nation's Capitol. That he could have learned any more than they did from the sublime events in which the providence of God had given him a part so much more considerable than theirs, seems to these gentlemen quite incredible. That he should not have assured them of a change, of which he had hardly had the leisure to assure himself, in which indeed he had not had occasion formally to scrutinize himself, seems to them in a high degree absurd. And so they go on piling up their negative testimony from witnesses—whose competency as experts, to say the least, is more than doubtful—to persuade the world that he was an unchristian man.

So that the question comes back again for a new definition and settlement, What is it to be a Christian man? It would be amusing if it were not melancholy to see the innocence with which this book assumes that there is no intermediate ground between the severity of perfect orthodoxy and the antagonism of utter disbelief; that faith is the same thing with opinion, and subscription to a creed the essential thing in Christian character. What if it were true that, in many important matters of doctrine, he differed from the received opinion of the majority of the Christian world? That fact would neither make him nor unmake him a Christian man. But if, while holding, for example, “the theological opinions of Theodore Parker,” as Colonel Lamont says he did “substantially,” he pretended, out of a base expediency, to occupy a different position; if, for the sake of “a morbid ambition, coupled with a mortal fear that his popularity would suffer by an open avowal of his Deistic convictions,” as Mr. Herndon thinks he did, he “permitted himself to be misunderstood and misrepresented by some enthusiastic ministers and exhorters with whom he came in contact,” if he was not only “a wily politician,” but a consummate hypocrite,—that fact would settle the question at once. The eagerness with which this volume strives to cover Mr. Lincoln's memory with an imputation so detestable is one of the most pitiable exhibitions which we have lately witnessed. Fortunately the *animus* of this endeavor is too apparent to make it very dangerous. The world will prefer to receive the evidence, which Mr. Lincoln's whole career as a public man furnishes, that with a prayerful, trustful, grateful spirit he leaned upon the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ for wisdom and for strength in his high duties, and that his trust was not in vain. This is what he said about himself, at any rate. In the simple and impressive words with which, as he stood upon the platform of the car at Springfield, on his way to Washington, he said good-bye to his old friends and neighbors, he commended them to “the God of our fathers,” he asked that they would pray “with equal sincerity and faith” for himself. If he was a believer in that Pantheistic philosophy which resolves providence into fate, and denies the personality of God, such a request was a pretence and sham, and the frequent invocations of the merciful help of a Di-

vine Father, with which his public documents abound, were worse than meaningless. This man, whose forgiveness of injury, whose pitying love for his enemies and the enemies of the government which he administered were so conspicuously patient and unselfish, lived and died, Mr. Herndon would persuade us, in the conviction that such forgiveness was impossible to the Divine nature; that himself was better than the God whom he pretended to adore. This man who, in almost the last State-paper which he wrote, fell, with a kind of unconscious and instinctive sympathy, into the very words of the Lord Jesus Christ, adopting them as if of Divine authority, was a ribald scoffer at the name and claim of the Saviour whom he quoted! If Mr. Herndon and Colonel Lamon can believe this, we do not envy them their large credulity.

The question is, not whether Abraham Lincoln was a subscriber to the creeds of orthodoxy, but whether he was a believing—that is to say, a trustful—Christian man; not whether he was much accustomed to call Jesus Christ "Lord, Lord," but whether he was used to do those things which Jesus Christ exemplified and enforced. He was accustomed, as we know well enough, to speak of an Almighty Father, of whom justice and mercy and sympathy with weak and suffering humanity were characteristic attributes. Who was it that revealed to men a God like this? Who was it that once "showed us the Father and it sufficed us?" Whoever it was that made this revelation to mankind, it was of him that this man, even though he knew it not, had learned, and it was in his spirit that he acted. Mr. Herndon and Colonel Lamon may strive to demonstrate that he was nothing but a heathen, and a somewhat vulgar heathen, at the best; that the Bible to which he reverently and often appealed was no more to him than the works of Confucius or of Mencius would have been if he could have read them; that the prayers which he declared he offered and which he solemnly asked men to offer up for him were directed to a mere unforgiving destiny; but the result of the attempted demonstration is injurious to no one half so much as to themselves.

One word more. The religion of the Lord Jesus Christ is no more in need of the patronage of a great man than it is in danger from the disparagement of a small one; it ought not unduly to desire the prestige of Abraham Lincoln's discipleship any more than it ought to be unduly afraid, let us say, of the injury of Mr. Herndon's enmity. But it is of very great importance that it should be understood and appreciated, and that an attack upon it, the ignorance of which is only equalled by its insidious malignity, should be promptly noticed and repelled. That such an attack should be made under cover of the good name and great fame of Abraham Lincoln, is an offence against good taste and an outrage on decency of which it is difficult to speak with the customary calmness of mere judicial criticism.

Unfortunately this is not the only outrage upon decency of which the book is guilty. To be sure, in

these days of intrusive "interviewing" and impertinent scrutiny into the private and domestic concerns of every one who has the misfortune to be in any sense a public man, it might seem unreasonable to expect biographers to wait for death to break the seal of a secrecy in which the widow of Mr. Lincoln had rights not inferior to his own. Some men would have considered these rights sacred, and would have preferred to leave some things in Mr. Lincoln's history unexplained, if the explanation of them was to be had only by a disregard of ordinary delicacy and a brutal violation of the proprieties of life. If Mr. Lincoln was unhappy in his domestic relations, it is better that history should wait for a knowledge of that fact or lose it altogether, than that the gossip of back-doors and the scandal of a not over-scrupulous neighborhood should be published to the world while the woman is yet living to whom he was a faithful husband for a quarter of a century, and who, whatever may be said of her, has surely suffered much. It is pretty safe to say that no one would have dared to blazon to the world the secrets of Mr. Lincoln's home while he was yet alive. Is it any more honorable, because it is safer, to do it, now that it is only a woman who is to be annoyed and injured? A writer who can show himself so reckless of decency and honor ought not to complain if his readers should presume him reckless equally of truth. There surely rests on us no obligation to believe a story which is told in such a shameless way.

There is much more in the volume which calls for criticism if there were space to give it. But the chief defects and vices of it have already been sufficiently indicated. The theory on which it is written seems to be that Mr. Herndon was the Pumblechook of the great President, his guide, philosopher, and friend, the architect of his fortunes, "him as he ever sported with in his days of happy infancy. Tell me not it cannot be," we seem to hear him saying, "I tell you this is him!" No doubt the book makes an effective portrait of what Mr. Lincoln would have been if the seed which was planted had borne a Pumblechookian harvest—if Mr. Lincoln had become what Mr. Herndon would have had him, and what Colonel Lamon honestly believed he had become. But it makes no allowance for the change which came when, from among the somewhat narrow scenes and rude surroundings of his home in Illinois, he stepped upon a grander stage of action and responsibility. It was not the first instance, and it will not be the last, in which such a change has brought with it the conviction of deeper religious needs and higher religious aspirations, and has wrought in the subject of it a trust and purpose of which he was scarcely conscious, but which was none the less real that it was unconfessed. "New occasions teach new duties," and new faiths as well. And the effrontery with which this volume either denies or derides whatever testimony interferes with the preconceptions of its authors is quite intolerable. To take one example of especial

impudence (pages 442-3), we refer to the anecdote related on the authority of the Reverend Dr. J. P. Gulliver, the President of Knox College, a man whose high character it will take something more than Colonel Lamont's unsupported and wanton disparagement to injure. Dr. Gulliver had written and published, while it was still fresh in his mind, his recollection of an interesting conversation with Mr. Lincoln, the tone of which was for some reason unacceptable to Colonel Lamont's prejudices. Accordingly Dr. Gulliver becomes at once "a clerical sycophant," "a little politician," a "Bunsby," preaching "with the cant peculiar to his kind." What business had he, to be sure, to know anything about Abraham Lincoln which Colonel Lamont did not know before? Especially if it gives any indication of a religious spirit on the part of Mr. Lincoln, the story is "most tolerable and not to be endured," and the author of it is to be set down at once as either a silly fool or a conceited knave, or both. The violent and reckless prejudice, and the utter want of delicacy and even of decency by which the book is characterized, in such instances as this, will more than counterbalance the value of its new material, its fresh and vigorous pictures of Western life and manners, and its familiar knowledge of the "inside politics" of Mr. Lincoln's administration; and will even make its publication (by the famous publishers whose imprint imparts to it a prestige and authority which its authorship would fail to give) something like a national misfortune. In some quarters it will be readily received as the standard life of the good President. It is all the more desirable that the criticism upon it should be prompt and unsparing.

Longfellow's "Three Books of Song."

MR. LONGFELLOW'S new volume associates itself in aim and in quality with the best work that he has ever done. The contents of the *Three Books of Song* are as pure poetry, and on the whole, perhaps, as high poetry as their author, in any previous volume, has offered to the public. We hail this collection of poems with a delight that is lessened by no alloy. We hail the poet, too, and thank him for the still fairer poem of his own blameless and beautiful life. May its wane be as long and as slow as it will be sure to be lovely and benign!

There is a very gracious relationship severally assumed and allowed between Mr. Longfellow and the reading public. It is a truly restful relief to the frequently mutable fortunes of authorship, the uniform welcome by anticipation thus accorded by us all to a favorite poet, and never once disappointed or in any danger of being disappointed by him.

In the present volume Mr. Longfellow, with ingenuous artifice gives us an after-thought to his previous *Tales of a Wayside Inn*, in a collection of narrative pieces entitled here "The Second Day." This constitutes "Book First" of the *Three Books of Song*. (James R. Osgood & Co.) These new tales are marked

by all that easy flow of verse and musical tinkle of rhyme which commended the first series to its audience of readers. The diffusive, the expansile force perhaps dilutes the interest of the stories, as stories, unduly. But sweet sentiment, graceful fancy, and limpid phrase, with the occasional charm of a picturesque proper name, or a revived obsolete word, aptly introduced, very well make up, to the lover of poetry for poetry's sake, the lack of concentrated passion and vivacious action.

It was a dawn of cloud, and fog, and rain, that kept the guests at the inn for their second day together. The tales of this second day having been told, the weather clears, and the guests scatter. The change is thus, with charming felicity, described:

"A sudden wind from out the west
Blew all its trumpets loud and shrill;
The windows rattled with the blast,
The oak-trees shouted as it passed,
And straight, as if by fear possessed,
The cloud encampment on the hill
Broke up, and, fluttering flag and tent,
Vanished into the firmament,
And down the valley fled again
The rear of the retreating rain."

The second book is a closet drama, entitled "Judas Maccabæus." The plot is simple and there is little apparent attempt at development of character. But the revolt and success of the great Maccabee, and the spendthrift and cruel pride and the retributive overthrow of Antiochus Epiphanes, are given in clear outline. The exigencies of plot hardly seemed to require that the death of Nicanor should be placed several years earlier than the actual date. We are almost ready to ask whether a better total impression might not have been produced if Acts IV. and V. had exchanged places. Otherwise "Antiochus Epiphanes" would seem a fitter title for this drama.

There is a noble effect of scriptural sentiment and expression ingrained in the verse. The versification is rather free from fault than noticeably fine. Does this line mispronounce "Ecbatana"?

"Of Ecbatana. These are the Orontes."

Such a negligence is singular enough to be remarked in Mr. Longfellow's unimpeachably scholar-like work.

The last book is modestly called "A Handful of Translations." The interest of these translations, we should say, is rather incidental than intrinsic. If they can be accepted as faithful suggestions of originals really existing, they certainly possess, at least, some curious illustrative value. Among them are some Tartar songs and some Armenian songs. Of these pieces, as also of the pieces composing the first two books, several will doubtless be remembered by readers of late periodical literature, as having been in print before. But, like every proffer from so well-established a popular favorite as Mr. Longfellow, this fresh bouquet of song, notwithstanding that it contains some flowers not now first plucked, is sure of

its welcome. The fragrance that it yields is as pure as it is sweet.

"A Hidden Life:" By George MacDonald.*

THERE are singers whose voices so interpret familiar music, that, till they came, we seem never to have heard it before; such heights and depths of meaning, such beauty of sound do they reveal. Many poets before Mr. MacDonald have chosen themes like his. Between the covers of this volume there is scarcely a subject which has not been made nobly familiar by his fellows. And yet he says unnumbered things which have been waiting always for him to say. And if in his verse are memories of Tennyson and Wordsworth and Browning, it holds them only as the wind that stirs in summer woods holds the sweetness of all past summers.

In MacDonald's poetry, as in his prose, before and above all other grace, shines the white purity of his mind. It is something wonderful, ineffable, because unconscious. For this is a man who puts no wall of separation between himself and his kind. Who says,

"I pray put me not in good case
If others lack and pine."

This is a man whose joy in the world is a rapture; whom sky, and air, and sea, and odor, and sound, and love of women and children thrill with intensity of delight. This is a man the very piety of whose soul fills him with doubts and despairs concerning his worth to God. For we must believe that the passions of blood and tears through which, both in his prose and in his poetry, he makes tender lives to pass, have their prototype in his own agonies.

This marvelous clarity makes it difficult to judge MacDonald's work critically, because he seems, always, less poet and novelist than seer and inspired teacher; and because the reverent love which he compels from all who study him fetters the judgment, or, at least, hinders its expression. Thus it seems almost treasonable to the most uplifted genius of the time to say, what is certainly true, that as his novels are greatly defective as stories, so his poems have great lacks as poetry.

In both verse and prose he reveals keen observation, deep moral and spiritual insight, a profound love of beauty, and rare gifts of expression. But this volume of poems, which represents the mental growth of twenty years, shows no more assured or lofty flights in the last year than in the first. Indeed, the poem called "Light," parts of which are sublime, and which is, to our thinking, one of the noblest short poems in the language, was written more than twenty years ago; while "The Gospel Women" and the "Book of Sonnets," which we have not been able heartily to like, seem to belong to a much later time. The studied simplicity of the first touches the bald and prosaic; and the artificial construction of the

second induces obscurity, and seeming effort to say something fine enough for the occasion, which, of course, is only seeming.

The longest poem, whose name the book bears, is a lovely story of rustic life and aspiration. But, notwithstanding some fine passages, it would have been better told in prose than in blank-verse, it seems to us. For the perfect local color would have been not less perfect, the delicate psychical studies not less delicate; while the expression, which is often hampered by the cadence, would have been freer, and such lines as

"A flush of tenderness then glowed across
His bosom—*shone it clean from passing harm*"

would never have been written. The "Story of the Sea-shore," which follows, has wide salt reaches and the very sound and fragrance of the sea.

But it is the shorter "Organ Songs," listening to which we seem to hear chords that no man of our day has touched before. Among many, three hymns of praise, flower-like in beauty and fragrance, linger in memory through twilights and quiet hours. They are, "The Grace of Grace," "O, do not leave me," and an "Evening Hymn," whose last two stanzas we give:

"And when my thought is all astray,
Yet think Thou on in me;
That with the new-born innocent day
My soul rise fresh and free.

"Nor let me wander all in vain
Through dreams that mock and flee;
But, even in visions of the brain,
Go wandering toward thee."

Thoughtful and religious minds will place MacDonald's poems with those of Herbert and Vaughan, as among the needs of their best hours. For if he lack something that those rare souls had, he has something that they lacked. And the love that he kindles will endure, for, as we said, the man is holy.

Bible Music.

MR. JACOX'S *Bible Music* (Roberts Bros., Boston) justifies its title on the *locus a non* principle, by being all about music and not at all about the Bible. The author has simply taken a dozen or so of Scripture texts, in which music is mentioned, as hints for rambling but pleasant disquisitions on the subject in its various elements and aspects, in which the proportion of Mr. Jacox to other authors cited is about as one to twenty. The book has no perceptible logical sequence or guiding thought, except that we dimly gather an intent to enforce the same principle as that of Mr. Haweis, the value of music as typifying unconscious thought or emotion, not definite idea. In its construction it is the most bewildering *canto* of scraps and shreds from all possible authors, from Aristotle and Plotinus down to Martin Farquhar Tupper, and Miss Braddon, and reminds one for all the world of a German sausage, which may be cut up in lengths and consumed, or set over at pleasure. It belongs to the class of books which are available for a half-hour's lazy reading any time, and reads backward nearly or quite as well as forward.

* A Hidden Life and other Poems, by George MacDonald. Scribner, Armstrong & Co.

YELLOW CURLS.

A SEQUEL TO "BLUE RIBBONS."



I.

"OVER the hills and far away,"
I tripped along with merry song
One morning in the month of May,
And all the birds did sing O!

II.

When looking down, what should I see?
A grassy mound, upon the ground,
And, stretched beneath a shady tree,
My Cousin Clare asleep O!

III.

His face was covered with his hat,
His yellow hair, in the sunny air,
Lay heavy in a golden mat,
Upon the grassy ground O!

IV.

While I am seeking, near and far,
And everywhere, to find you, Clare,
O'er moor and mountain—here you are!
For shame! you lazy boy you!



V.

You stole some forfeits yesterday,
For ribbon blue—a kiss or two—
And now to-day you shall repay
This little debt to me O!

VI.

So then I severed from the head
Of Cousin Clare his yellow hair—
I pulled—he moved—and then I fled
And hid behind a tree O!



VII.

I turned around, I dropped the shears!
For riding down from Castletown,
My Cousin Clare himself appears
With curls upon his head O!

VIII.

I screamed as I had seen a ghost.
"It isn't you! What shall I do?
I've cut *his* hair! Who is it, Clare?
Oh me! oh me! now don't you see
What I have done? You are the most
Provoking boy! I thought t'was you,
Oh! Cousin Clare, what *shall* I do!"